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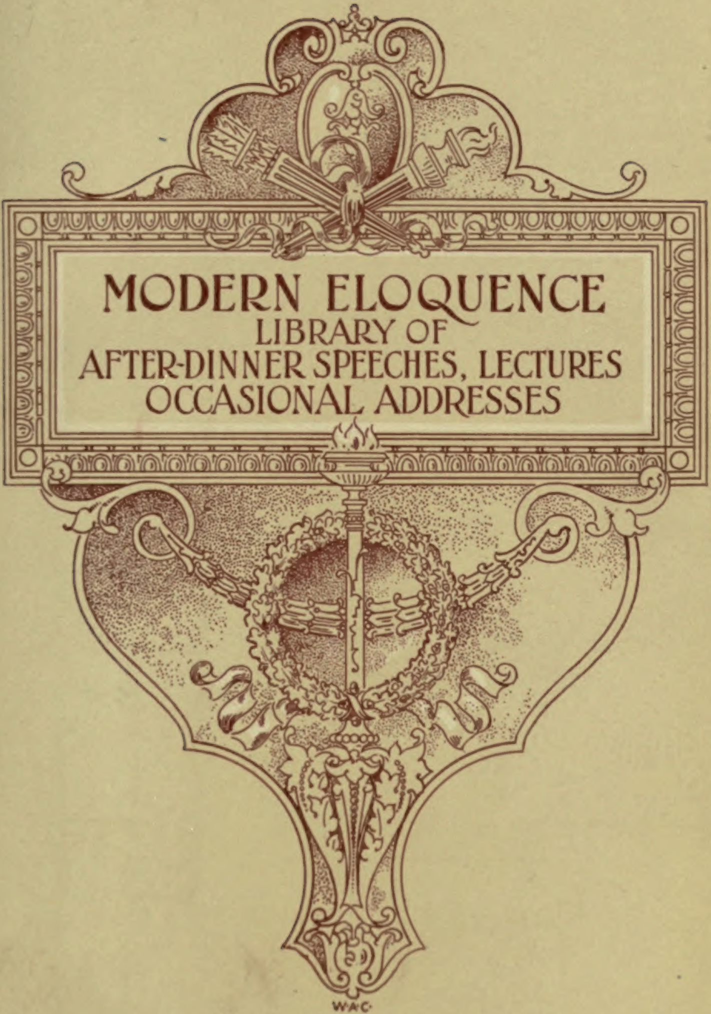

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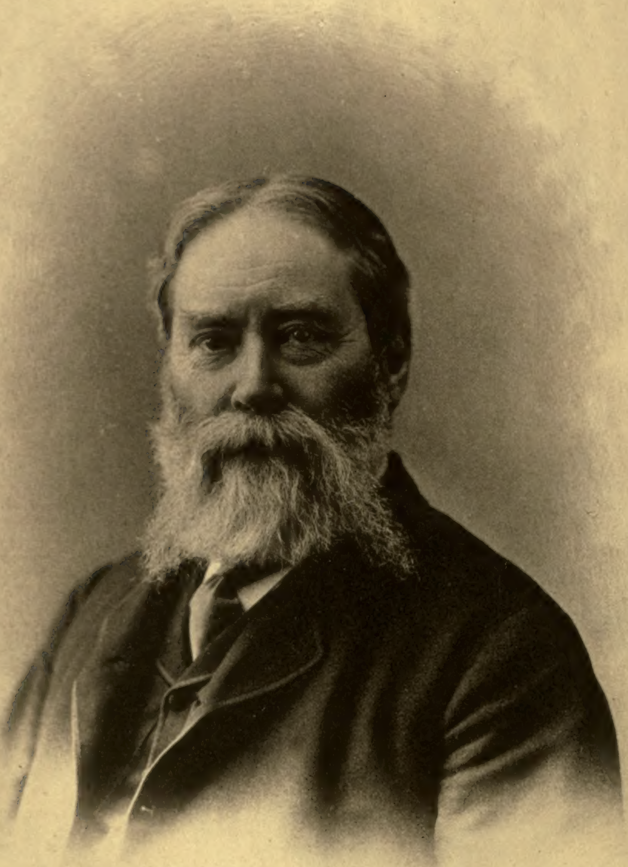

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EDITOR

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

VOL. VIII

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EDWARD EGGLESTON

THE NEW HISTORY

[Address by Edward Eggleston, editor, author (born in Vevay, Ind., December 10, 1837; ———), delivered at his inauguration as President of the American Historical Association, held in Boston, December, 1900.]

MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, FELLOW STUDENTS OF HISTORY:—I thank you to-night for your preference in choosing me to the Presidency of the Historical Association. It is one of the honors of my life.

I remember hearing Mr. Lowell apologize for reading an address—he had been accustomed to speak off-hand. He said, "I have suffered a loss of the memory of names. It is the first falling of the leaves of memory." I, who have been wont to speak without notes for more than forty years, must come here to-night with Lowell's beautiful apology on my lips. Since a little more than a year ago my memory cannot be depended on for names, and I too am forced to plead "the first falling of the leaves of memory."

Let me begin without further introduction. Let me speak the things in my heart. Let me bring myself along with me, as Wendell Phillips said at Harvard. I propose to speak to you mainly of the New History.

All our learning takes its rise from Greece. No other superstition has held so long as the classic. For five hundred years nearly every historical writer has felt it necessary to touch his cap in a preface to Herodotus and Thucydides. They are certainly models of style, no one contradicting. A man like myself, on whose Greek the rust of thirty-five years has fallen, may be permitted to shelter himself behind so great a Grecian as Professor Jebb. In the following keen words he makes retrenchments on Thucydides: "It is a natural subject of regret, though not a just cause of surprise or complaint, that the history [of Thucydides] tells us nothing of the literature, the art, or the social life under whose influences the author had grown up." . . . "Among the illustrious contemporaries," says Jebb, "whose very existence would be unknown to us from his pages are the dramatists Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes; the architect Ictinus; the sculptor Phidias; the physician Hippocrates; the philosophers Anaxagoras and Socrates." . . . "If Thucydides had mentioned Sophocles," continues he, "as a general in the Samian war, it may be doubted whether he would have noticed the circumstance that Sophocles also wrote dramas, unless it had been for the purpose of distinguishing him from a namesake." Jebb qualifies his statement by urging that Thucydides sought to do only one thing, to write the history of the Pelopennesian war without permitting the intrusion of anything else. But Thucydides must have had the notion that war was the most important thing in the world and that all the art and eloquence of his time were, as he calls them, merely "recreations of the human spirit." Add to this that nearly one fourth of Thucydides' history is made up of speeches imitated from the epic poets and that most of them were the work of the author. His history is a splendid piece of literature, but it is not a model for a modern writer.

The reductions on Herodotus are essential. His credulity alone is an impairment to his character as a historian. Neither from Herodotus nor from Thucydides can we learn to write history in the modern sense. Their histories will remain, as Thucydides said of his, "a possession forever." But it would be strange if we had not learned anything of the art of writing history in a cycle of nearly twenty-four hundred years. Let us brush aside once for all the domination of the classic tradition.

Let us come to English letters. One of our early examples is one of our best. In English literature Sir Walter Raleigh is in a sense both Herodotus and Thucydides and something more, as became a modern. The title of his fragment, "The History of the World," repels many people, but it were well if his incomparable work were not neglected. What is most admirable in it is its keen modern interest in the little details of life which are a part of what I call the New History. Occasionally it rises into the grandest style. As an instance of felicitous detail, how there lingers in the memory his treatment of the coracle, the little boat made of a bull's hide stretched over a frame! He seizes on a passage of Lucan's and renders it exquisitely and almost literally:—

"The moistened osier of a hoary willow
Is fashioned first into a little boat,
Then clad in bullock's hide, upon the billow
Of a proud river lightly doth it float
Beneath the waterman.
So on the waves of overswelling Po
Rides the Venetian, and the Briton so
On the outspread ocean."

I have seen in use on the western bays of Ireland the same little boat, there called not a coracle, but a curragh—the original form of the word, no doubt. It was usually occupied by a priest being rowed from island to island to hear confessions. The bull's hide had gone out and a stout canvas had taken its place. But the veritable bull's-hide boat of Lucan was in use in our Southern colonies down to the Revolution, and this classic mode of conveyance is yet seen on the Western frontier.

Another instance of Raleigh's delightful particularity is seen in his caution about misunderstanding the speech of savages. All who have seen the ancient maps of North Carolina will remember Win-gin-da-coa as its name. This was the first thing said by a savage to Raleigh's men. In reply to the question, "What is the name of this country?" he answered "Win-gin-da-coa." It was afterward learned that the North Carolina aborigine said in this phrase, "Those are very fine clothes you have on." And so North Carolina carried a fashion-plate label to unsuspecting readers. With such little incidents Raleigh diversifies his history, and with great passages like his apostrophe to Death he carries it to its loftiest climaxes.

Its eloquent by-passages of one kind and another remain to fructify the imagination of later ages.

Never was a falser thing said than that history is dead politics and politics living history. Some things are false and some things are perniciously false. This is one of the latter kind. In this saying Freeman expressed his whole theory of history-writing, and one understands the point of Green's remark to him: "Freeman, you are neither social, literary, nor religious." A worse condemnation of a historian could hardly be made. Politics is the superficial struggle of human ambitions crossed occasionally, but rarely, by a sincere desire to do good. History must take account of politics, as of everything else, but let it remember that politics is in its very nature bold and encroaching, a part of the fierce struggle for existence—a part of the fierce striving for power which is so unlovely. It often sails under false colors and it will deceive the historian unless he is exceedingly vigilant. It likes to call itself patriotism. Lincoln, all ready to carry through a great measure by means that were doubtful—this one an office that one something else—looked at the work of his hands with disgust. "Hay," he said to his private secretary, "what we call patriotic statesmanship is nothing but a combination of individual meannesses for the general good."

There is doubtless some admixture of real patriotism in politics. But what is patriotism? It is a virtue of the half-developed. Higher than tribal instinct and lower than that great world benevolence that is to be the mark of coming ages. Of all countries in the world we need to be cured of politics. We elect everything from a township trustee to the President of the United States. Every man, if he were an intelligent voter, under our system would be required to canvass every year the merits of whole yards of aspirants for petty office. Why not elect one in a city, a State, and the nation, and leave him to study the yards of aspirants and to appoint?

Buckle's famous and much controverted principle that the origin of all movements is to be sought in the people and not in the leader is as true as it is false. Now and then a movement gets head, it has no apparent leader or it gains one who carries it safely to its goal. Such was the

American Revolution. Look for its origin among the people. But many agitations go hither and thither until a leader arises, changes the character of the movement and carries it off another way. Such was the French Revolution. Its beginning gave no hint of its end; it gave no hint of any possible end, indeed. But a Corsican general, of ability unparalleled among military men and an ambition overflowing all bounds, arrested the mob in the streets of Paris and taught it to obey. From the moment that the young Bonaparte had cowed the mob the Revolution was not. Bonaparte dallied with its forms for a while: he would not check it too soon, but he steadily turned it in directions for his own glory. Its original ends were all lost sight of, and that most remarkable movement of modern times, that most aimless and senseless movement, shaking and overturning the thrones of Europe, went where it would without any regulating principle but the will—the capricious will—of a single man. Strangely enough, I may remark in passing, that agitation sowed broadcast over Europe certain actions that have proved and are yet proving fatal to despotism.

History must treat military affairs. War is essentially exciting. Bodies of men are seen in violent movement. Life and death hang upon a hair-trigger, they are in the quick decision and the prompt action. The world looks on and applauds. It is a cock-fight. It is a bull-fight. It is the struggle of the gladiator. It is all of these raised to the hundredth power. But the scene has been so often repeated; the subject has become trite. Man is such a savage that until the lifetime of the present generation he has insisted on settling everything by the gage of battle. He has strewn the world with a thousand battle-fields. He has strewn these battle-fields with thousands of horses and men, with the hopes and fears of men and women and the fate of little children. What a brute is man! What a hero is man! But the brute age and the age of heroism in the contest with the brute must pass. We cannot always cover our pages with gore. It is the object of history to cultivate this out of man, to teach him the wisdom of diplomacy, the wisdom of avoidance, in short, the fine wisdom of arbitration, that last fruit of human experience.

But how can we treat war so as not to become on the one hand sensational or on the other hand trite? Cannot some philosophy be got out of it? All human progress is interesting, even that of the art of destruction. In all the past the distribution of the arts of living has depended largely upon war. Sometimes there came in a lucky piece of bigotry, like the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to scatter widely the arts. Oftener war, with its attendant displacements of population, has served this end. In our day emigration and the diffusion of intelligence and a hundred other agencies do the work better, except among barbarians, where every war with a civilized nation brings the good and the evil of civilization to the conquered. Education and greater facilities for intemperance, for example.

The buyer of rare books, whether for historic purposes or other, once in a long time finds a treasure. Such was my lot a few years ago. From the Earl of Westmoreland's library I purchased among other books a little manuscript. It was a complete treatment of the private soldier's duty, written in what is called the secretary's hand. It is not legible except to those trained to read it, withal very beautiful. It was written by some one for Charles I when he was Prince of Wales to make him a competent officer. The date is fixed by an allusion to Charles' romantic trip to Spain. What this little book tells I cannot find anywhere else. Its information was drawn from the Dutch, who were the teachers of the English in so many ways. It is very minute and it almost always quotes Prince Maurice. An army was set forth in that day by solid squares of spearmen surrounded by a few scattering musketeers. The latter were obliged to set on the ground a little forked rest to sustain the weight of the musket—to fire they stooped down and took aim. The musketeers were, according to my manuscript, the poorest soldiers, the main dependence was upon the spearmen. Gunpowder was used thus awkwardly. But, says my writer, Prince Maurice told me that if he had another army to set forth he would reverse the order and put the best soldiers to the musket. It is precisely the point at which gunpowder became the main dependence. The ordinary spear was eighteen feet long, or three times the height of the man, and from one inch to an inch and a half in thickness. The iron jaws of the head were two feet and a half in length.

With such spears the Massachusetts militia was trained for more than forty years, or until the outbreak of Philip's war. I do not know how long they may have been used in Virginia. Poking Indians armed with muskets out of a swamp with a spear might do for imaginary warfare—for militia warfare—but when it came to real fighting it was very ugly business. The desperate character of the conflicts with Philip and the necessity for the exclusive use of gunpowder became apparent, and the edict went forth that the militia, who were trained to the use of the spear, should take up the musket. With this edict the spear disappeared in this country forever. It went out in England about the same time. Thus do we learn the progress of the human mind in arts of destruction.

In this little book one may learn something of the action of the "forlorn hope." Etymologists have thought that they have tracked this term to the Dutch "verloonen hoop"—lost troop. My little manuscript gives no direct evidence of this, and yet it confirms the theory. For everywhere in it the forlorn hope is called the "perdu"—the lost.

A great deal has been said of late about the use of history in secondary education. A hundred times more history, and what passes for history, is learned in the secondary schools than anywhere else. The celebrated report of the Committee of Ten, a few years ago, was particularly judicious. The errors of the old school-books are repeated from one to another, but they are not usually capital. The great mistake is the misapprehension of the purpose of history. The object of teaching history is narrowly said to be to make good citizens—intelligent voters. In this calculation the girls are left out. The main object of teaching history is to make good men and women, cultivated and broad men and women. A great cry is made by the school-book agents on the importance of having the Constitution in the back of the text-book. Few children of fourteen can understand this legal document. I wonder how many of their elders have ever read the Constitution through attentively. The State of Tennessee will not allow the use of any history that does not include the Constitution. Triumphant politics! The Constitution is there. A schoolboy in Brooklyn was asked: "What is the Constitution of the United States?" He replied: "It is that part in small print in the back of the book that nobody reads."

Some years ago, having an invalid to amuse, I picked up at random a great folio, one of twenty-six that profess to give the history of the world. The volume was a history of Portugal. It was written in an animated style and served my purpose very well. There were weddings, battles, embassies, peace and war, all springing out of the ground with marvelous spontaneity. It reminded me of a fairy story of the olden time in which everything took place without any adequate cause. I read it day after day and forgot it almost as fast as I read it. There was not a word about the people, their manners or customs. Even the manners and customs of the court of Portugal were entirely ignored. It was history hung in the air. It was, indeed, history written after the manner of the early Eighteenth century.

According to John Stuart Mill, we owe it to Sir Walter Scott that change in history-writing took place. Scott first related that there were Saxons and Normans living alongside of one another in England—neighbors but most unneighborly—for generations after the Conquest. Why did not the historians tell us so much? Certain French historians—Augustin Thierry and his group—first took the hint from Scott, and in the "Conquest of England" and the "Third Estate" of Thierry and in other writings of the time told the history of the people. Michelet, who labored almost to our time, was one of these. They wrote and men read with delight. The Germans took it up in their heavy way, generally writing one theil on politics and one theil on *cultur-geschichte.* Perhaps of all the peoples those who speak English have been the slowest to introduce the New History.

A few years after the French, and with a French impulse no doubt, Macaulay began to write. His style was brilliant, balanced, antithetical. Shall we say it was too antithetical? Let us remember that he wrote in the first half of the Nineteenth century. Macaulay's famous third chapter came to interrupt the course of the history. It had all been brilliant, but if it needed anything to make its fortune Chapter III did it. It begins with taxes and revenues; the customs and revenue lists of the princes are much elaborated and are not very interesting. But by degrees he draws near to manners and he draws near to London. The picture of old London, turned over and over in his mind in those long walks Macaulay is said to have made through every street of the metropolis, is a wonderful piece of history. It is worth the whole history beside. And nobody ever dreamed before that such a subject was in the province of history. I have lately read it over and it excites my wonder again. It is so particular, so minute, so extraordinary. Occasionally he stops to remark on the shortcomings of other histories: "Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues for the purpose of letting us know how the parlors and bed-chambers of our ancestors looked." It would be better if he had not done this. But it shows how conscious he was that he was attempting the new. It is the fashion to discredit Macaulay's history —every history goes through a period when its disadvantages of time have come to be appreciated, when it is antiquated without being ancient. But for the faithful use of authority, for the brilliant putting in of particulars, Macaulay remains what a German critic recently called him, the greatest historical writer of the Nineteenth century. Time will come when we shall date from Macaulay: English history will never be written just as it was before. He was partisan. It is an unforgivable offense in our time. Macaulay's Puritans, "lank-haired" men who discussed election and reprobation through "their noses," are mere creatures of prejudice and burlesque figures, not, to our generation, funny. But it can be forgiven to one who says so many good things.

Green is not to be omitted. He is not an authority on facts. No man can treat history for a long period, as Green did, without depending on the authority of others. Green put himself into his history. The narrow critic calls it "at least literature." It is literature of a high kind. It is a high and warm nature judging the events of English history. This is why Green's "Shorter History" must remain his great work. Not history in one sense; ten times more history than history itself in another. A philanthropic clergyman, lover of his race to begin with, he gradually outgrew all his doctrinal predilections, until at length there was only the philanthropic impulse left. From this point, and not at all from the theological, he judged all religious life. What is it worth to men and what has it accomplished? He greets the barefoot friar, the Lollard, the Puritan, and the primitive Methodist with the same question. He treats them all as of beneficent origin.

Let us pass by Gardiner, great and in some respects unparalleled historian that he is. He writes with the day of doom in mind, and the crack of doom will be here before the end of his piece. The writings of a more popular, if less able, man must take precedence of Gardiner's. Lecky comes the nearest to realizing the true all-round history. His "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is in parts exceedingly eloquent and strong. I think I shall find myself on one point at difference with the body of American scholars. Lecky is not satisfactory on the American Revolution. A man cannot embrace two countries. At least no one except De Tocqueville and Bryce has done so. Lecky complains that the Revolution was merely a quarrel about money. What were most of the great struggles of history? About money. What is money? It is bread for women and children. It is liberty. It is power. It is everything that a man wants. Incomparable Burke pointed out that the whole commerce of America had grown up under a system of smuggling and violation of customs laws made abroad. The attempt to suppress this was an attempt to put down trade entirely—to reduce the colonies to gaunt famine.

No man can judge America in the Eighteenth century without taking her circumstances into account. Even in little things Lecky fails to understand us—he says Americans invented a new punishment of riding a man on an iron bar. He means riding on a rail, and only a few years before a man had died in the process in London. For the state of America he depends on Washington's letters —letters written always to procure appropriations. But America aside, his "England," and especially his "Ireland," in the Eighteenth century, are very great books. Leave the American Revolution to be written by one who understands it and knows what it was.

I remember the enjoyment with which I discovered that Hilliard had inserted here and there a little paragraph on manners. Hilliard used only printed authorities, he was dry, he did not make a lasting history. His touches of folk history are his best work. Bancroft labored long, he labored learnedly. But he has repelled more young people from the study of history than all other influences in America. Nearly twenty years ago I sat at Mr. Parkman's table one Sunday and he remarked with that sweet candor which was characteristic: "I cannot read Bancroft." I replied: "Mr. Parkman, if you had not said it, I should not have dared to say so, but I cannot read Bancroft." A cultivated lady at the table said, "If you gentlemen say that, what is the ground of his great reputation?" We answered simultaneously, "His great knowledge." He knew nearly everything a historian ought to know except culture history. He never conceived of the Seventeenth century man as living before science. And one other difficulty he had. He was a politician or, if you please, a statesman. He was a diplomatist. He could not speak candidly. "I hold my hand full," he said, "I open my little finger. The American people cannot stand more." Mr. Bancroft held in his hand a lot of disagreeables. He knew, for instance, that a majority of the pre-Revolutionary ancestors of the post-Revolutionary Americans, Colonial Dames as like as not, came to this country in an unfree condition and were sold off the ship to pay their passage. But he left all that on one side as contemned culture history. This is why his volumes are left in undisturbed repose on those shelves where stand the books which no gentleman's library is complete without.

I must avoid mention of books whose authors are still alive. I must for want of time omit more than complimentary mention of the special studies of our post-graduates on the township community and other institutional history. I am myself greatly indebted to them. See how lame is Macaulay's allusion to enclosures in his third chapter for want of such knowledge.

I must mention with praise the humble historian who writes of town or city the annals that will be greedily sought after in time to come. And I may say that history is the great prophylactic against pessimism. There never was a bad, in the five progressive ages, that was not preceded by a worse. Our working people live from hand to mouth—in the Eighteenth century it was from half empty hand to starving mouth. Never was the race better situated than in this Nineteenth century—this Twentieth century on the very verge of which we stand.

History will be better written in the ages to come. The soldier will not take the place he has taken. I do not say that the "drum and trumpet history" will have gone out, but when the American Historical Association shall assemble in the closing week a hundred years hence, there will be, do not doubt it, gifted writers of the history of the people. It will not seem so important for impartial Gardiner to weigh the men and motives of the Commonwealth history. We shall have the history of culture, the real history of men and women.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

USES OF EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

[Address by Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University since 1869 (born in Boston, March 20, 1834; ———), delivered at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 18, 1890. Dr. Eliot was introduced by the President of the Chamber, Charles S. Smith, as "a modest gentleman, who has most successfully devoted his life-work to the task of molding the thought and forming the character of young men to whom we must soon bequeath the reins of power."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:—Before we can talk together to advantage about the value of education in business, we ought to come to a common understanding about the sort of education we mean and the sort of business. Nobody doubts that primary and grammar-school training are useful to everybody; or that high-school training is advantageous for a clerk, salesman, commercial traveler, or skilled workman; or that technical or scientific school training is useful to an engineer, chemist, electrician, mechanician, or miner. Our question is, of what use is the education called "liberal" to a man of business? The education called liberal has undergone a great expansion during our generation, and is now, in the best institutions, thoroughly conformed to modern uses. All universities worthy of the name—even the oldest and most conservative—now supply a broad and free range of studies, which includes the ancient subjects, but establishes on a perfect equality with them the new and vaster subjects of modern languages and literature, history, political science, and natural science.

We must not think of the liberal education of to-day as dealing with a dead past—with dead languages, buried peoples, and exploded philosophies; on the contrary, everything which universities now teach is quick with life and capable of application to modern uses. They teach indeed the languages and literature of Judea, Greece, and Rome; but it is because those literatures are instinct with eternal life. They teach mathematics, but it is mathematics mostly created within the lifetime of the older men here present. In teaching English, French, and German, they are teaching the modern vehicles of all learning—just what Latin was in mediæval times. As to history, political science, and natural science, the subjects themselves, and all the methods by which they are taught, may properly be said to be new within a century. Liberal education is not to be justly regarded as something dry, withered, and effete; it is as full of sap as the cedars of Lebanon.

And what sort of business do we mean? Surely the larger sorts of legitimate and honorable business; that business which is of advantage both to buyer and seller, and to producer, distributor, and consumer alike, whether individuals or nations, which makes common some useful thing which has been rare, or makes accessible to the masses good things which have been within reach only of the few—I wish I could say simply, which make dear things cheap; but recent political connotations of the word cheap [laughter] forbid. We mean that great art of production and exchange which through the centuries has increased human comfort, cherished peace, fostered the fine arts, developed the pregnant principle of associated action, and promoted both public security and public liberty.

With this understanding of what we mean by education on the one hand and business on the other, let us see if there can be any doubt as to the nature of the relations between them. The business man in large affairs requires keen observation, a quick mental grasp of new subjects, and a wide range of knowledge. Whence come these powers and attainments—either to the educated or to the uneducated—save through practice and study? But education is only early systematic practice and study under guidance. The object of all good education is to develop just these powers—accuracy in observation, quickness and certainty in seizing upon the main points of a new subject, and discrimination in separating the trivial from the important in great masses of facts. This is what liberal education does for the physician, the lawyer, the minister, and the scientist. This is what it can do also for the man of business; to give a mental power is one of the main ends of the higher education. Is not active business a field in which mental power finds full play? Again, education imparts knowledge, and who has greater need to know economics, history, and natural science than the man of large business?

Further, liberal education develops a sense of right, duty, and honor; and more and more, in the modern world, large business rests on rectitude and honor, as well as on good judgment. [Applause.] Education does this through the contemplation and study of the moral ideals of our race; not in drowsiness or dreaminess or in mere vague enjoyment of poetic and religious abstractions, but in the resolute purpose to apply spiritual ideals to actual life. The true university fosters ideals, but always to urge that they be put in practice in the real world. When the universities hold up before their youth the great Semitic ideals which were embodied in the Decalogue, they mean that those ideals should be applied in politics. When they teach their young men that Asiatic ideal of unknown antiquity, the Golden Rule, they mean that their disciples shall apply it to business; when they inculcate that comprehensive maxim of Christian ethics, "Ye are all members of one another," they mean that this moral principle is applicable to all human relations, whether between individuals, families, states, or nations. [Aplause.]

Now, there is no field of human activity in which ideals applied are of more value than in business. Again, higher education has always made great account of the power of expression in speech and writing, whence has arisen an opinion that liberal education must be less useful to the man of business than to the lawyer, or minister, because the business man has less need than they of this power. It seems to me that this view is no longer true. Have we not all seen, in recent years, that leading men of business, particularly those who act for corporations, have great need of a highly trained power of clear and convincing expression? Business men seem to me to need, in speech and writing, all the Roman terseness and the French clearness; the graces and elegancies of literary style they may indeed dispense with, but not with the greater qualities of compactness, accuracy, and vigor. It is a liberal education indeed which teaches a youth of fair parts and reasonable industry to speak and write his native language strongly, accurately, and persuasively. That one attainment is sufficient reward for the whole long course of twelve years spent in liberal study. [Applause.]

But you may say: This is all theory; what are the facts with regard to the connection between higher education and successful business life? To investigate the results actually obtained in this respect by the American colleges during the past forty or fifty years would require the cooperation of a very large number of persons; for no satisfactory result could be reached which was not based on an intimate knowledge of the careers and personal fortunes of thousands of men who are in no sense public men. Business life does not necessarily bring a man before the public as the life of a lawyer, minister, or politician does; each individual can only report the facts which have fallen under his personal observation. My own class in Harvard College numbered eighty-nine at graduation. Eleven of that number, or one-eighth of the whole, have attained remarkable success in business—a larger proportion than have distinguished themselves to a corresponding degree in any other walk of life. [Applause.]

Among the young men who have graduated from Harvard University within forty years, I have seen many cases of rapid advancement from the bottom to the top of business corporations in great variety. A young man leaves college at twenty-three and goes into a cotton mill at the bottom; and in four years he is superintendent. Another lands in a Western city, three days after his graduation, without a dollar, and without a friend in the city, and ten years afterwards he is the owner of the best establishment for printing books in that city. A young man six years out of college is superintendent of one of the largest woolen mills in the United States. Another, but a little older, is the manager of one of the most important steel works in the country.

These are but striking examples of a large class of facts. In eastern Massachusetts graduates of Harvard get greatly more than their due numerical proportion of the best places in banking, insurance, transportation, and manufacturing. This is the case not only in the old, well-established occupations, but in the new as well. For example, the president of the corporation which controls one of the newest industries in the world is a Harvard first scholar. I speak from no little personal observation when I say that there is no more striking general fact about the graduates of Harvard during the past fifty years than their eminent success in business. From one-fifth to one-third of the members of the successive graduating classes ultimately go into business. The same is probably true of many another American college.

Finally, successful business men themselves give no doubtful answer to the question we are considering. I observe that successful business men, with the rarest exceptions, wish their sons to be educated to the highest point the sons can reach. No matter whether the father be himself an educated man or not; when his success in business has given him the means of educating his children he is sure to desire that they receive a liberal education whether they are going into business or not.

I should not worthily represent here the profession to which I belong if I did not say in closing that liberal education is an end in itself, apart from all its utilities and applications. When we teach a child to read, our primary aim is not to enable it to decipher a way-bill or a receipt, but to kindle its imagination, enlarge its vision, and open for it the avenues of knowledge. The same is true of liberal education in its utmost reach. Its chief objects for the individual are development, inspiration, and exaltation; the practical advantages which flow from it are incidental, not paramount.

For the community the institutions of higher education do a like service. They bring each successive generation of youth up to levels of knowledge and righteousness which the preceding generation reached in their maturity. Public comfort, ease and wealth are doubtless promoted by them; but their true and sufficient ends are knowledge and righteousness. [Prolonged applause.]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

[Address of Ralph Waldo Emerson, essayist and poet (born in Boston, May 25, 1803; died in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882), delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, August 31, 1837.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our contemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years?

In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day—the American Scholar. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end. The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man,—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the divided or social state these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is Man Thinking. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said, "All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one." In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,—so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without center, without circumference,—in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind every thing is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fibre of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this schoolboy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that root? Is not that the soul of his soul? A thought too bold; a dream too wild. Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures,—when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever-expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself," and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim.

The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past,—in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,—learn the amount of this influence more conveniently,—by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing. Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to contemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead: man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. The literature of every nation bears me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakespearized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig-tree, looking on a fig-tree, becometh fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy,—with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all time from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some preëstablished harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know, that as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is then creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakespeare, only that least part,—only the authentic utterances of the oracle;—all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakespeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork or public labor as a penknife for an axe. The so-called "practical men" sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or see, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,—who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world,—this shadow of the soul, or other me, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power. It is the raw material out of which the intellect molds her splendid products. A strange process too, this by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,—with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe too the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards, who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and, as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity, —these "fits of easy transmission and reflection," as Newton called them,—are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended and books are a weariness,—he has always the resource to live. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those "far from fame," who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature; out of terrible Druids and Berserkers come at last Alfred and Shakespeare.

I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such,—watching days and months sometimes for a few facts; correcting still his old records;—must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept,—how often! poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions,—these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day,—this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time,—happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers;—that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that like children and women his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,—see the whelping of this lion,—which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,—darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day, are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,—ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so that may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,—the "spoils," so-called, "of office." And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one, then another, we drain all cisterns, and waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not however that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—

> " Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

It is so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

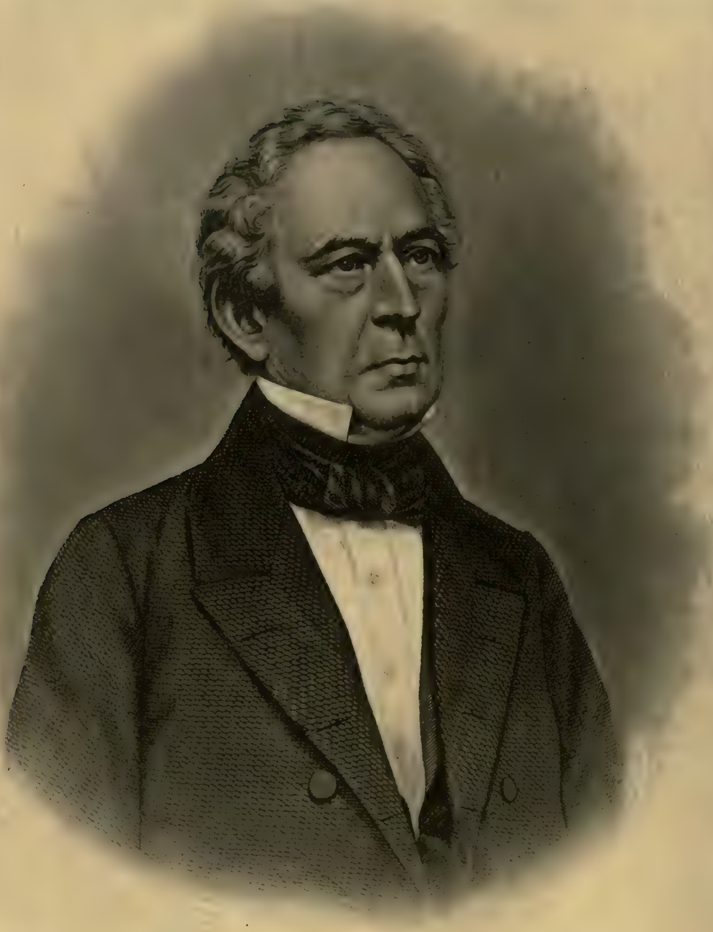
One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign,—is it not? of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing;—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room but has form and order; there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and, in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated;—I mean Emanuel Swedenborg. The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt of course must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connection between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to insulate the individual,—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state, —tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be a university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all.

Mr. President and gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet see, that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience,—patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be a unit;—not to be reckoned one character;—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.



EDWARD EVERETT

Photogravure after an engraving

EDWARD EVERETT

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

[Eulogy by Edward Everett, statesman, orator (born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794; died in Boston, January 15, 1865), delivered at Charlestown, Mass., August 1, 1826, in commemoration of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who died on the fourth of July preceding.]

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—We are assembled beneath the canopy of the weeping heavens, under the influence of feelings in which the whole family of Americans unites with us. We meet to pay a tribute of respect to the revered memory of those to whom the whole country looks up as to its benefactors; to whom it ascribes the merit of unnumbered public services, and especially of the inestimable service of having led in the councils of the Revolution.

It is natural that these feelings, which pervade the whole American people, should rise into peculiar strength and earnestness in your hearts. In meditating upon these great men, your minds are unavoidably carried back to those scenes of suffering and of sacrifice into which, at the opening of their arduous and honored career, this town and its citizens were so deeply plunged. You cannot but remember that your fathers offered their bosoms to the sword, and their dwellings to the flames, from the same spirit which animated the venerable patriarchs whom we now deplore. The cause they espoused was the same which strewed your streets with ashes, and drenched your hilltops with blood. And while Providence, in the astonishing circumstances of their departure, seems to have appointed that the Revolutionary age of America should be closed up by a scene as illustriously affecting as its commencement was disastrous and terrific, you have justly felt it your duty—it has been the prompt dictate of your feelings—to pay, within these hallowed precincts, a well-deserved tribute to the great and good men to whose counsels, under God, it is in no small degree owing that your dwellings have risen from their ashes, and that the sacred dust of those who fell rests in the bosom of a free and happy land.

It was the custom of the primitive Romans to preserve in the halls of their houses the images of all the illustrious men whom their families had produced. These images are supposed to have consisted of a mask exactly representing the countenance of each deceased individual, accompanied with habiliments of like fashion with those worn in his time, and with the armor, badges, and insignia of his offices and exploits; all so disposed around the sides of the hall as to present, in the attitude of living men, the long succession of the departed; and thus to set before the Roman citizen, whenever he entered or left his house, the venerable array of his ancestors revived in this imposing similitude. Whenever, by a death in the family, another distinguished member of it was gathered to his fathers, a strange and awful procession was formed. The ancestral masks, including that of the newly deceased, were fitted upon the servants of the family, selected of the size and appearance of those whom they were intended to represent, and drawn up in solemn array to follow the funeral train of the living mourners, first to the market-place, where the public eulogium was pronounced, and then to the tomb. As he thus moved along, with all the great fathers of his name quickening, as it were, from their urns, to enkindle his emulation, the virtuous Roman renewed his vows of respect to their memory, and his resolution to imitate their fortitude, frugality, and patriotism.

Fellow citizens, the great heads of the American family are fast passing away; of the last, of the most honored, two are now no more. We are assembled, not to gaze with awe on the artificial and theatric images of their features, but to contemplate their venerated characters, to call to mind their invaluable services, and to lay up the image of their virtues in our hearts. The two men who stood in a relation in which no others now stand to the whole Union, have fallen. The men whom Providence marked out among the first of the favored instruments to lead this chosen people into the holy land of liberty, have discharged their high office, and are no more. The men whose ardent minds prompted them to take up their country's cause, when there was nothing else to prompt and everything to deter them; the men who afterwards, when the ranks were filled with the brave and resolute, were yet in the front of those brave and resolute ranks; the men who were called to the helm when the wisest and most sagacious were needed to steer the newly-launched vessel through the broken waves of the unknown sea; the men, who in their country's happier days, were found most worthy to preside over the Union they had so powerfully contributed to rear into greatness—these men are now no more.

They have not left us singly and in the sad but accustomed succession appointed by the order of nature; but having lived, acted, and counseled, and risked all, and triumphed and enjoyed together, they have gone together to their great reward. In the morning of life—without previous concert, but with a kindred spirit—they plunged together into a conflict which put to hazard all which makes life precious. When the storm of war and revolution raged, they stood side by side, on such perilous ground that, had the American cause failed, though all else had been forgiven, they were of the few whom an incensed empire's vengeance would have pursued to the ends of the earth. When they had served through their long career of duty, forgetting the little that had divided them, and cherishing the great communion of service, and peril, and success, which had united them, they walked in honorable friendship the declining pathway of age; and now they have sunk down together in peace. Time, and their country's service, a like fortune and a like reward, united them; and the last great scene confirmed the union. They were useful, honored, prosperous, and lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

Happiest at the last, they were permitted almost to choose the hour of their departure; to die on that day on which those who loved them best could have wished they might die. It is related as a singular happiness of Plato that he died in a good old age at a banquet amidst flowers and perfumes and festal songs, upon his birthday. Our Adams and Jefferson died on the birthday of the nation; the day which their own deed had immortalized, which their own prophetic spirit had marked out as the great festival of the land; amidst the triumphal anthems of a whole grateful people, throughout a country that hailed them as among the first and boldest of her champions in the times that tried men's souls.

Our jubilee, like that of old, is turned into sorrow. Among the ruins of Rome there is a shattered arch, erected by the Emperor Vespasian, when his son Titus returned from the destruction of Jerusalem. On its broken panels and falling frieze are still to be seen, represented as borne aloft in the triumphal procession of Titus, the well-known spoils of the second temple—the sacred vessels of the holy place, the candlestick with seven branches, and in front of all, the silver trumpets of the jubilee, in the hands of captive priests, proclaiming not now the liberty, but the humiliation and the sorrows, of Judah. From this mournful spectacle, it is said, the pious and heart-stricken Hebrew, even to the present day, turns aside in sorrow. He will not enter Rome through the gate of the arch of Titus, but winds his way through the by-paths of the Palatine, over the broken columns of the palace of the Cæsars, that he may not behold these sad memorials.

The jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet breathes a mingled strain. Henceforward, while America exists among the nations of the earth, the first emotion on the fourth of July will be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second will be one of chastened and tender recollection of the venerable men who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement there seems not enough to occupy our purest and best feelings. The fourth of July was before a day of triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the angel of death has mingled in the glorious pageant to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, it would have been henceforward a day of mournful recollection. But now, the whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must sooner or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other had been the day of their decease. Our anniversary festival was before triumphant; it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent to join in the public rejoicing; it now also speaks, in a touching voice, to the retired, to the gray-headed, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober freemen. It is henceforward, what the dying Adams pronounced it, "a great and a good day." It is full of greatness, and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men who declared our independence—their death on the day of the jubilee—was all that was wanting to the fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams.

Think not, fellow citizens, that, in the mere formal discharge of my duty this day, I would overrate the melancholy interest of the great occasion; I do anything but intentionally overrate it. I labor only for words to do justice to your feelings and mine. I can say nothing which does not sound as cold and inadequate to myself as to you. The theme is too great and too surprising, the men are too great and good, to be spoken of in this cursory manner. There is too much in the contemplation of their united characters, their services, the day and coincidence of their death, to be properly described, or to be fully felt at once. I dare not come here and dismiss, in a few summary paragraphs, the characters of men who have filled such a space in the history of their age. It would be a disrespectful familiarity with men of their lofty spirits, their rich endowments, their long and honorable lives, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them. I leave that arduous task to the genius of kindred elevation by whom to-morrow it will be discharged. [Daniel Webster, whose eulogy on Adams and Jefferson was delivered on the following day in Faneuil Hall, Boston.] I feel the mournful contrast in the fortunes even of the first and best of men, that, after a life in the highest walks of usefulness; after conferring benefits, not merely on a neighborhood, a city, or even a State, but on a whole continent, and a posterity of kindred men; after having stood in the first estimation for talents, services, and influence, among millions of fellow citizens—a day must come, which closes all up; pronounces a brief blessing on their memory; gives an hour to the actions of a crowded life; describes in a sentence what it took years to bring to pass, and what is destined for years and ages to operate on posterity; passes forgetfully over many traits of character, many counsels and measures, which it cost, perhaps, years of discipline and effort to mature; utters a funeral prayer; chants a mournful anthem; and then dismisses all into the dark chambers of death and forgetfulness.

But no, fellow citizens, we dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched, while their senses have slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire;—

> "These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

This is their life, and this their eulogy. In these our feeble services of commemoration, we set forth not their worth, but our own gratitude. The eulogy of those who declared our independence is written in the whole history of independent America. I do not mean that they alone achieved our liberties; nor should we bring a grateful offering to their tombs, in sacrificing at them the merits of their contemporaries. But no one, surely, who considers the history of the times, the state of opinions, and the obstacles that actually stood in the way of success, can doubt that if John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had thrown their talents and influence into the scale of submission, the effect would have been felt to the cost of America, for ages. No, it is not too much to say that ages on ages may pass, and the population of the United States may overflow the uttermost regions of this continent, but never can there be an American citizen who will not bear in his condition and in his welfare some trace of what was counseled, and said, and done by these great men. This is their undying praise; a praise which knows no limits but those of America, and which is uttered not merely in these our eulogies, but in the thousand inarticulate voices of art and nature. It sounds from the woodman's axe, in the distant forests of the west; for what was it that unbarred to him the gates of the mountains? The busy water-wheel echoes back the strain; for what was it that released the industry of the country from the fetters of colonial restriction? Their praise is borne on the swelling canvas of America to distant oceans, where the rumor of acts of trade never came; for what was it that sent our canvas there? and it glistens at home, in the eyes of a prosperous and grateful people. Yes, the people, the people rise up and call them blessed. They invoke eternal blessings on the men who could be good as well as great; whose ambition was their country's welfare; who did not ask to be rewarded by being allowed to oppress the country which they redeemed from oppression.

I shall not, fellow citizens, on this occasion, attempt a detailed narrative of the lives of these distinguished men. To relate their history at length would be to relate that of the country, from their first entrance on public life to their final retirement. Even to dwell minutely on the more conspicuous incidents of their career would cause me to trespass too far on the proper limits of the occasion. Let us only enumerate those few leading points in their lives and characters which will best guide us to the reflections we ought to make, while we stand at the tombs of these excellent and honored men.

Mr. Adams was born on the 30th of October, 1735, and Mr. Jefferson on the 13th of April, 1743. One of them rose from the undistinguished mass of the community, while the other, born in higher circumstances, voluntarily descended to its level. Although, happily, in this country it cannot be said of any one, that he owes much to birth or family, yet it sometimes happens, even under the equality which prevails among us, that a certain degree of deference follows in the train of family connections, apart from all personal merit. Mr. Adams was the son of a New England farmer, and in this alone, the frugality and moderation of his bringing up are sufficiently related. Mr. Jefferson owed more to birth. He inherited a good estate from his respectable father; but instead of associating himself with the opulent interest in Virginia—at that time, in consequence of the mode in which their estates were held and transmitted, an exclusive and powerful class, and of which he might have become a powerful leader—he threw himself into the ranks of the people.

It was a propitious coincidence, that of these two eminent statesmen, one was from the North, and the other from the South; as if, in the happy effects of their joint action, to give us the first lesson of union. The enemies of our independence, at home and abroad, relied on the difficulty of uniting the colonies in one harmonious system. They knew the difference in our local origin; they exaggerated the points of dissimilarity in our sectional character. It was therefore most auspicious that, in the outset of the Revolution, while the North and the South had each its great rallying point in Virginia and Massachusetts, the wise and good men, whose influence was most felt in each, moved forward in brotherhood and concert. Mr. Quincy, in a visit to the Southern colonies, had entered into an extensive correspondence with the friends of liberty in that part of the country. Richard Henry Lee and his brother Arthur maintained a constant intercourse with Samuel Adams. Dr. Franklin, though a citizen of Pennsylvania, was a native of Boston; and from the first moment of their meeting at Philadelphia, Jefferson and Adams began to co-operate cordially in the great work of independence. While theoretical politicians, at home and abroad, were speculating on our local peculiarities, and the British ministry were building their hopes upon the maxim, Divide and conquer, they might well have been astonished to see the Declaration of Independence reported into Congress, by the joint labor of the son of a Virginia planter and of a New England yeoman.

Adams and Jefferson received their academical education at the colleges of their native States, the former at Cambridge, the latter at William and Mary. At these institutions, they severally laid the foundation of very distinguished attainments as scholars, and formed a taste for letters which was fresh and craving to the last. They were both familiar with the ancient languages and their literature. Their range in the various branches of general reading was perhaps equally wide, and was uncommonly extensive; and it is, I believe, doing no injustice to any other honored name, to say that, in this respect, they stood at the head of the great men of the Revolution.

Their first writings were devoted to the cause of their country. Mr. Adams, in 1765, published his essay on the Canon and Feudal Law, which two years afterwards was republished in London, and was there pronounced one of the ablest performances which had crossed the Atlantic. It expresses the boldest and most elevated sentiments in the most vigorous language; and might have taught in its tone what it taught in its doctrine, that America must be unoppressed, or must become independent. Among Mr. Jefferson's first productions was, in like manner, a political essay, entitled, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." It contains a near approach to the ideas and language of the Declaration of Independence; and its bold spirit, and polished, but at the same time, powerful execution, are known to have had their effect in causing its author to be designated for the high trusts confided to him in the Continental Congress. At a later period of life, Mr. Jefferson became the author of "Notes on Virginia," a work equally admired in Europe and America; and Mr. Adams of the "Defence of the American Constitution," a performance that would do honor to the political literature of any country. But in enumerating their literary productions, it must be remembered that they were both employed, the greater part of their lives, in the active duties of public service; and that the fruits of their intellect are not to be sought in the systematic volumes of learned leisure, but in the archives of state, and in a most extensive public and private correspondence.

The professional education of these distinguished statesmen had been in the law, and was therefore such as peculiarly fitted them for the contest in which they were to act as leaders. The law of England, then the law of America, is closely connected with the history of the liberty of England. Many of the questions at issue between the Parliament of Great Britain and the colonies were questions of constitutional, if not of common law. For the discussion of these questions, the legal profession, of course, furnished the best preparation. In general, the contest was, happily for the colonies, at first forensic; a contest of discussion and debate; affording time and opportunity to diffuse throughout the people, and stamp deeply on their minds, the great principles which, having first been triumphantly sustained in the argument, were then to be confirmed in the field. This required the training of the patriot lawyer, and this was the office which, in that capacity, was eminently discharged by Jefferson and Adams, to the doubtful liberties of their country. The cause in which they were engaged abundantly repaid the service and the hazard. It gave them precisely that breadth of view and elevation of feeling which the technical routine of the profession is too apt to destroy. Their practice of the law soon passed from the narrow litigation of the courts to the great forum of contending empires. It was not nice legal fictions they were there employed to balance, but sober realities of indescribable weight. The life and death of their country was the all-important issue. Nor did the service of their country afterwards afford them leisure for the ordinary practice of their profession. Mr. Jefferson indeed, in 1776 and 1777, was employed, with Wythe and Pendleton, in an entire revision of the code of Virginia; and Mr. Adams was offered, about the same time, the first seat on the bench of the Superior Court of his native State. But each was shortly afterwards called to a foreign mission, and spent the rest of the active years of his life, with scarce an interval, in the political service of his country.

Such was the education and quality of these men, when the Revolutionary contest came on. In 1774, and on June 17th—a day destined to be in every way illustrious—Mr. Adams was elected a member of the Continental Congress, of which body he was from the first a distinguished leader. In the month of June in the following year, when a commander-in-chief was to be chosen for the American armies, and when that appointment seemed in course to belong to the commanding general of the army from Massachusetts and the neighboring States which had rushed to the field, Mr. Adams recommended George Washington to that all-important post, and was thus far the means of securing his guidance to the American armies. In August, 1775, Mr. Jefferson took his seat in the Continental Congress, preceded by the fame of being one of the most accomplished and powerful champions of the cause, though among the youngest members of that body. It was the wish of Mr. Adams, and probably of Mr. Jefferson, that independence should be declared in the fall of 1775; but the country seemed not then ripe for the measure.

At length the accepted time arrived. In May, 1776, the colonies, on the proposition of Mr. Adams, were invited by the General Congress to establish their several State governments. On June 7th the resolution of independence was moved by Richard Henry Lee. On the 11th a committee of five was chosen to announce this resolution to the world; and Thomas Jefferson and John Adams stood at the head of this committee. From their designation by ballot to this most honorable duty, their prominent standing in the Congress might alone be inferred. In their amicable contention and deference each to the other of the great trust of composing the all-important document, we witness their patriotic disinterestedness and their mutual respect. This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence. To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief, decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, and the justification of this great movement in human affairs; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind to a charter of public right, destined, or, rather, let me say, already elevated, to an importance, in the estimation of men, equal to anything human ever borne on parchment or expressed in the visible signs of thought—this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who foresaw and broke the way for this great consummation; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors; to have been among many able and generous spirits united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequaled in ability; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the Declaration; and then, with a fervid and overwhelming eloquence, to have taken the lead in inspiring the Congress to adopt and proclaim it—this is the glory of John Adams.

Nor was it among common and inferior minds that these men were pre-eminent. In the body that elected Mr. Jefferson to draft the Declaration of Independence, there were other men of great ability. Franklin was a member of it, a statesman of the highest reputation in

Europe and America, and especially master of a most pure, effective English style of writing. And Mr. Adams was pronounced by Mr. Jefferson himself the ablest advocate of independence, in a Congress which could boast among its members such men as Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and our own Samuel Adams. They were great and among great men; mightiest among the mighty; and enjoyed their lofty standing in a body of which half the members might with honor have presided over the deliberative councils of a nation.

Glorious as their standing in this council of sages has proved, they beheld the glory only in distant vision, while the prospect before them was shrouded in darkness and terror. "I am not transported with enthusiasm," is the language of Mr. Adams, the day after the resolution was adopted. "I am well aware of the toil, the treasure, and the blood it will cost, to maintain this declaration, to support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means." Nor was it the rash adventure of uneasy spirits, who had everything to gain, and nothing to risk, by their enterprise. They left all for their country's sake. Who does not see that Adams and Jefferson might have risen to any station in the British empire open to natives of a colony? They might have stood within the shadow of the throne which they shook to its base. It was in the full understanding of their all but desperate choice that they chose for their country. Many were the inducements which called them to another choice. The voice of authority; the array of an empire's power; the pleadings of friendship; the yearning of their hearts towards the land of their fathers' sepulchres—the land which the great champions of constitutional liberty still made venerable; the ghastly vision of the gibbet, if they failed—all the feelings which grew from these sources were to be stifled and kept down, for a dearer treasure was at stake. They were anything but adventurers, anything but malcontents. They loved peace, order, and law; they loved a manly obedience to constitutional authority; but they loved freedom and their country more.

How shall I attempt to follow them through the succession of great events which a rare and kind Providence crowded into their lives? How shall I attempt to enumerate the posts they filled and the trusts they discharged, both in the councils of their native States and of the confederation, both before and after the adoption of the Federal Constitution; the codes of law and systems of government they aided in organizing; the foreign embassies they sustained; the alliances with powerful states they contracted, when America was weak; the loans and subsidies they procured from foreign powers, when America was poor; the treaties of peace and commerce which they negotiated; their participation in the Federal Government on its organization, Mr. Adams as the first Vice-President, Mr. Jefferson as the first Secretary of State; their mutual possession of the confidence of the only man to whom his country accorded a higher place; and their successive administration of the Government, after his retirement? These are all laid up in the annals of the country; her achives are filled with the productions of their fertile and cultivated minds; the pages of her history are bright with their achievements; and the welfare and happiness of America pronounce, in one general eulogy, the just encomium of their services.

Nor need we fear to speak of their political dissensions. If they who opposed each other, and arrayed the nation, in their arduous contention, were able in the bosom of private life to forget their former struggles, we surely may contemplate them, even in this relation, with calmness. Of the counsels adopted, and the measures pursued, in the storm of political warfare, I presume not to speak. I knew these great men, not as opponents, but as friends to each other, not in the keen prosecution of a political controversy, but in the cultivation of a friendly correspondence. As they respected and honored each other, I respect and honor both. Time, too, has removed the foundation of their dissensions. The principles on which they contended are settled, some in favor of one, and some in favor of the other. The great foreign interests which lent ardor to the struggle have happily lost their hold on the American people; and the politics of the country now turn on questions not agitated in their days. Meantime, I know not whether, if we had it in our power to choose between the recollection of these revered men as they were, and what they would have been without their great struggle, we could wish them to have been different, even in this respect. Twenty years of friendship succeeding ten of rivalry appear to me a more amiable, and certainly a more instructive, spectacle even than a life of unbroken concert. As a friend to both their respected memories, I would not willingly spare the attestation which they took pleasure in rendering to each other's characters. We are taught, in the valedictory lessons of Washington, that "the spirit of party is the worst enemy of a popular government." Shall we not rejoice that we are taught, in the lives of Adams and Jefferson, that the most embittered contentions which as yet have divided us furnish no ground for lasting disunion?

The declining period of their lives presents their characters in the most delightful aspect, and furnishes the happiest illustration of the perfection of our political system. We behold a new spectacle of moral sublimity; the peaceful old age of the retired chiefs of the Republic; an evening of learned, useful, and honored leisure, following upon a youth and manhood of hazard and service, and a whole life of alternate trial and success. We behold them, indeed, active and untiring even to the last. At the advanced age of eighty-five years, our venerable fellow citien and neighbor was still competent to take a part in the convention for revising the State constitution, to whose original formation, forty years before, he so essentially contributed; and Mr. Jefferson, at the same protracted age, was able to project, and carry on to their completion, the extensive establishments of the University of Virginia.

But it is the great and closing scene, which appears to crown their long and exalted career with a consummation almost miraculous. Having done so much and so happily for themselves, so much and so beneficially for their country, at that last moment, when man can no more do anything for his country or for himself, it pleased a kind Providence to do that for both of them, which, to the end of time, will cause them to be deemed not more happy in the renown of their lives than in the opportunity of their death.

I could give neither force nor interest to the account of these sublime and touching scenes by anything beyond the simple recital of the facts already familiar to the public. Their deaths were nearly simultaneous. For several weeks the strength of Mr. Jefferson had been gradually failing, though the vigor of his mind remained unimpaired. As he drew nearer to the last, and no expectation remained that his term could be much prolonged, he expressed no other wish than that he might live to breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary of independence. This he was graciously permitted to do. But it was evident, on the morning of the fourth, that Providence intended that this day, consecrated by his deed, should be solemnized by his death. On some momentary revival of his wasting strength, the friends around would have soothed him with the hope of continuing; but he answered their encouragements only by saying, he did not fear to die. Once, as he drew nearer to his close, he lifted up his head, and murmured with a smile, "It is the fourth of July"; while his repeated exclamation on the last great day was, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine*"—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He departed in peace, a little before one o'clock of this memorable day; unconscious that his compatriot, who fifty years before had shared its efforts and perils, was now the partner of its glory.

Mr. Adams' mind had also wandered back, over the long line of great things with which his life was filled, and found rest on the thought of independence. When the discharges of artillery proclaimed the triumphant anniversary, he pronounced it "a great and a good day." The thrilling word of independence, which, fifty years before, in the ardor of his manly strength, he had sounded out to the nations from the hall of the Revolutionary Congress, was now among the last that dwelt on his lips; and when, towards the hour of noon, he felt his noble heart growing cold within him, the last emotion which warmed it was, that "Jefferson still survives!" But he survives not; he is gone. They are gone together!

Friends, fellow citizens, free, prosperous, happy Americans! The men who did so much to make you so are no more. The men who gave nothing to pleasure in youth, nothing to repose in age, but all to that country, whose beloved name filled their hearts, as it does ours, with joy, can now do no more for us; nor we for them. But their memory remains, we will cherish it; their bright example remains, we will strive to imitate it; the fruit of their wise counsels and noble acts remains, we will gratefully enjoy it.

They have gone to the companions of their cares, of their dangers, and their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there! How few remain with us! There is our Washington; and those who followed him in their country's confidence are now met together with him, and all that illustrious company.

The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dewdrops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, O for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our venerated fathers shall be remembered in their triumphal song!

The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear, and in the long lapse of ages, the races of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our fathers shone is immortal. They did that to which no age, on people of civilized men, can be indifferent. Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall be all forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed, in the bright list of those who have best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson!

VEGETABLE AND MINERAL GOLD

[Address of Edward Everett, delivered at a public festival of the United States Agricultural Society, in Boston, October 4, 1855, in reply to a complimentary toast.]

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:—My worthy friend, Mr. Winthrop, who has just taken his seat, was good enough to remark that he was waiting with impatience for me to speak. Far different was my feeling while he was speaking.

I listened not only with patience, but with satisfaction and delight, as I am sure you all did. If he spoke of the embarrassment under which he rose to address such an assembly, an embarrassment which all, however accustomed to public speaking, could not but feel, how much greater must be my embarrassment! He had to contend only with the difficulties natural to the occasion, and with having to follow the eloquent gentleman from Philadelphia. [Mr. McMichael.] I have to contend with all that difficulty, and also with the difficulty of following not only *that* gentleman, who delighted us all so much, but my eloquent friend who has just taken his seat.

And when two such gentlemen have passed over the ground, the one with his wide-sweeping reaper, and the other with his keen trenchant scythe, there is nothing left but a gleaning to their successor. With respect to the kind manner, sir, in which you have been so good as to introduce my name to this company, it is plain that I can have nothing to respond, but to imitate the example of the worthy clergyman upon the Connecticut River, who, when some inquisitive friend, from a distant part of the country, asked him, somewhat indiscreetly, whether there was much true piety among his flock, said, "Nothing in that way to boast of."

Mr. President, if this were a geological, instead of an agricultural society, and if it were your province not to dig the surface, but to bore into the depths of the earth, it would not be surprising if, in some of your excavations, you should strike upon such a fossil as myself. But when

I look around upon your exhibition—the straining course—the crowded, bustling ring—the motion, the life, the fire—the immense crowds of ardent youth and emulous manhood, assembled from almost every part of the country, actors or spectators of the scene, I feel that it is hardly the place for quiet, old-fashioned folks, accustomed to quiet, old-fashioned ways. I feel somewhat like the Doge of Genoa, whom the imperious mandate of Louis XIV had compelled to come to Versailles, and who, after surveying and admiring its marvels, exclaimed, that he wondered at everything he saw, and most of all at finding himself there.

Since, however, sir, with that delicate consideration toward your "elder brethren." which I so lately had occasion to acknowledge at Dorchester, you are willing to trust yourself by the side of such a specimen of palæontology as myself, I have much pleasure in assuring you that I have witnessed with the highest satisfaction the proof afforded by this grand exhibition, that the agriculture of our country, with all the interests connected with it, is in a state of active improvement. In all things, sir, though I approve a judicious conservatism, it is not merely for myself, but as the basis of a safe progress. I own there are some old things, both in nature, and art, and society, that I like for themselves. I all but worship the grand old hills, the old rivers that roll between them, and the fine old trees bending with the weight of centuries. I reverence an old homestead, an old burying-ground, the good men of olden times. I love old friends, good old books, and I don't absolutely dislike a drop of good old wine for the stomach's sake, provided it is taken from an original package. But these tastes and sentiments are all consistent with, nay, in my judgment, they are favorable to, a genial growth, progression, and improvement, such as is rapidly taking place in the agriculture of the country. In a word, I have always been, and am now, for both stability and progress; learning, from a rather antiquated, but not yet wholly discredited, authority, to "prove all things, and to hold fast to that which is good." I know, sir, that the modern rule is, "try all things, and hold fast to nothing." I believe I shall adhere to the old reading a little longer.

But, sir, to come to more practical, and you will probably think, more appropriate topics, I will endeavor to show you that I am no enemy to new discoveries in agriculture or anything else. So far from it, I am going to communicate to you a new discovery of my own, which, if I do not greatly overrate its importance, is as novel as brilliant, and as auspicious of great results, as the celebrated discovery of Dr. Franklin; not the identity of the electric fluid and lightning, I don't refer to that; but his other famous discovery; that the sun rises several hours before noon; that he begins to shine as soon as he rises; and that the solar ray is a cheaper light for the inhabitants of large cities, than the candles, and oil, and wax tapers, which they are in the habit of preferring to it. I say, sir, my discovery is somewhat of the same kind; and I really think, full as important. I have been upon the track of it for several years; ever since the glitter of a few metallic particles in the gravel, washed out of Captain Sutter's mill-race, first led to the discovery of the gold diggings of California; which for some time past have been pouring into the country fifty or sixty millions of dollars annually.

My discovery, sir, is nothing short of this, that we have no need to go or send to California for gold, inasmuch as we have gold diggings on this side of the continent much more productive, and consequently much more valuable, than theirs. I do not of course refer to the mines of North Carolina or Georgia, which have been worked with some success for several years, but which, compared with those of California, are of no great moment. I refer to a much broader vein of auriferous earth, which runs wholly through the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains, which we have been working unconsciously for many years, without recognizing its transcendent importance; and which it is actually estimated will yield, the present year, ten or fifteen times as much as the California diggings, taking their produce at sixty millions of dollars.

Then, sir, this gold of ours not only exceeds the California in the annual yield of the diggings, but in several other respects. It certainly requires labor, but not nearly as much labor to get it out. Our diggings may be depended on with far greater confidence, for the average yield on a given superficies. A certain quantity of moisture is no doubt necessary with us, as with them, but you are not required, as you are in the placers of California, to stand up to your middle in water all day, rocking a cradle filled with gravel and gold-dust. The cradles we rock are filled with something better. Another signal advantage of our gold over the California gold, is, that after being pulverized and moistened, and subjected to the action of moderate heat, it becomes a grateful and nutritious article of food; whereas no man, not even the long-eared King of Phrygia himself, who wished that everything he touched might become gold, could masticate a thimbleful of the California dust, cold or hot, to save him from starvation. Then, sir, we get our Atlantic gold on a good deal more favorable terms than we get that of California. It is probable, nay, it is certain, that, for every million dollars' worth of dust that we have received from San Francisco, we send out a full million's worth in produce, in manufactures, in notions generally, and in freight; but the gold which is raised from the diggings this side, yields, with good management, a vast increase on the outlay, some thirtyfold, some sixty, some a hundred. But, besides all this, there are two discriminating circumstances of a most peculiar character, in which our gold differs from that of California, greatly to the advantage of ours. The first is this:—

On the Sacramento and Feather rivers, throughout the placers, in all the wet diggings and the dry diggings, and in all the deposits of auriferous quartz, you can get but one solitary exhaustive crop from one locality; and, in getting that, you spoil it for further use. The soil is dug over, worked over, washed over, ground over, sifted over—in short, turned into an abomination of desolation, which all the guano of the Chincha Islands would not restore to fertility. You can never get from it a second yield of gold, nor anything else, unless, perhaps, a crop of mullein or stramonium. The Atlantic diggings, on the contrary, with good management, will yield a fresh crop of the gold every four years, and remain in the interval in condition for a succession of several other good things of nearly equal value.

The other discriminating circumstance is of still more astonishing nature. The grains of the California gold are dead, inorganic masses. How they got into the gravel; between what mountain millstones, whirled by elemental storm-winds on the bosom of oceanic torrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic hands the coveted grains were sown broadcast in the placers, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or reproduction, and that, when that crop was put in, chaos must have broken up the soil. How different the grains of our Atlantic gold, sown by the prudent hand of man, in the kindly alternation of seed-time and harvest; each curiously, mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seeming lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a seminal germ, a living principle!

Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upwards, it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself, more glorious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear, as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins it verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this [an ear of Indian corn], each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. I presume there were two or three such ears on the stalk. This would give us one thousand four hundred and forty, perhaps two thousand one hundred and sixty grains as the produce of one. They would yield next season, if they were all successfully planted, four thousand two hundred, perhaps six thousand three hundred ears. Who does not see that, with this stupendous progression, the produce of one grain in a few years might feed all mankind? And yet with this visible creation annually springing and ripening around us, there are men who doubt, who deny the existence of God. Gold from the Sacramento River, sir! There is a sacrament in this ear of corn enough to bring an atheist to his knees.

But it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of the California gold, by some miserly "old fogy," who thinks there is no music in the world equal to the chink of his guineas, that, though one crop only of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet, once gathered, it lasts to the end of time; while (he will maintain) our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and when consumed, is gone forever. But this, Mr. President, would be a most egregious error both ways. It is true the California gold will last forever unchanged, if its owner chooses; but, while it so lasts, it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig iron, which makes the best of ballast; whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is the less its exchangeable value.

Far different the case with our Atlantic gold; it does not perish when consumed, but, by a nobler alchemy than that of Paracelsus, is transmuted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened *except* it die." The burning pen of inspiration, ranging heaven and earth for a similitude, to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as "bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain." To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes, overtoiling brain. Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the five-fold mystery of sense; purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the corn-field under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

Yes, sir, to drop the allegory, and speak without a figure, it is this noble agriculture, for the promotion of which this great company is assembled from so many parts of the Union, which feeds the human race, and all the humbler orders of animated nature dependent on man. With the exception of what is yielded by the fisheries and the chase (a limited, though certainly not an insignificant source of supply), agriculture is the steward which spreads the daily table of mankind. Twenty-seven millions of human beings, by accurate computation, awoke this very morning, in the United States, all requiring their "daily bread," whether they had the grace to pray for it or not, and under Providence, all looking to the agriculture of the country for that daily bread, and the food of the domestic animals depending on them; a demand, perhaps, as great as their own. Mr. President, it is the daily duty of you farmers to satisfy this gigantic appetite; to fill the mouths of these hungry millions—of these starving millions, I might say—for, if, by any catastrophe, the supply were cut off for a few days, the life of the country—human and brute—would be extinct.

How nobly this great duty is performed by the agriculture of the country, I need not say at this board, especially as the subject has been discussed by the gentleman [Mr. Winthrop] who preceded me. The wheat crop of the United States the present year, is variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five millions of bushels; the oat crop at four hundred millions of bushels; the Indian corn, our precious vegetable gold, at one thousand millions of bushels! a bushel at least for every human being on the face of the globe. Of the other cereal, and of the leguminous crops, I have seen no estimate. Even the humble article of hay—this poor timothy, herd's-grass, and redtop, which, not rising to the dignity of the food of man, serves only for the subsistence of the mute partners of his toil—the hay crop of the United States is probably but little, if any, inferior in value to the whole crop of cotton, which the glowing imagination of the South sometimes regards as the great bond which binds the civilized nations of the earth together.

I meant to have said a few words, sir, on the nature of your institution, and its relations to our common country as a bond of union, but I have lost my voice and strength, and my good friend, who has treated that topic, never yet left anything to be said by those who come after him. I will only, in sitting down, take occasion to express the great interest I feel in the operations of this association. I see that it is doing, and I have no doubt it will yet do, great good.

I beg, in taking my seat, sir, to tender you my most fervent wishes and hopes for its increased and permanent prosperity and usefulness.

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

[Address by the Very Reverend Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury since 1895 (born in Bombay, British India, August 7, 1831; ——), delivered in Westminster Abbey, London, August 4, 1885, at the hour when funeral services in honor of General Grant were being held simultaneously in America and England.]

Eight years have not passed since the Dean of Westminster, whom Americans so much loved and honored, was walking round this Abbey with General Grant, and explaining to him its wealth of great memorials. Neither of them had attained the alloted span of human life, and for both we might have hoped that many years would elapse before they went down to the grave, full of years and honors. But this is already the fourth summer since the Dean fell asleep, and to-day we are assembled at the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun has gone down while it yet was day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with his widow, family, and friends.

Yes; life at the best is but as a vapor that passeth away. The glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things. But when death comes, what nobler epitaph can any man have than this, that, having served his generation, by the will of God he fell asleep? Little can the living do for the dead. The pomps and ceremonies of earthly grandeur have lost their significance, but when our soul shall leave its dwelling, the story of one fair and virtuous action is above all the escutcheons on our tombs or silken banners over us. I would desire to speak simply and directly, and, if with generous appreciation, yet with no idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, the faults and failings of his character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. They are for the judgment of God, whose merciful forgiveness is necessary for the best of what we do and are. We touch only on his public actions and services, the record of his strength, his magnanimity, his self-control, his generous deeds. His life falls into four marked divisions, of which each has its own lessons for us. He touched on them himself in part when he said: "Bury me at West Point, where I was trained as a youth; or in Illinois, which gave me my first commission; or in New York, which sympathized with me in my misfortunes."

His wish has been respected, and on the cliff overhanging the Hudson, his monument will stand, to recall to the memory of future generations those dark days of a nation's history which he did so much to close. First came the early years of growth and training, of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial. Poor and humbly born, he had to make his own way in the world. God's unseen providence, which men nickname chance, directed his boyhood. A cadetship was given him at the Military Academy of West Point, and after a brief period of service in the Mexican War, in which he was three times mentioned in despatches, seeing no opening for a soldier in what seemed likely to be days of unbroken peace, he settled down to a humble life in a provincial town.

Citizens of St. Louis will remember the rough backwoodsman who sold cord-wood from door to door, and who afterward became a leather-seller in the obscure town of Galena. Those who knew him in those days have said that if any one had predicted that the silent, unprosperous, unambitious man, whose chief aim was to get a plank road from his shop to the railway depot, would become twice President of the United States, and one of the foremost men of his day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride how her dictators came from the plough-tail, America, too, may record the answer of the

President who, on being asked what would be his coat of arms, answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt-sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, the noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, and not for the prizes of birth and accident, which are without them. You have of late years had two martyr Presidents, both men sons of the people. One was the homely man, who at the age of seven was a farm lad, at seventeen a rail-splitter, at twenty a boatman on the Mississippi, and who in manhood proved to be one of the most honest and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew up from a shoeless child in a log-hut on the prairies, round which the wolves prowled in the winter snow, to be a humble teacher in Hiram Institute. With these Presidents America need not blush to name also the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derived his patent of nobleness direct from God.

Did not God choose David from the sheepfold, from following the ewes great with young ones, to make him the ruler of his people Israel? Was not the Lord of Life and all the worlds for thirty years a carpenter at Nazareth? Do not such things illustrate the prophecy of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day, under the tree, moving round it as the shadow crossed, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the schoolroom as faithfully as he mastered his Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who came to load his cart with logs, and, finding no men, loaded the cart with his own boy's strength, they showed in the conscientious performance of duty the qualities which were to raise them to become kings of men. When John Adams was told that his son, John Quincy Adams, had been elected President of the United States, he said: "He has always been laborious, child and man, from infancy."

But the youth was not destined to die in the deep valley of obscurity and toil, in which it is the lot—and perhaps the happy lot—of most of us to spend our little lives. The hour came; the man was needed. In 1861 there broke out that most terrible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as Colonel of Volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had been raised to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years would make that enormous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tremendous crisis have stepped often, as it were, out of a door in the wall which no man had noticed; and, unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way silently and single-handed to the front. And there was no luck in it. It was a work of inflexible faithfulness, of indomitable resolution, of sleepless energy, and iron purpose and tenacity. In the campaigns at Fort Donelson; in the desperate battle at Shiloh; in the siege of Corinth; in battle after battle, in siege after siege; whatever Grant had to do, he did it with his might. Other generals might fail—he would not fail. He showed what a man could do whose will was strong. He undertook, as General Sherman said of him, what no one else would have ventured, and his very soldiers began to reflect something of his indomitable determination.

His sayings revealed the man. " I have nothing to do with opinions," he said at the outset, "and shall only deal with armed rebellion." " In riding over the field," he said at Shiloh, " I saw that either side was ready to give way, if the other showed a bold front. I took the opportunity, and ordered an advance along the whole line." "No terms," he wrote to General Buckner at Fort Donelson (and it is pleasant to know that General Buckner stood as a warm friend beside his dying bed); " no terms other than unconditional surrender can be accepted." " My headquarters," he wrote from Vicksburg, " will be on the field." With a military genius which embraced the vastest plans while attending to the smallest details, he defeated, one after another, every great general of the Confederates, except Stonewall Jackson. The Southerners felt that he held them as in the grasp of a vise; that this man could neither be arrested nor avoided. For all this he has been severely blamed.

He ought not to be blamed. He has been called a butcher, which is grossly unjust. He loved peace; he hated bloodshed; his heart was generous and kind. His orders were to save lives, to save treasure, but at all costs to save his country—and he did save his country. His army cheerfully accepted the sacrifice, wrote its farewells, buckled its belts, and stood ready.

The struggle was not for victory; it was for existence. It was not for glory; it was for life and death. Grant had not only to defeat armies, but to annihilate their forces; to leave no choice but destruction or submission. He saw that the brief ravage of the hurricane is infinitely less ruinous than the interminable malignity of the pestilence, and in the colossal struggle, victory, swift, decisive, overwhelming, was the truest mercy.

In silence and with determination, and with clearness of insight, he was like your Washington and our Wellington. He was like them also in this, that the word "cannot" did not exist in his soldier's dictionary, and what he achieved was achieved without bluster. In the hottest fury of all his battles, his speech was never known to be more than "yea, yea," and "nay, nay." He met General Lee at Appomattox. He received his surrender with faultless delicacy. He immediately issued an order that the Confederates should be supplied with rations. Immediately his enemies surrendered, he gave them terms as simple and as generous as a brother could have given them—terms which healed differences; terms of which they freely acknowledged the magnanimity. Not even entering the capital, avoiding all ostentation, unelated by triumph, as unruffled by adversity, he hurried back to stop recruits and to curtail the vast expenses of the country. After the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, the war was over. He had put his hand to the plow and had looked not back. He had made blow after blow, each following where the last had struck; he had wielded like a hammer the gigantic forces at his disposal, and had smitten opposition into the dust. It was a mighty work, and he had done it well. Surely history has shown that for the future destinies of a mighty nation it was a necessary and blessed work! The Church utters her most indignant anathema at an unrighteous war, but she has never refused to honor the faithful soldiers who fight in the cause of their country and God. The gentlest and most Christian of modern poets has used the tremendous thought:—

> "God's most dreaded instrument
> In working out a pure intent
> Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter,
> Yea, Carnage is his daughter!"

We shudder even as we quote the words, but yet the cause for which General Grant fought—the honor of a great people and the freedom of a whole race of mankind—was a great and noble cause. And the South has accepted that desperate and bloody arbitrament. Two of the Southern generals, we rejoice to hear, will bear General Grant's funeral pall. The rancor and ill-feeling of the past are buried in oblivion; true friends have been made out of brave foemen. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, Federals and Confederates, but they are Americans. "Do not teach your children to hate," said General Lee, to an American lady; "teach them that they are Americans. I thought that we were better off as one nation than as two, and I think so now." "The war is over," said Grant, "and the best sign of rejoicing after victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." "Let us have peace," were the memorable words with which he ended his brief inaugural address as President. On the rest of the great soldier's life, we will only touch in very few words. As Wellington became Prime Minister of England, and lived to be hooted in the streets of London, so Grant, more than half against his will, became President, and for a time lost much of his popularity. He foresaw it all, but it is not for a man to choose; it is for a man to accept his destiny. What verdict history may pronounce on him as a politician I know not; but here, and now, the voice of censure, deserved or undeserved, is silent. When the great Duke of Marlborough died and one began to speak of his avarice, "He was so great a man," said Bolingbroke, "I had forgotten that he had that fault."

It was a fine and delicate rebuke, and we do not intend to rake up a man's faults and errors. Those errors, whatever they may have been, we leave to the mercy of the Merciful, and the atoning blood of his Savior. Beside the open grave, we speak only in gratitude of his great achievements. Let us record his virtues in brass, for men's examples; but let his faults, whatever they may have been, be writ in water. Some may think that it would have been well for Grant if he had died in 1865, when steeples clanged and cities were illuminated and congregations rose in his honor. Many and dark clouds overshadowed the last of his days—the blow of financial ruin; the dread that men should suppose that he had a tarnished reputation; the terrible agony of an incurable disease. But God's ways are not our ways. To bear that sudden ruin, and that speechless agony, required a courage nobler and greater than that of the battle-field, and human courage grows magnificently to the height of human need. "I am a man," said Frederick the Great, "and therefore born to suffer." On the long agonizing death-bed, Grant showed himself every inch a hero, bearing his agonies and trials without a murmur, with rugged stoicism, in unflinching fortitude; yes, and we believe in a Christian's patience and a Christian's prayers. Which of us can tell whether those hours of torture and misery may not have been blessings in disguise; whether God may not have been refining the gold from the brass, and the strong man had been truly purified by the strong agony?

We are gathered here in England to do honor to his memory and to show our sympathy with the sorrow of a great sister nation. Could we be gathered in a more fitting place? We do not lack here memorials to recall the history of your country. There is the grave of André; there is the monument raised by grateful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe; there is the temporary resting-place of George Peabody; there is the bust of Longfellow; over the Dean's grave there is the faint semblance of Boston Harbor. We add another memory to-day. Whatever there may have been between the two nations to forget and forgive, it is forgotten and forgiven. "I will not speak of them as two peoples," said General Grant at Newcastle in 1877, "because in fact, we are one people, with a common destiny, and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and co-operation of the brethren dwelling on each side of the Atlantic." Oh! if the two peoples, which are one people, be true to their duty, and true to their God, who can doubt that in their hands are the destinies of the world? Can anything short of utter dementation ever thwart a destiny so manifest? Your founders were our sons; it was from our past that your present grew. The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh is not that nameless grave in St. Margaret's; it is the State of Virginia. Yours and ours alike are the memories of Captain John Smith and of the Pilgrim Fathers, of General Oglethorpe's strong benevolence of soul, of the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and the burning zeal of Wesley and Whitefield. Yours and ours alike are the plays of Shakespeare and the poems of Milton; ours and yours alike are all that you have accomplished in literature or in history—the songs of Longfellow and Bryant, the genius of Hawthorne and of Irving, the fame of Washington, Lee, and Grant.

But great memories imply great responsibilities. It was not for nothing that God made England what she is; not for nothing that the free individualism of a busy multitude, the humble traders of a fugitive people, snatched the New World from feudalism and bigotry, from Philip II and Louis XIV, from Menendez and Montcalm, from the Jesuit and the Inquisition, from Torquemada, and from Richelieu, to make it the land of the Reformation and the Republic of Christianity and of Peace. "Let us auspicate all our proceedings in America," said Edmund Burke, "with the old Church cry, *Sursum corda!*" But it is for America to live up to the spirit of such words, not merely to quote them with profound enthusiasm. We have heard of—

"New times, new climes, new lands, new men, but still
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill."

It is for America to falsify the cynical foreboding. Let her take her place side by side with England in the very van of freedom and progress, united by a common language, by common blood, by common measures, by common interests, by a common history, by common hopes; united by the common glory of great men, of which this great temple of silence and reconciliation is the richest shrine. Be it the steadfast purpose of the two peoples who are one people to show all the world not only the magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but the still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples which are one people, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice which are the unchanging laws of God.

CYRUS WEST FIELD

Photogravure after a photograph from life

CYRUS WEST FIELD

STORY OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE

[Address of Cyrus W. Field, projector of the ocean telegraph (born in Stockbridge, Mass., November 30, 1819; died in New York City, July 12, 1892), delivered at a banquet given in his honor by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 15, 1866, in commemoration of the final completion and successful working of the Atlantic cables.]

Mr. President:—I thank you for the kind words which you have spoken; and you, gentlemen, for the manner in which you have responded to them. It is pleasant to come home after a long absence and especially when a warm welcome meets us at the door. It is pleasant to see familiar faces and hear familiar voices; to be among old neighbors and friends and to be assured of their regard and approbation. And now to receive such a tribute as this from the Chamber of Commerce of New York and from this large array of merchants and bankers and eminent citizens is very grateful to my heart.

The scene before me awakens mingled recollections. Eight years ago the Atlantic telegraph had won brief success; and in this very hall we met to celebrate our victory. Alas for our hopes! How soon was our joy turned into mourning. That very day the cable departed this life. It went out like a spark in the mighty waters. So suddenly it died that many could not believe that it ever lived. To-night we meet to repoice in a success which I believe will be permanent. But many who were with us then are not here. Captain Hudson has gone to his grave. Woodhouse, the English engineer who was with our own Everett in the "Niagara," sleeps in his native island.

Others who took an early part in the work are no more among the living. Lieutenant Berryman, who made the first soundings across the Atlantic, died for his country in the late war on board his ship off Pensacola. His companions, Lieutenant Strain, the hero of the ill-fated Darien expedition, and Lieutenant Thomas both are gone. So are John W. Brett, my first associate in England; Samuel Statham, Sir William Brown, the first chairman of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and many, many others. My first thought to-night is of the dead; and my only sorrow that those who labored so faithfully with us are not here now to share our triumph.

In the letter inviting me to accept of this banquet, you expressed a wish "to hear from my lips the story of this great undertaking." That, sir, would be a very long story, much beyond your patience and my strength. I should have to take you forty times across the Atlantic and half as many to Newfoundland. Still, I will endeavor in a brief way to give you some faint outlines of the fortunes of this enterprise.

It is nearly thirteen years since half a dozen gentlemen of this city met at my house for four successive evenings and around a table covered with maps and charts and plans and estimates, considered a project to extend a line of telegraph from Nova Scotia to St. John's, in Newfoundland, thence to be carried across the ocean. It was a very pretty plan on paper. There was New York and there was St. John's, only about twelve hundred miles apart. It was easy to draw a line from one point to the other—making no account of the forests and mountains and swamps and rivers and gulfs that lay in our way. Not one of us had ever seen the country or had any idea of the obstacles to be overcome. We thought we could build the line in a few months. It took two years and a half. Yet we never asked for help outside our own little circle. Indeed, I fear we should not have got it if we had, for few had any faith in our scheme. Every dollar came out of our own pockets. Yet I am proud to say no man drew back. No man proved a deserter; those who came first into the work have stood by it to the end. Of those six men four are here to-night; Mr. Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and myself. [Applause.] My brother Dudley is in Europe and Mr. Chandler White died in 1856 and his place was supplied by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt, who is also here. Mr. Robert W. Lowber was our Secretary. To these gentlemen as my associates it is but just that I should pay my first acknowledgments.

From this statement you will perceive that in the beginning this was wholly an American enterprise. [Applause.] It was begun and for two years and a half was carried on solely by American capital. Our brethren across the sea did not even know what we were doing away in the forests of Newfoundland. Our little company raised and expended over a million and a quarter of dollars before the Englishmen paid a single pound sterling. [Cheers.] Our only support outside was in the liberal charter and steady friendship of the Government of Newfoundland for which we were greatly indebted to Mr. E. M. Archibald, then attorney-general of that colony, and now British consul in New York. And in preparing for an ocean cable, the first soundings across the Atlantic were made by American officers in American ships. [Applause.] Our scientific men—Morse, Henry, Bache, and Maury—had taken great interest in the subject. The United States ship "Dolphin" discovered the telegraph plateau as early as 1853; and the United States ship "Arctic" sounded across from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1856, a year before Her Majesty's ship "Cyclops," under command of Captain Dayman, went over the same course. This I state not to take aught from the just praise of England but simply to vindicate the truth of history.

It was not till 1856—ten years ago—that the enterprise had any existence in England. In that summer I went to London and there with Mr. John W. Brett, Mr. (now Sir) Charles Bright, and Dr. Whitehouse organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Science had begun to contemplate the possibility of such an enterprise; and the great Faraday cheered us with his lofty enthusiasm. Then, for the first time, was enlisted the support of English capitalists; and then the British Government began that generous course which it has continued ever since—offering us ships to complete soundings across the Atlantic and to assist in laying the cable, and an annual subsidy for the transmission of messages. The expedition of 1857 and the two expeditions of 1858 were a joint enterprise in which the "Niagara" and the "Susquehanna" took part with the "Agamemnon," the "Leopard," the "Gorgon" and the "Valorous"; and the officers of both navies worked with generous rivalry for the same great object. The capital—except one quarter which, as you have said, was taken by myself—was subscribed wholly in Great Britain. The directors were almost all English bankers and merchants. Though among them was one gentleman whom we are proud to call an American, Mr. George Peabody, a name honored in two countries, since showered his princely benefactions upon both—who, though resident for nearly forty years in London where he has gained abundant wealth and honors, still clings to the land of his birth; declining the honor of a baronetcy of the United Kingdom to remain a simple American citizen. [Loud cheers.]

With the history of the expeditions of 1857-58 you are familiar. On the third trial we gained a brief success. The cable was laid, and for four weeks it worked, though never very brilliantly, never giving forth such rapid and distinct flashes as the cables of to-day. It spoke, though only in broken sentences. But while it lasted no less than four hundred messages were sent across the Atlantic. You all remember the enthusiasm which it excited. It was a new thing under the sun, and for a few weeks the public went wild over it. Of course, when it stopped the reaction was very great. People grew dumb and suspicious. Some thought it was all a hoax, and many were quite sure that it never worked at all. That kind of odium we have had to endure for eight years until now I trust we have at last silenced the unbelievers.

After the failure of 1858 came our darkest days. When a thing is dead it is hard to galvanize it into life. It is more difficult to revive an old enterprise than to start a new one. The freshness and novelty are gone and the feeling of disappointment discourages further effort. Other causes delayed the new attempt. This country had become involved in a tremendous war; and while the nation was struggling for life it had no time to spend in foreign enterprise.

But in England the project was still kept alive. The Atlantic Telegraph Company kept up its organization. It had a noble body of directors who had faith in the enterprise and looked beyond its present low estate to ultimate success. I cannot name them all, but I must speak of our chairman—the Right Honorable James Stuart Wortley, a gentleman who did not join us in the hour of victory, but in what seemed the hour of despair—after the failure of 1858—and who has been a steady support through all these years. The Deputy Chairman, Mr. Lampson, has been made a baronet for his connection with the enterprise; our faithful Secretary, Mr. Saward, too, did much to keep alive the interest of the British public.

All this time the science of submarine telegraphy was making progress. The British Government appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. It was composed of eminent scientific men and practical engineers—Galton, Wheatstone, Fairbairn, Bidder, Varley, Latimer, and Edwin Clark—with the Secretary of the Company, Mr. Saward—names to be held in honor in connection with this enterprise along with those of other English engineers such as Stephenson, and Brunel, and Whitworth, and Penn, and Lloyd, and Josiah Field, who gave time and thought and labor freely to this enterprise, refusing all compensation. This commission sat for nearly two years and spent many thousands of pounds in experiments. The result was a clear conviction in every mind that it was possible to lay a telegraph across the Atlantic. Science was also being all the while applied to practice. Submarine cables were laid in different seas—in the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. The latter was laid by my friend, Sir Charles Bright, who thus rendered another service to his country and gained a fresh title to the honor which was conferred upon him for his part in laying the first Atlantic cable.

When the scientific and engineering problems were solved we took heart again and began to prepare for a fresh attempt. This was in 1863. In this country—though the war was still raging—I went from city to city holding meetings and trying to raise capital, but with poor success. Men came and listened and said "it was all very fine," and "hoped I would succeed," but did nothing. In one of the cities they gave me a large meeting and passed some beautiful resolutions and appointed a committee of "solid men" to canvass the city, but I did not get a solitary subscriber! In this city I did better, though money came by the hardest work. By personal solicitations, encouraged by you, sir, and other good friends, I succeeded in raising £70,000. Since not many had faith, I must present one example to the contrary, though it was not till a year later. When almost all deemed it a hopeless scheme one gentleman of this city came to me and purchased stock of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to the amount of $100,000. That was Mr. Loring Andrews, who is here this evening to see his faith rewarded. [Applause.] But at the time I speak of, it was plain that our main hope must be in England, and I went to London. There too, it dragged heavily; there was a profound discouragement. Many had lost before and were not willing to throw more money into the sea. We needed £600,000, and with our utmost efforts we had raised less than half, and there the enterprise stood in a deadlock. It was plain that we must have help from some new quarter. I looked around to find a man who had broad shoulders and could carry a heavy load, and who would be a giant in the cause. It was at this time I was introduced to a gentleman whom I would hold up to the American public as a specimen of a great-hearted Englishman, Mr. Thomas Brassey. You may never have heard his name, but in London he is known as one of the men who have made British enterprise and British capital felt in all parts of the earth. I went to see him, though with fear and trembling. He received me kindly, but put me through such an examination as I never had before. I thought I was in the witness-box. He asked every possible question, but my answers satisfied him, and he ended by saying that "it was an enterprise which ought to be carried out and that he would be one of ten men to furnish the money to do it." This was a pledge of £60,000 sterling! Encouraged by this noble offer I looked about to find another such man, though it was almost like trying to find two Wellingtons. But he was found in Mr. John Pender of Manchester. I went one day to his office in London and we walked together to the House of Commons, and before we got through he said he would take an equal share with Mr. Brassey.

The action of these two gentlemen was a turning-point in the history of our enterprise, for it led shortly after to a union of the well-known firm of Glass, Elliott & Company with the Gutta-Percha Company, making of the two one grand concern, which included not only Mr. Brassey and Mr. Pender, but other men of great wealth, such as Mr. George Elliott, and Mr. Barclay of London, and Mr. Henry Bewley of Dublin, and which thus reinforced with immense capital took up the whole enterprise in its strong arms. We needed, I have said, £600,000, and with all our efforts in England and America we had raised only £285,000. This new company now came forward and offered to take up the whole remaining £315,000 besides £100,000 of the bonds and to make its own profits contingent on success! Mr. Richard A. Glass was made Managing Director, and gave energy and vigor to all its departments, being admirably seconded by the Secretary, Mr. Shuter. Mr. Glass has been recently knighted for his services in carrying out the Atlantic Telegraph—an honor which he most justly deserves.

A few days after half a dozen gentlemen joined together and bought the "Great Eastern" to lay the cable. At the head of this company was placed Mr. Daniel Gooch, member of Parliament and chairman of the Great Western Railway, who was with us in both expeditions which followed, and who for his services has been made a baronet of the United Kingdom. His son, Mr. Charles Gooch, a volunteer in the service, who worked faithfully on board the "Great Eastern," we are happy to welcome here to-night. [Applause.]

The good fortune which favored us in our ship favored us also in our commander. Many of you know Captain Anderson [applause] who was for years in the Cunard line. You may have crossed the sea with him, and you remember how kind he was; how clear-eyed and prompt in his duty, and yet always a quiet and modest gentlemen. How well he did his part in two expeditions the result has proved, and it was just that a mark of royal favor should fall on that manly head.

Thus organized, the work of making the new Atlantic cable was begun. The core was prepared with infinite care under the able superintendence of Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Willoughby Smith; and the whole was completed in about eight months. As fast as ready it was taken on board the "Great Eastern" and coiled in three enormous tanks; and on July 15, 1865, the ship started on her memorable voyage.

I will not stop to tell the story of that expedition. For a week all went well; we had paid out twelve hundred miles of cable and had only six hundred miles further to go when, hauling in the cable to remedy a fault, it parted and went to the bottom! That day I can never forget—how men paced the deck in despair looking out on the broad sea that had swallowed up their hopes; and then how the brave Canning for nine days and nights dragged the bottom of the ocean for our lost treasure, and though he grappled it three times, failed to bring it to the surface. The story of that expedition as written by Dr. Russell, who was on board the "Great Eastern," is one of the most marvelous chapters in the whole history of modern enterprise. We returned to England defeated yet full of resolution to begin the battle anew. Measures were at once taken to make a second cable and to fit out a new expedition; and with that assurance I came home last autumn.

In December I went back again, when lo, all our hopes had sunk to nothing. The Attorney-General of England had given his written opinion that we had no legal right without a special Act of Parliament (which could not be obtained under a year) to issue the new twelve per cent shares on which we relied to raise our capital. This was a terrible blow. The works were at once stopped and the money which had been paid in returned to the subscribers. Such was the state of things only ten months ago. I reached London on December 24, and the next day was not a "Merry Christmas" to me. But it was an inexpressible comfort to have the counsel of such men as Sir Daniel Gooch and Sir Robert A. Glass; and to hear stout-hearted Mr. Brassey tell us to go ahead; and if need were he would put down £60,000 more! It was finally concluded that the best course was to organize a new company which should assume the work; and so originated the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It was formed by ten gentlemen who met round a table in London and put down £10,000 apiece. I hope the excellent Secretary of this company, Mr. Dean, who came with us across the ocean, will write its history and tell the world what life and vigor were comprised in its board of directors. The great telegraph construction and maintenance company, undaunted by the failure of last year, answered us with a subscription of £100,000; soon after the books were opened to the public through the eminent banking house of J. S. Morgan & Company, and in fourteen days we had raised the whole £600,000. [Loud applause.] Then the work began again and went on with speed. Never was greater energy infused into any enterprise. It was only the first day of March that the new company was formed and it was registered as a company the next day; yet such was the vigor and despatch that in five months from that day the cable had been manufactured, shipped on the "Great Eastern," stretched across the Atlantic, and was sending messages literally swift as lightning from continent to continent. [Prolonged cheers.]

Yet this was not a "lucky hit"—a fine run across the ocean in calm weather; it was the worst weather I ever knew at that season of the year. In the despatch which appeared in the New York papers you may have read "the weather has been most pleasant." I wrote it "unpleasant." We had fogs and storms almost the whole way. Our success was the result of the highest science combined with practical experience. Everything was perfectly organized to the minutest detail. We had on board an admirable staff of officers, such men as Halpin and Beckwith; and engineers long used to this business, such as Canning, and Clifford, and Temple, the first of whom has been knighted for his part in this great achievement; and electricians such as Professor Thomson of Glasgow, and Willoughby Smith, and Laws; while Mr. C. F. Varley, our companion of the year before, who stands among the first in knowledge and practical skill, remained with Sir Robert Glass at Valentia, to keep watch at that end of the line, and Mr. Latimer Clark, who was to test the cable when done. Of these gentlemen Professor Thomson, as one of the earliest and most eminent electricians of England, has received some mark of distinction. England honors herself when she thus pays honor to science; and it is fitting that the Government which honored chemistry in Sir Humphry Davy should honor electrical science in Sir William Thomson. [Applause.]

But our work was not over. After landing the cable safely at Newfoundland we had another task, to return to mid-ocean and recover that lost in the expedition of last year. This achievement had perhaps excited more surprise than the other. Many even now "don't understand it"; and every day I am asked "how it was done." Well, it does seem rather difficult—to fish for a jewel at the bottom of the ocean two and a half miles deep, but it is not so very difficult—when you know how. You may be sure we did not go fishing at random, nor was our success mere "luck"—it was the triumph of the highest nautical and engineering skill. We had four ships and on board of them some of the best seamen in England, men who knew the ocean as a hunter knows every trail in the forest. There was Captain Moriarty, who was in the "Agamemnon" in 1857-58. He was in the "Great Eastern" last year and saw the cable when it broke; and he and Captain Anderson at once took their observations so exact that they could go right to the spot. After finding it, they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys; for fogs would come down and shut out sun and stars so that no man could take an observation. These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each one had a flag-staff on it, so that it could be seen by day, and a lantern by night.

Thus having taken our bearings we stood off three or four miles so as to come broadside on, and then casting over the grapnel we drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went. At first it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water, but our men got used to it and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of rope twisted with wires of steel so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach the bottom, and we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us.

[Applause.] But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long slimy monster fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed; but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer; but finally on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. [Cheers.]

What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship and in the boats around our bows as they flashed in the faces of the men showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it; yet not a word was spoken; only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it, to feel of it to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room to see if our long-sought treasure was living or dead. A few minutes of suspense and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man and was heard down in the engine-rooms deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale as I sat in the electricians' room a flash of light came up from the deep which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean telling that those so dear to me whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson were well and following us with their wishes and their prayers. [Applause.] This was like a whisper of God from the sea bidding me keep heart and hope. The "Great Eastern" bore herself proudly through the storm as if she knew that the vital chord which was to join two hemispheres hung at her stern; and so on Saturday, September 7th, we brought our second cable safely to the shore. [Renewed applause.]

But the "Great Eastern" did not make her voyage alone. Three other ships attended her across the ocean —the "Albany," the "Medway," and the "Terrible,"— the officers of all of which exerted themselves to the utmost. The Queen of England has shown her appreciation of the services of some of those more prominent in the expedition, but if it had been possible to do justice to all, honors would have been bestowed upon many others; if this cannot be, at least let their names live in the history of this enterprise with which they will be forever associated. When I think of them all—not only of those on the "Great Eastern," but of Captain Commerill of the "Terrible," and his first officer Mr. Curtis (who with their ship came with us not only to Heart's Content but afterwards to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to help in laying the new cable), and of the officers of the other ships, my heart is full. Better men never trod a deck. If I do not name them all it is because they are too many; their ranks are too full of glory. Even the sailors caught the enthusiasm of the enterprise and were eager to share in the honor of the achievement. Brave, stalwart men they were—at home on the ocean and in the storm—of that sort that have carried the flag of England around the globe. [Cheers.] I see them now as they drag to shore the end by the beach at Heart's Content, hugging it in their brawny arms, as if it were a shipwrecked child whom they had rescued from the dangers of the sea. God bless them all! [Applause.]

Such, gentlemen, in brief is the story of the telegraph which you have wished to hear. It has been a long hard struggle—nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in the pelting rain, or on the decks of ships on dark stormy nights—alone, far from home—I have almost accused myself of madness and folly to sacrifice the peace of my family and all the hopes of my life for what might prove after all but a dream. I have seen my companions one and another falling by my side and feared that I too might not live to see the end. And yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered; and now beyond all acknowledgments to men is the feeling of gratitude to Almighty God. [Applause.]

Having thus accomplished our work of building an ocean telegraph we desired to make it useful to the public. To this end it must be kept in perfect order and all lines connected with it. The very idea of an electric telegraph is an instrument to send messages instantaneously. When a despatch is sent from New York to London there must be no uncertainty about its reaching its destination and that promptly. This we aim to secure. Our two cables do their part well. There are no way-stations between Ireland and Newfoundland where messages have to be repeated, and the lightning never lingers more than a second in the bottom of the sea. To those who feared that the cables might be used up or wear out I would say for their relief that the old cable works a little better than the new one, but that is because it has been down longer—as time improves the quality of gutta-percha. But the new one is constantly growing better. To show how delicate are these wonderful chords it is enough to state that they can be worked with the smallest battery power. When the first cable was laid in 1858, the electricians thought that to send a current two thousand miles it must be almost like a stroke of lightning; but God was not in the earthquake but in the still small voice. The other day Mr. Latimer Clark telegraphed from Ireland across the ocean and back again with a battery formed in a lady's thimble! [Applause.] And now Mr. Collett writes me from Heart's Content: "I have just sent my compliments to Dr. Gould of Cambridge who is at Valentia with a battery composed of a guncap with a strip of zinc excited by a drop of water the simple bulk of a tear!" [Renewed applause.] The telegraph that will do that we think nearly perfect. It has never failed for an hour or a minute. Yet there have been delays in receiving messages from Europe, but these have all been on the land lines or in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and not on the sea cables. It was very painful to me when we landed at Heart's Content to find any interruption here, that a message which came in a flash across the Atlantic should be delayed twenty-four hours in crossing eighty miles of water. But it was not my fault. My associates in the Newfoundland company will bear me witness that I entreated them a year ago to repair the cable in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and put our land lines in perfect order. But they thought it more prudent to await the result of the late expedition before making further large outlays. We have therefore had to work hard to restore our lines. But in two weeks our cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence was taken up and repaired. It was found to have been broken by an anchor in shallow water, and when spliced it proved as perfect as one laid down ten years ago. Since then a new one has been laid, so that we have there two excellent cables.

The land task was more slow. You must remember that Newfoundland is a large country; our line across it is four hundred miles long and runs through a wilderness. In Cape Breton we have another of one hundred and forty miles. These lines were built twelve years ago, and we have waited so long for an ocean telegraph that they have become old and rusty. On such long lines unless closely watched there must be sometimes a break. A few weeks ago a storm swept over the island, the most terrific that had been known for twenty years, which strewed the coast with shipwrecks. This blew down the line in many places and caused an interruption of several days. But it was quickly repaired and we are trying to guard against such accidents again. For three months we have had an army of men at work under our faithful and indefatigable superintendent, Mr. A. M. Mackay, rebuilding the line, and now they report it nearly complete. On this we must rely for the next few months. But all winter long these men will be making their axes hum in the forests of Newfoundland cutting thousands of poles, and as soon as the spring opens will build an entirely new line along the same route. With this double line complete, with frequent station-houses and faithful sentinels watching it, we feel pretty secure. At Port Hood in Nova Scotia we connect with the Western Union Telegraph Company, which has engaged to keep as many lines as may be necessary for European business. This we think will guard against failure hereafter. But to make assurance doubly sure, we shall in the spring build still another line by a separate route crossing over from Heart's Content to Placentia, which is only about one hundred miles along a good road where it can easily be kept in order. From Placentia a submarine cable will be laid across to the French island of St. Pierre and thence to Sydney in Cape Breton, where again we strike a coach road and can maintain our lines without difficulty. Thus we shall have three distinct lines with which it is hardly possible that there can be any delay. A message from London to New York passes over four lines—from London to Valentia; from Valentia to Heart's Content; from there to Port Hood, and from Port Hood to New York. It always takes a little time for an operator to read a message and prepare to send it. For this allow five minutes at each station—that is enough, and I shall not be content till we have messages regularly from London in twenty minutes. One hour is ample (allowing ten minutes each side for a boy to carry the despatch) for a message to go from Wall street to the Royal Exchange and get an answer back again. This is what we aim to do. If for a few months there should be occasional delays we ask only a little patience, remembering that our machinery is new and that it takes time to get it well oiled and running at full speed. But after that I trust we shall be able to satisfy all the demands of the public.

A word about the tariff. Complaint has been made that it is so high as to be very oppressive. I beg all to remember that it is only three months and a half since the cable was laid. It was laid at a great cost and a great risk. Different companies had sunk in their attempts twelve millions of dollars. It was still an experiment of which the result was doubtful. This too might prove another costly failure. Even if successful we did not know how long it would work. Evil prophets in both countries predicted that it would not last a month. If it did, we were not sure of having more than one cable; nor how much work that one could do. Now these doubts are resolved. We have not only one cable but two, both in working order; and we find instead of five words a minute we can send fifteen. Now we are free to reduce the tariff. Accordingly it has been cut down one-half, and I hope in a few months we can bring it down to one-quarter. I am in favor of reducing it to the lowest point at which we can do the business, keeping the lines working day and night. And then—if the work grows upon us, so enormously that we cannot do it—why we must go to work and lay more cables. [Applause.]

Those who conduct a public enterprise should not object to any fair criticism of the public or of the press, but complaints are sometimes made without reflection, as when fault is found with the cable because the news from Europe may be scanty or unimportant, as if we had any more to do with what passes over the line than the Post-Office Department with the contents of letters that go through the mail. We are common carriers and send whatever comes; and if our brethren of the press keep capable men in the capitals of Europe who will furnish only news which is important we will see that it is delivered here every morning.

Of the results of this enterprise—commercially and politically—it is for others to speak. To one effect only do I refer as the wish of my heart that as it brings us into closer relations with England it may produce a better understanding between the two countries. Let who will speak against England—words of censure must come from other lips than mine. I have received too much kindness from Englishmen to join in this language. I have eaten of their bread and drank of their cup, and I have received from them in the darkest hours of this enterprise words of cheer which I shall never forget; and if any words of mine can tend to peace and good-will they shall not be wanting. I beg my countrymen to remember the ties of kindred. Blood is thicker than water. America with all her greatness has come out of the loins of England, and though there have been sometimes family quarrels—bitter as family quarrels are apt to be—still in our hearts there is a yearning for the old home, the land of our fathers, and he is an enemy of his country and of the human race who would stir up strife between two nations that are one in race, in language and in religion. [Applause.]

I close with this sentiment, "England and America: Clasping hands across the sea—may this firm grasp be a pledge of friendship to all generations!" [Enthusiastic applause—the audience rising and giving three cheers.]

JOHN FISKE

COLUMBUS THE NAVIGATOR

[Oration by John Fiske, author, historian, lecturer (born Edmund Fiske Greene, in Middletown, Conn., March 30, 1842; ——), delivered in the Boston Theatre, October 21, 1892, on the occasion of the celebration by the city government of Boston of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.]

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—We have met here this morning to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of one of the greatest events in the history of the world. The first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by Christopher Columbus was an achievement of which Americans are not likely to underrate the importance, and which no one with a due sense of the relations of cause and effect in human affairs can for a moment fail to recognize as supremely important. When we duly consider what America already means to the world while the development of European civilization upon this fresh soil is still in its earliest stages, when we take sober thought of what the future must have in store if this early promise is even partially fulfilled, we shall be inclined to pronounce the voyage that led the way to this New World as the most epoch-making event of all that have occurred since the birth of Christ.

But I do not propose to take up your time with glittering generalities. The best way to do homage to Columbus, or to show our appreciation of the real grandeur of his achievement, is to try to understand it in its relations to what went before it; and that is a kind of understanding which people surely do not commonly show in speaking or writing on the subject. In order to appreciate the significance of any historical event we must look at it in perspective, and the greater the event the more is the need of such perspective.

Now, the discovery of America was simply a part of a great and sudden outburst of maritime activity the like of which had never been seen before, and which within the limits of a single century discovered not only America, but nearly all the rest of the world outside of Europe. Down to that time the great wanderings of mankind had been by land; no people except the Northmen had ventured far into the trackless ocean, and the knowledge of civilized Europeans extended but little way beyond their own continent. Perhaps it is not always remembered that the first European ship crossed the equator in 1471, when Columbus was a man grown, and that no European ship ever sailed to the eastern coast of Asia until 1517, after Columbus had been eleven years in the grave. When that great navigator was in his childhood, European knowledge of the surface of our planet was bounded on the south by the Tropic of Cancer, and to the west it was extremely hazy about everything beyond the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf. The globe made in 1492 by Martin Behaim, one of the most learned geographers of his time, may still be seen in the Town Hall of Nuremberg. It cuts off two-thirds of Hindustan, and puts in place of it an island of Ceylon magnified tenfold. But within half a century after 1492, the Antarctic Ocean had been visited, the earth had been circumnavigated once, the flag of Portugal was supreme in the East Indies, and Spaniards ruled in Mexico and Peru.

It is an interesting question, why should this wonderful outburst of maritime activity have come just at that time? why should the discovery of America by Columbus have happened in the Fifteenth century? and why did Europe have to wait until then for such an event? The answer is easy to find; but first we shall do well to ask another question, and then we may answer the two together. There is no doubt that toward the end of the Tenth century people from Iceland founded a colony in Greenland, or that ships from Greenland a few years later made voyages along the American coast, chiefly for the purpose of cutting timber, and in all probability came as far south as Massachusetts Bay. Icelandic chronicles have fortunately preserved the story of these interesting voyages, but Europe took no heed of them whatever, and they lapsed into utter oblivion until about the time of Henry Hudson, when the Arctic world began again to be explored, and long after the death of Columbus. Now, why was this? What was the difference between the Eleventh century and the Fifteenth, such that in the latter case a visit to the western shores of the Atlantic Ocean soon led to the revelation of a new world, while in the former case it did not? The differences between the two ages were many, but the chief difference with which we are concerned is this: in the time of Columbus there was a propelling power at work which in the earlier time was absent, and that propelling power was furnished by a great and unprecedented disturbance of trade between Europe and Asia. That disturbance was caused by the Ottoman Turks. There is one other date in the Fifteenth century almost as famous as 1492; that is, 1453, that year of mourning and humiliation when the grandest city of Christendom was captured by the robber bands whose descendants have to this day been allowed to hold it. But for nearly a century before Constantinople fell, the Turks had been strangling trade on the eastern shores and in the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. Their aggressions closed up old routes of trade and forced Europe to seek new routes; and thus, I say, it was chiefly and primarily the Turks that set in motion the current of events that carried Columbus across the Atlantic. Aggressions from Asia as formidable as that of the Ottoman had occurred more than once before, but never had they encountered and displaced anything like so large a volume of commerce; and never had they been met with so highly developed a spirit of commercial enterprise. This point is very important and deserves a few more words of explanation.

Traffic between the Mediterranean and remote parts of Asia had been carried on from very early times, and some of its routes were doubtless in use before the dawn of history. During two thousand years preceding the time of Columbus three principal routes were used. One was through the Black and Caspian seas, the route associated with the commercial greatness of Constantinople and Genoa; a second was through Syria and the Persian Gulf, a route illustrious for such cities as Antioch, and Damascus, and Bagdad; the third was through Egypt and the Red Sea, especially associated with the glorious days of Alexandria and of Venice. By such routes as these, after variously changing hands, did the goods of Eastern Asia make their slow way to European seaports—aromatic spices, black pepper, ivory, cotton fabrics, diamonds, sapphires, and pearls, silk thread and silk stuffs, richly woven mats and shawls, in exchange for such European commodities as light woolen cloths, linens, coral, black lead, glass vessels of divers shapes and uses, brass, tin, and wrought silver, and Greek and Italian wines. It was probably seldom that the same persons traveled from end to end of the long routes that led toward the rising sun; still fewer were those commercial travelers who wrote an account of their experiences for the general increase of knowledge. So things went on for many generations.

But after the Crusades had brought Western Europe into closer contact with the luxury and refinement of the Eastern Empire, there was a change. The volume of trade with Asia began steadily to increase, and curiosity about Oriental countries and peoples was greatly stimulated. In the Thirteenth century the Mongol conquests brought the whole vast territory from China to Poland, from the Yellow Sea to the Euphrates, under the sway of a single monarch; the Mongol policy was liberal to foreigners, and in the course of a hundred years, from 1250 to 1350, a good many Europeans—chiefly merchants and Franciscan monks—visited China. Now came the first step toward the discovery of America. Soon after 1250 it became positively known, as a matter of personal experience, that China was a maritime country with seaports looking out upon an open ocean. By those Europeans who pondered upon this information it was at once assumed that this ocean must be the Atlantic, because of the spherical shape of the earth. Here I must pause for a moment to remark upon a gross historical blunder which vitiates most of the talk and a good deal of the popular writing about Columbus. It is evidently supposed by many people that the spherical shape of the earth was a new idea in his time; some seem to think that he originated it, or that it was opposed and ridiculed by most of his learned contemporaries and especially by the clergy. Nothing could be further from the truth. The globular form of the earth was proved by Aristotle, and after him accepted by nearly all the ancient philosophers; and seventeen hundred years before Columbus the geographer Eratosthenes declared that it would be easy enough to sail from Spain to India on the same parallel were it not for the vast extent of the Atlantic Ocean. But that vast extent was all a matter of guesswork, and other ancient writers, such as Seneca, maintained that the distance was probably not so very great, and that with favoring winds a ship might make the voyage in a few days. This question of distance, as we shall see in a few moments, was the main difficulty which Columbus had to meet. Objections arising from a belief in the earth's flatness were made by ignorant clergymen, as by uneducated people in general; but learned clergymen, familiar with Aristotle and Ptolemy, did not for a moment call in question the roundness of the earth. Knowledge of such scientific points, however, was in those days apt to lie stagnant, and some striking experience was needed to vivify it. When the news of Chinese seaports was first brought to Europe, that far-sighted monk, Roger Bacon, in 1267 suggested that a ship might sail westward across the Atlantic to China, and he fortified his opinion by extracts from Aristotle and other ancient writers. There is nothing to show that Columbus ever saw Roger Bacon's book; but in 1410 a certain archbishop of Cambrai, named Pierre d'Ailly, wrote a book called "The Image of the World," which was widely circulated in manuscript and was printed in 1483; and in this very popular book that passage about sailing westward to China was cribbed—or perhaps it would be more amiable to say *quoted*—from Bacon. This book was diligently read by Columbus, and his own copy of it, with marginal notes in his own handwriting which show how powerfully it influenced him, may be seen to-day in the Columbian Library at Seville.

Thus we see that Roger Bacon's suggestion, though it found nō practical response in his own time, was transmitted to Columbus two centuries later and sank deep into his heart. Things changed greatly between the Thirteenth century and the Fifteenth. So long as Asia was more accessible than ever by the old routes, men had no motive for undertaking the strange and difficult work of finding new ones. Such new and strange work must wait until men were in a measure driven to it. Meanwhile, among the educated Europeans who found their way to the eastern ocean, there was one, the Venetian Marco Polo, who lived in the service of the Mongol emperor for five and twenty years and made journeys to and fro in the heart of Asia. In 1299, after his return to Europe, he wrote down his experiences in what is doubtless the greatest book of travels that has ever been written. It carried European thought still farther eastward than the Chinese seaports, for Marco Polo had heard a good deal about Japan, an island kingdom a thousand miles out in the ocean, which he called Cipango, and about which he told things which led many of his readers to set him down as a liar, but which we now know to have been for the most part true.

During the next century Marco Polo's book was widely read, curiosity about the East was strongly stimulated, and the trade along the old routes was rapidly increasing year by year, when the face of things was somewhat suddenly changed. In 1368 the Mongols were driven out of China, and that country was once more shut up. But that was a small calamity compared to the rise of the Turks who had entered Europe and taken Adrianople by 1365. Their corsairs swarmed in the Levant waters till the peril and cost of Christian voyages in that direction were increased manifold. The blow fell first and most heavily upon Genoa, which had profited most by the Black Sea route; but Venice also suffered gravely, and every town in the Netherlands felt the effects, which presently reverberated from end to end of Europe.

Thus upon men's minds began to dawn the question whether an outside route, an indirect path over the ocean, could be found to the lands whence silks and spices came. Perhaps civilized mankind had never asked of itself a more startling question. It involved a radical departure from the grooves in which the minds of sailors and merchants had been running ever since the days when Solomon's ships were laden with treasure brought from Ophir. The age that could propound such a problem was ripe for new ventures in other directions, too—for a renaissance in science, in art, and in religion. The man that could solve it will always be remembered as one of the mightiest innovators of all time.

A whole generation passed while the question was gradually getting propounded, and the answer, as with all such great questions, came by slow stages. Portuguese navigators first gave shape to the problem; and here, as throughout the story, we never get far away from the conflict between the Crescent and the Cross. For many generations the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula had been striving to expel the Moorish invader. Portugal was first to free herself and carry the war into Africa. In suppressing Moorish piracy the Portuguese captains made their first acquaintance with longer and longer stretches of the coast of Africa and heard of Guinea and its mines of gold. A great man arose to the occasion, a man in whom missionary, merchant, statesman, pathbreaker, and scientific inquirer were combined after a fashion characteristic of that romantic age. Prince Henry of Portugal, called "The Navigator," own cousin to our Henry V of England, was founder of the great school of explorers in which Columbus was the most illustrious disciple. The first object of these mariners was to ascertain whether Africa could be circumnavigated and a route thus found into the Indian Ocean. Upon this question two different opinions were held by learned men, who were wont to settle all disputed points by referring to the wisdom of the ancients. The foremost authority on geography was still Claudius Ptolemy, who wrote in Alexandria in the Second century after Christ. Ptolemy held that the southern hemisphere was in great part filled by a huge continent which at one place was joined to Africa and at another place was joined to Asia somewhere near Farther India, of which he had some vague hearsay knowledge. Thus, according to Ptolemy, the Indian Ocean was a landlocked sea with no outlet, and of course if the Portuguese captains had believed this doctrine they would not have tried to sail around Africa. But a different opinion was entertained by Pomponius Mela, a native of the Spanish peninsula, who wrote in the First century of our era a little book that was highly esteemed throughout the Middle Ages, especially by Spaniards. Mela believed in a great continent lying southward of both Africa and Asia, but he believed it to be separated from both these continents by a broad, open ocean. Still more, he chopped off the whole of Africa south of Sahara, and maintained that you could sail from the Strait of Gibraltar around into the Indian Ocean without crossing the equator. Such was the theory upon which Portuguese navigators were allowed to feed their hopes until 1471, a few years after the death of Prince Henry. In that year, 1471, a voyage was made, the importance of which I was the first to point out. Portuguese ships had already reached the coast of Upper Guinea, where it runs for several hundred miles from west to east. Here it seemed as if Mela's opinion was correct, and as if one might go on sailing eastward to the mouth of the Red Sea. But in 1471 two captains, Santarem and Escobar, went on and followed that coast until they found it turning to the south; and on they went until—first of all Europeans—they crossed the equator, and sailed five degrees beyond it, and still that African coast stretched before them steadily southward. It was thus made clear that Mela was mistaken, and it was possible that Ptolemy might be right. For aught they knew, that coast might keep running southward all the way to the pole, and even if that were not the case, one thing was clear: a route to Asia by sailing around Africa was going to be a much longer route than they had supposed. We can well believe that the prospect was discouraging. It was one of those interesting situations that make men stop and think. Now, if ever, was the natural moment for somebody to ask the question, whether there might not be some better and shorter ocean route to Asia than any that could be found by pursuing the African coast.

Now it was just about this time that Christopher Columbus seems to have found his way to Portugal. He was now between thirty and thirty-five, or, as many writers think, not more than twenty-five years old. A dozen or more towns and villages have been claimed as his birthplace, but I see no reason for doubting his own explicit statement, made in a solemn legal document, that he was born in the city of Genoa. Son of a wool-comber in very humble circumstances, he had taken to the sea at an early age, as was natural for a Genoese boy. Somewhere and somehow he had learned Latin and geometry and as much of astronomy as that age knew how to apply to purposes of navigation. He had sailed to and fro upon the Mediterranean in merchant voyages, and had probably taken a hand in scrimmages with Turkish corsairs, which is the foundation for the ridiculous charge of "piracy" sometimes alleged against him by modern dabblers in history. His younger brother Bartholomew had led a similar life, and both had won a reputation for skill in map-making. In those days when Italian commerce, cut from its eastern roots by Turkish shears, was languishing, Italian skill and talent was apt to drift westward to Lisbon, and so it was with the brothers Columbus. Both were deeply interested in the problem of circumnavigating Africa, both sailed in more than one of the Portuguese voyages on that coast, and Bartholomew was in the first voyage that doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

Long before this his brother Christopher's scheme had been fully matured. I said a moment ago that the disappointing voyage of Santarem and Escobar furnished the occasion for asking the question if some better method of getting to Asia could be found. Now observe the eloquence of dates. Those captains returned to Lisbon in April, 1472; and before June, 1474, that question had already been asked by the King of Portugal. The person of whom he asked the question was the greatest astronomer of that century, Paolo Toscanelli, of Florence; and Toscanelli's reply was, "Can there be a shorter route? Of course there can. If you steer westward straight across the Atlantic, you will find Asia much sooner than by sailing down by Guinea"; and he drew a map, giving his idea of the situation, and sent it to the King of Portugal. Now about the same time Columbus asked the same question of Toscanelli and got the same reply. Some critics have lately tried to make out an interval of six or eight years between the two letters. I have elsewhere argued that it cannot have been more than six or eight weeks. It was probably not later than September, 1474, that Toscanelli sent to Columbus his letter, the tone of which implies that Columbus had done something more than ask a question. He had not only asked about the shorter route, but expressed a desire or intention to undertake it. The astronomer's reply was full of enthusiasm; he strongly urged the undertaking upon Columbus, and sent him a duplicate of the map which he had sent to the King of Portugal. Columbus kept this map and carried it with him upon his first voyage.

Now the question here at issue, and on which an appeal was made to Toscanelli, was not whether the earth is a sphere. That was assumed by all the parties. The question was simply as to the length of the voyage required to reach the coasts of China or Japan by sailing due west. Here the astronomer's reply was encouraging. He greatly overestimated the length of Asia. I suppose he must have misunderstood some of Marco Polo's Chinese measures of distance. At any rate he carried his Chinese seaports so far to the east as to bring them near California. As for Japan, he brought it into the Gulf of Mexico. This gigantic error was of the greatest possible aid to Columbus, as it turned out; but Columbus improved upon it. His theoretical measure of the earth's circumference was smaller than Toscanelli's, and when he put that astronomer's guesswork measure of Asia upon it he carried Japan eastward even into the Atlantic, and held that you could reach it by sailing about two thousand five hundred miles due west from the Canary Islands. This was not much longer than the voyage from Lisbon to the Guinea coast, and thus there could be no doubt as to the commercial advantage of braving the unknown terrors of the voyage across the open ocean.

Such was the scheme which Columbus had to urge upon his fellow men for eighteen years before he could get the means for carrying it into practical operation. Like many scientific theories, as first formed it was a fairly even mixture of truth and error; but he was peculiarly fortunate in this, that the truth and the error alike helped him. Some of the Lisbon geographers urged against him that his estimate of the length of Asia was excessive. In this they were of course right; but if their wisdom had prevailed, no westward voyage would have been made, and the unknown continent between Portugal and Japan would have remained unknown until some other occasion had been evolved.

There were many elements in the complex character of Columbus beside that of the scientific navigator. The crusading spirit was strong in him. Alike as a Genoese and as a Christian he hated the Turk, and it was quite to his credit that he did so. He was an idealist, a poetic dreamer, a religious fanatic, a man hard for some people to understand. Viewed as a whole, his scheme was somewhat as follows: God's kingdom on earth was to come. The bounds of Christendom were to be enlarged, and the unspeakable Turk was to be crushed. Old Crusaders had assailed the Infidel in front; but he would outflank him. He would gain access to the wealth of the Indies by a new and short cut across the Atlantic waves never before ploughed by European keels, and with his share of the profits of this great commercial enterprise, he would equip such a vast army as would drive the Turk from Constantinople and set free the Holy Sepulchre.

Such was the noble, disinterested idea of Columbus. His young friend Las Casas, the purest and loftiest spirit of the Sixteenth century, so understood it and honored its author; while modern writers, incapable of entering into the mood of a time so remote from our own, peck and carp at details wherein Columbus seems to offend their precious ideas of propriety, and wave him away with a Podsnap flourish which, of course, always ends the matter. He was weak, we are told; he was selfish and avaricious, and after all he did not accomplish what he undertook to do. After all his fine promises he never set foot on the soil of Asia.

Well, it is part of the irony with which this world is governed, that the bravest and most strenuous spirits are apt to consecrate their lives to some grand purpose, in the pursuit of which they strive and faint and die; and, after all is over, after death has sealed their eyelids and the voice of praise or blame is for them as nothing, it turns out that they have done a great and wonderful thing; but that great and wonderful thing is so far from being the object to which their arduous lives were consecrated, that if they could listen to the praise which posterity lavishes upon them, they would be daft with amazement. Well, they would say, we never dreamt of this. These monuments that are reared to us amid all this pomp and ceremony, we do not comprehend their meaning.

So might Columbus feel if he could be brought back to earth and witness what is going on to-day in all parts of this western world. What has been accomplished, as the result of his voyage of 1492, is something of which he never dreamed. He never meant to discover a New World, and he died without the slightest suspicion that he had made such a discovery. He died in obscurity and disgrace because he had not done the thing which he had set out to do; he had entailed fresh expenses upon his royal patrons instead of guiding them to boundless riches. When he died at Valladolid, on Ascension Day, 1506, the annals of that town, which mention everything of local interest great and small, from year to year, take no heed of the passing away of that great spirit. It was left for the events of later ages to clothe with adequate significance the events of 1492.

It was not until this western continent became the seat of a high civilization that the significance began to be realized, and to reflect upon the memory of Columbus the glory of which he was defrauded in his lifetime. And it was long before the course of events had taught men this new lesson. A hundred years ago little heed was paid to the anniversary of the discovery of America; but in France, amid the spasms of the Revolution, a few prize essays were written, and what, do you think, was their general purport? It was generally agreed that the discovery of America had been an almost unmitigated curse to mankind, because it had led to greater wars—such, for example, as the Seven Years' War—than had ever been seen before. Only one benefit, said these humanitarians, had come from the discovery, and that was the use of quinine in averting fevers. But stay, said some of the prize essayists, to this general verdict of disparagement we can seem to see dimly one exception. Two or three million of English colonists are scattered along the coast of that unpromising wilderness; they have just won their independence; and in them rests the hope of mankind for the future of the western world. Theirs is the legacy of Columbus if they fulfil the promise with which they have started. Such was the purport of some of these ingenious prize essays a century ago. What will prize essayists or centennial orators a century hence be saying here in Boston?

Fellow citizens, it rests with us to determine the answer to such a question. When one reads of Saul who went forth to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, one thinks of Columbus. But let the parable warn us. To Columbus we owe the fresh soil in which a nationality of the highest type has begun to be developed. Let us never forget that without the steadfast culture of the highest manhood in political life, the richest opportunities are no better than dust and chaff. The extension of God's kingdom on earth was the object nearest the heart of Columbus. It is our high duty and privilege to accept the legacy and defend it.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

OPENING THE ASSEMBLY WITH PRAYER

[Remarks of Benjamin Franklin, philosopher and statesman (born in Boston, January 16, 1706; died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790), before the Convention in Philadelphia to frame the Constitution for the United States. These were delivered after two months had been consumed in debate, sometimes acrimonious, about the terms upon which the small States like Delaware and Rhode Island should be associated with larger States like New York, and when there seemed no hope of an agreement between the representatives of the larger and smaller States. Franklin moved the assembly open its deliberations with prayer. The motion was nearly unanimously rejected. As the struggle continued, Franklin hit upon the expedient that was finally adopted, that all the States should be equally represented in the Upper House, and according to their population in the Lower, where all money bills were to originate. The deliberations of the convention being secret, the form of this speech was preserved in a copy by Madison from Franklin's manuscript.]

Mr. President:—The small progress we have made, after four or five weeks' close attendance and continual reasoning with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many noes as ayes, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to feel our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern States all round Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances.

In this situation of this assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard;—and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or do we imagine we no longer need its assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move,—

That henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

SUPREMACY OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION

[Address by Cardinal Gibbons of the Roman Catholic Church (born in Baltimore, Md., July 23, 1834; ——), delivered before the Parliament of Religions, held during the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, September 14, 1893.]

We live and move and have our being in the midst of a civilization which is the legitimate offspring of the Catholic religion. The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and so abundantly on the intellectual, moral, and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise except in those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known. In order to realize adequately our favored situation, we should transport ourselves in spirit to ante-Christian times, and contrast the condition of the pagan world with our own.

Before the advent of Christ, the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Every striking object in nature had its tutelary divinities. Men worshipped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshipped their very passions. They worshipped everything except God, to whom alone divine homage is due. In the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the corruptible man, and of birds and beasts and creeping things. They worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator who is blessed forever."

But, at last, the great light for which the prophets had sighed and prayed, and toward which the pagan sages had stretched forth their hands with eager longing, arose and shone unto them " that sat in the darkness and the shadow of death." The truth concerning our Creator, which had hitherto been hidden in Judea, that there it might be sheltered from the world-wide idolatry, was now proclaimed, and in far greater clearness and fulness into the whole world. Jesus Christ taught all mankind to know one true God—a God existing from eternity to eternity, a God who created all things by His power, who governs all things by His wisdom, and whose superintending Providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, " without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground." He proclaimed a God infinitely holy, just, and merciful. This idea of the Deity so consonant to our rational conceptions was in striking contrast with the low and sensual notions which the pagan world had formed of its divinities.

The religion of Christ imparts to us not only a sublime conception of God, but also a rational idea of man and of his relations to his Creator. Before the coming of Christ, man was a riddle and a mystery to himself. He knew not whence he came, nor whither he was going. He was groping in the dark. All he knew for certain was that he was passing through a brief phase of existence. The past and future were enveloped in a mist which the light of philosophy was unable to penetrate. Our Redeemer has dispelled the cloud and enlightened us regarding our origin and destiny and the means of attaining it. He has rescued man from the frightful labyrinth of error in which Paganism had involved him.

The Gospel of Christ as propounded by the Catholic Church has brought, not only light to the intellect, but comfort also to the heart. It has given us " that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," the peace which springs from the conscious possession of truth. It has taught us how to enjoy that triple peace which constitutes true happiness, as far as it is attainable in this life—peace with God by the observance of His commandments, peace with our neighbor by the exercise of charity and justice toward him, and peace with ourselves by repressing our inordinate appetites, and keeping our passions subject to the law of reason, and our reason illumined and controlled by the law of God.

All other religious systems prior to the advent of Christ were national, like Judaism, or State religions, like Paganism. The Catholic religion alone is world-wide and cosmopolitan, embracing all races and nations and peoples and tongues. Christ alone, of all religious founders, had the courage to say to His disciples: "Go, teach all nations. Preach the Gospel to every creature. You shall be witness to me in Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Be not restrained in your mission by national or State lines. Let my gospel be as free and universal as the air of heaven. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. All mankind are the children of my father and my brethren. I have died for all, and embrace all in my charity. Let the whole human race be your audience, and the world be the theatre of your labors!"

It is this recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ that has inspired the Catholic Church in her mission of love and benevolence. This is the secret of her all-pervading charity. This idea has been her impelling motive in her work of the social regeneration of mankind. "I behold," she says, "in every human creature a child of God and a brother or a sister of Christ, and therefore I will protect helpless infancy and decrepit old age. I will feed the orphan and nurse the sick. I will strike the shackles from the feet of the slave, and will rescue degraded woman from the moral bondage and degradation to which her own frailty and the passions of the stronger sex had consigned her."

Montesquieu has well said that the religion of Christ, which was instituted to lead men to eternal life, has contributed more than any other institution to promote the temporal and social happiness of mankind. The object of this Parliament of Religions is to present to the thoughtful, earnest, and inquiring minds the respective claims of the various religions, with the view that they would "prove all things, and hold that which is good," by embracing that religion which above all others commends itself to their judgment and conscience. I am not engaged in this search for the truth, for, by the grace of God, I am conscious that I have found it, and instead of hiding this treasure in my own breast, I long to share it with others, especially as I am none the poorer in making others the richer. But, for my part, were I occupied in this investigation, much as I would be drawn toward the Catholic Church by her admirable unity of faith which binds together in common worship two hundred and fifty million souls, much as I would be attracted toward her by her sublime moral code, by her world-wide catholicity and by that unbroken chain of apostolic succession which connects her indissolubly with apostolic times, I could be drawn still more forcibly toward her by that wonderful system of organized benevolence which she has established for the alleviation and comfort of suffering humanity.

Let us briefly review what the Catholic Church has done for the elevation and betterment of humanity:—

I. The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie by saying with her founder that: " What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Wives and mothers never forget that the inviolability of the marriage contract is the palladium of your womanly dignity and of your Christian religion. And if you are no longer the slaves of man and the toy of his caprice, like the wives of Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of your husbands; if you are no longer tenants at will, like the wives of pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistresses of your households; if you are no longer confronted by uprising rivals, like Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but are the queens of domestic kingdoms, you are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient Church, and particularly to the Roman pontiffs who inflexibly upheld the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of kings, the lust of nobles, and the lax and pernicious legislation of city governments.

II. The Catholic religion has proclaimed the sanctity of human life as soon as the body is animated with the vital spark. Infanticide was a dark stain on pagan civilization. It was universal in Greece with the exception of Thebes. It was sanctified and even sometimes enjoined by such eminent Greeks as Plato and Aristotle, Solon, and Lycurgus. The destruction of infants was also very common among the Romans. Nor was there any legal check to this inhuman crime, except at rare intervals. The father had the power of life and death over his child. And as an evidence that human nature does not improve with time and is everywhere the same, unless it is permeated with the leaven of Christianity, the wanton sacrifice of infant life is probably as general to-day in China and other heathen countries as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. The Catholic Church has sternly set her face against this exposure and murder of innocent babes. She has denounced it as a crime more revolting than that of Herod, because committed against one's own flesh and blood. She has condemned with equal energy the atrocious doctrine of Malthus, who suggested unnatural methods for diminishing the population of the human family. Were I not restrained by the fear of offending modesty and of imparting knowledge where "ignorance is bliss," I would dwell more at length on the social plague of antenatal infanticide, which is insidiously and systematically spreading among us, in defiance of civil penalties and of the Divine law which says: "Thou shalt not kill."

III. There is no phase of human misery for which the Church does not provide some remedy or alleviation. She has established infant asylums for the shelter of helpless babes who have been cruelly abandoned by their own parents, or bereft of them in the mysterious dispensations of Providence before they could know and feel a mother's love. These little waifs, like the infant Moses drifting in the turbid Nile, are rescued from an untimely death and are tenderly raised by the daughters of the Great King, those consecrated virgins who become nursing mothers to them. And I have known more than one such motherless babe, who, like Israel's law-giver in after years, became a leader among his people.

IV. As the church provides homes for those yet on the threshold of life, so, too, does she secure retreats for those on the threshold of death. She has asylums in which aged men and women find at one and the same time a refuge in their old age from the storms of life and a novitiate to prepare them for eternity. Thus, from the cradle to the grave, she is a nursing mother. She rocks her children in the cradle of infancy, and she soothes them to rest on the couch of death. Louis XIV erected in Paris the famous Hotel des Invalides for the veterans of France who had fought in the service of their country. And so has the Catholic religion provided for those who have been disabled in the battle of life, a home in which they are tenderly nursed in their declining years by devoted sisters. The Little Sisters of the Poor, whose congregation was founded in 1840, have now charge of over two hundred and fifty establishments in different parts of the globe, the aged inmates of those houses numbering thirty thousand, upward of seventy thousand having died under their care up to 1889. To these asylums are welcomed, not only the members of the Catholic religion, but those also of every form of Christian faith, and even those without any faith at all. The Sisters make no distinction of person, or nationality, or color, or creed—for true charity embraces all. The only question proposed by the Sisters to the applicant for shelter is this: Are you oppressed by age and penury? If so, come to us and we will provide for you.

V. She has orphan asylums where children of both sexes are reared and taught to become useful and worthy members of society.

VI. Hospitals were unknown to the pagan world before the coming of Christ. The copious vocabularies of Greece and Rome had no word even to express the term. The Catholic Church has hospitals for the treatment and cure of every form of disease. She sends her daughters of charity and mercy to the battle-field and to the plague-stricken city. During the Crimean War I remember to have read of a Sister who was struck dead by a ball while she was in the act of stooping down and bandaging the wound of a fallen soldier. Much praise was then deservedly bestowed on Florence Nightingale for her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers. Her name resounded in both hemispheres. But in every Sister you have a Florence Nightingale, with this difference—that, like ministering angels, they move without noise along the path of duty, and like the angel Raphael, who concealed his name from Tobias, the Sister hides her name from the world.

Several years ago I accompanied to New Orleans eight Sisters of Charity who were sent from Baltimore to reenforce the ranks of their heroic companions, or to supply the places of their devoted associates who had fallen at the post of duty in the fever-stricken cities of the South. Their departure for the scene of their labors was neither announced by the press nor heralded by public applause. They went calmly into the jaws of death, not bent on deeds of destruction, like the famous Six Hundred, but on deeds of mercy. They had no Tennyson to sound their praises. Their only ambition was,—and how lofty is that ambition—that the recording angel might be their biographer, that their names might be inscribed in the Book of Life, and that they might receive the recompense from him who has said: "I was sick and ye visited me; for as often as ye did it to one of the least of my brethren, ye did it to me." Within a few months after their arrival, six of the eight Sisters died victims to the epidemic. These are a few of many instances of heroic charity that have fallen under my own observation. Here are examples of sublime heroism not culled from the musty pages of ancient martyrologies, or books of chivalry, but happening in our day and under our own eyes. Here is a heroism not aroused by the emulation of brave comrades on the battlefield, or by the clash of arms, or the strains of martial hymns, or by the love of earthly fame, but inspired only by a sense of Christian duty and by the love of God and her fellow-beings.

VII. The Catholic religion labors not only to assuage the physical distempers of humanity, but also to reclaim the victims of moral disease. The redemption of fallen women from a life of infamy was never included in the scope of heathen philanthropy; and man's unregenerate nature is the same now as before the birth of Christ. He worships woman as long as she has charms to fascinate, but she is spurned and trampled upon as soon as she has ceased to please. It was reserved for him who knew no sin to throw the mantle of protection over sinning woman. There is no page in the Gospel more touching than that which records our Savior's merciful judgment on the adulterous woman. The Scribes and Pharisees, who had, perhaps, participated in her guilt, asked our Lord to pronounce sentence of death upon her, in accordance with the Mosaic law. "Hath no one condemned thee?" asked our Savior. "No one, Lord," she answered. "Then," said he, "neither will I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more." Inspired by this divine example, the Catholic Church shelters erring females in homes not inappropriately called Magdalene Asylums and Houses of the Good Shepherd. Not to speak of other institutions established for the moral reformation of women, the congregation of the Good Shepherd at Angers, founded in 1836, has charge to-day of one hundred and fifty houses, in which upward of four thousand Sisters devote themselves to the care of over twenty thousand females, who had yielded to temptation or were rescued from impending danger.

VIII. The Christian religion has been the unvarying friend and advocate of the bondman. Before the dawn of Christianity, slavery was universal in civilized, as well as in barbarous nations. The Apostles were everywhere confronted by the children of oppression. Their first task was to mitigate the horrors and alleviate the miseries of human bondage. They cheered the slave by holding up to him the example of Christ, who voluntarily became a slave that we might enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God. The bondman had an equal participation with his master in the sacraments of the Church, and in the priceless consolation which religion affords. Slave-owners were admonished to be kind and humane to their slaves, by being reminded with apostolic freedom that they and their servants had the same master in heaven, who had no respect of persons. The ministers of the Catholic religion down the ages sought to lighten the burden and improve the condition of the slave, as far as social prejudices would permit, till, at length, the chains fell from their feet. Human slavery has, at last, thank God, melted away before the noon-tide sun of the Gospel. No Christian country contains to-day a solitary slave. To paraphrase the words of a distinguished Irish jurist—as soon as a bondman puts his foot in a Christian land, he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, on the sacred soil of Christendom.

IX. The Savior never conferred a greater temporal boon on mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which had been branded upon it. Before Christ appeared among men, manual and even mechanical work was regarded as servile and degrading to the freeman of pagan Rome, and was consequently relegated to slaves. Christ is ushered into the world, not amid the pomp and splendor of imperial majesty, but amid the environments of a humble child of toil. He is the reputed son of an artisan, and his early manhood is spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" The primeval curse attached to labor is obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. Ever since he pursued his trade as a carpenter, he has lightened the mechanic's tools, and shed a halo around the workshop. If the profession of a general, a jurist, and a statesman is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, and a Burke, how much more is the character of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ. What De Tocqueville said of the United States sixty years ago is true to-day—that with us every honest labor is laudable, thanks to the example and teaching of Christ.

To sum up: The Catholic Church has taught man the knowledge of God and of himself; she has brought comfort to his heart by instructing him to bear the ills of life with Christian philosophy; she has sanctified the marriage bond; she has proclaimed the sanctity and inviolability of human life from the moment that the body is animated by the spark of life, till it is extinguished; she has founded asylums for the training of children of both sexes and for the support of the aged poor; she has established hospitals for the sick and homes for the redemption of fallen women; she has exerted her influence toward the mitigation and abolition of human slavery; she has been the unwavering friend of the sons of toil. These are some of the blessings which the Catholic Church has conferred on society.

I will not deny—on the contrary, I am happy to avow—that the various Christian bodies outside the Catholic Church have been, and are to-day, zealous promoters of most of these works of Christian benevolence which I have enumerated. Not to speak of the innumerable humanitarian houses established by our non-Catholic brethren throughout the land, I bear cheerful testimony to the philanthropic institutions founded by Wilson, by Shepherd, by Johns Hopkins, Enoch Pratt, and George Peabody, in the city of Baltimore. But will not our separated brethren have the candor to acknowledge that we had first possession of the field, that these beneficent movements have been inaugurated by us, and that the other Christian communities in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration of mankind, have, in no small measure been stimulated by the example and emulation of the ancient Church?

Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow-beings. Though we differ in faith, thank God there is one platform on which we stand united, and that is the platform of charity and benevolence. We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and strength to the paralyzed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more Godlike than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and of gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before. " Religion," says the apostle, " pure and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Or, to borrow the words of pagan Cicero, *Homines ad deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.* (There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-creatures.)

DANIEL COIT GILMAN

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A UNIVERSITY

[Address by Daniel Coit Gilman, first President of Johns Hopkins University, inaugurated in 1875 (born in Norwich, Conn., July 6, 1831; ——), delivered at the commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University, in Cambridge, Mass., July 1, 1886. On the same day the second President, Dwight, became President of Yale, Dr. Gilman's alma mater, and his theme was suggested by the conjunction of the two events.]

No one can visit Cambridge this summer without remembering that two hundred and fifty years ago an acorn was here planted from which an oak has grown. No scholar can come from a distant State without wishing to offer his tribute, however inadequate it may be, to the wisdom which has governed the counsels of Harvard through eight generations. A graduate of Yale will, I trust, be pardoned for associating the name of his own alma mater with that of her elder sister. Their united influence has not only been strong in New England, but strong in other portions of the land.

It is difficult to surmise what would have been the condition of American society if these foundations had never existed. Their graduates have promoted the literature, the science, the statesmanship, and the religion of the land; but more than this is true. Their methods of instruction, their unwritten laws, their high endeavors, and their academic spirit have reappeared in each new State of the West, as each new State has initiated its social order. To be governed by the experience of Harvard and Yale is in many an educational court an appeal to common law. To establish another Harvard or another Yale, to

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nurture the germ from which a great university might grow, has been the aspiration of many a patriot, of many a Christian. It was a laureate of both Harvard and Yale, the sagacious Manasseh Cutler, who initiated the policy of securing in the States beyond the Alleghanies a certain portion of the public lands for the foundation of universities. Among the pioneers of California was one who went from New England "with college on the brain," and now every ship which enters the Golden Gate faces the buildings of a university which Henry Durant did much to establish.

The history of higher education as guided by the two oldest foundations in this country may be considered in four periods: in the first, extending from the earliest settlement until the Revolution, the English college idea was dominant in its simplest form; the second, following the severance of allegiance to the crown, was the time when professional schools in medicine, law, and theology were begun; the third, beginning about the middle of this century, was marked by the formation of scientific schools; and in the present period we are looking for the fulfilment of the university idea brought hither by the earliest immigrants from England.

The colonial vocabulary was modest. Whatever else it might be, "university" seemed a very great noun, to be used as guardedly as "episcopacy" or "sovereignty." In the earliest mention I remember of the cradle of Harvard, the alternative is found, "a school or colledge"; and in Connecticut "collegiate school" was in vogue for seventeen years. "We on purpose gave your academy as low a name as we could, that it might the better stand in wind and weather," said the well-known civilians who were consulted in 1701 by Pierpont and his colleagues at the mouth of the Quinnipiac. Elsewhere, under other influences, there was not the same caution—nor the same success. Several years before the settlement of Massachusetts Bay the Virginia Company determined to set apart, at Henrico, ten thousand acres of land for "a university," including one thousand for a college "for the children of the infidels." There was another project for a university, as early as 1624, which has lately been brought to light. Dr. E. D. Neill, in "Virginia Vetusta," calls attention to the fact that an island in the Susquehanna, which the traveler may see to the north as he crosses the railroad bridge at Havre de Grace, was conditionally given for "the foundinge and maintenance of a universitie, and such schools in Virginia as shall there be erected, and shall be called *Academia Virginiensis et Oxoniensis*." The death of the projector, Edward Palmer, interrupted his plans.

Mr. Dexter has established the fact that before 1647 nearly a hundred graduates of English universities had migrated to New England, three-fourths of whom were from Cambridge; and the elaborate volumes of Mullinger exhibit in great fulness the conditions of collegiate and university life as they were known to these Cambridge wanderers in the earlier half of the Seventeenth century. It is evident that the university idea was then subordinate to the collegiate; logic was riding a high horse; science and literature, as then represented by mathematics and Greek, were alike undervalued. An anecdote recorded by Mullinger reveals at a glance the situation. "Seth Ward, having lighted on some mathematical works in the library of Sidney, could find no one to interpret them. The books, says his biographer, were Greek—I mean unintelligible to all the fellows." The spirit of observation, experiment, and research was rarely apparent; discipline by masters and tutors took precedence of the inspiration of professors.

When we consider this origin, still more when we recall the poverty of the colonists, and especially when we think of the comprehensiveness of the university ideal, even in the Seventeenth century, it is not strange that, before the Revolution, American colleges were colleges and nothing more. Even degrees were only conferred in the faculty of arts. In 1774, when Governor Hutchinson was discussing colonial affairs in Lord Dartmouth's office, Mr. Pownall asked if Harvard was a "university," and if not, on what pretense it conferred degrees. Hutchinson replied "that they had given Masters' and Bachelors' degrees from the beginning; and that, two or three years ago, out of respect to a venerable old gentleman they gave him a Doctor's degree, and that the next year, or next but one, two or three more were made Doctors. . . . After so long usage he thought it would be hard to disturb the college."

It is a significant fact that at the beginning of the Revolution, in 1776, George Washington was made a Doctor of Laws at Harvard, and at its close, in 1783, John Warren a Doctor of Medicine. From that time on there was no hesitation in the bestowal of degrees in other faculties than that of arts.

I need not rehearse the steps by which the schools of medicine, law, and theology were added to the college, cautiously, indeed (as outside departments, which must not be allowed to draw their support from the parent trunk), and yet permanently. It is a noteworthy fact that the example of Harvard and Yale in establishing theological schools has rarely been followed in other places, even where schools of law, medicine, and science have been established. It is enough to add that professional education was organized during the first thirty or forty years of this century, in a much less orderly way than that in which the colleges were instituted.

The third period in the development of higher education was the recognition of the fact that, besides the three traditional professions, a multitude of modern vocations require a liberal training. In consequence of this came scientific schools, often, at first, adjacent to the classical colleges, yet sometimes on independent foundations, many of these schools being aided by the national provision for technical instruction.

We are now fairly entered upon the fourth period, when more attention than ever before will certainly be given to the idea of the university—an idea long dormant in this country. The second decennium of this century was but just begun when a university was chartered in Maryland; and before it closed, the first of the Western universities, endowed by a gift of the public lands, was organized in the county and town of Athens, Ohio, precursor of the prosperous foundation in Michigan, and of like institutions in other parts of the old Northwestern territory. Early in this century Americans had frequently gone abroad for medical and scientific training, but between 1820 and 1830 many turned their eyes to Germany for historical and philological study; and the line which began with Everett, Ticknor, Bancroft, and Woolsey has been unbroken to this day. Through these returning wanderers, and through the importation from Germany, England, and Switzerland of foreigners distinguished as professors,—Lieber and Beck, Sylvester and Long, Agassiz and Guyot, and their compeers,—the notion of a philosophical department of a university, superior to a college, independent of and to some extent introductory to professional schools, has become familiar. But the boldest innovation, and the most influential, was the work of one whose name is perpetually associated with the Declaration of Independence and the University of Virginia. It was in 1826 that his plans assumed form and introduced to the people of this country, not without some opposition, the free methods of Continental universities, and especially of the University of France.

Thus, as years have rolled on, the word " university," at first employed with caution, has been reiterated in so many connections that it has lost its distinctive significance, and a special plea must be made for the restoration to its true sovereignty of the noblest term in the vocabulary of education. Notions injurious and erroneous are already abroad. Poor and feeble schools, sometimes intended for the destitute, beg support on the ground that they are universities. The name has been given to a school of arts and trades, to a school of modern languages, and to a school in which only primary studies are taught. Not only so, but many graduates of old and conservative institutions, if we may judge from recent writings, are at sea. There are those who think that a university can be made by so christening it; others who suppose that the gift of a million is the only requisite; it is often said that the establishment of four faculties constitute a university; there is a current notion that a college without a religion is a university, and another that a college without a curriculum is a university. I have even read in the newspapers the description of a building which " will be, when finished, the finest university in the country"; and I know of a school for girls the trustees of which not only have the power to confer all degrees, but may designate a board of lady managers possessing the same powers.

Surely it is time for the scholars of the country to take their bearings. In Cambridge, the anniversary so soon to be celebrated will not be allowed to pass without munificent contributions for most noble ends; the president of Yale College, who this day assumes his high office with the unanimous plaudits of Yalensians, is the representative of the university idea based upon academic traditions; the voice of Princeton, like a herald, has proclaimed its purposes; Cornell has succeeded in a litigation which establishes its right to a large endowment; the Secretary of the Interior has commended to Congress the importance of a national university, and a bill has been introduced looking toward such an establishment; the Roman Catholic Church, at its recent council in Baltimore, initiated measures for a university in the capital of the nation; while on the remotest borders of the land the gift of many millions is assured for promoting a new foundation. Already in the Mississippi Valley men are laboriously unfolding their lofty ideals. It is therefore a critical time. Wise plans will be like good seed; they will spring up and bear fruit a hundredfold. Bad plans will be like tares growing up with the wheat, impossible to eradicate.

It is obvious that the modes of organization will vary, so that we shall have many different types of universities. Four types have already appeared: those which proceed from the original historic colleges; those established in the name of the State; those avowedly ecclesiastical; and those which are founded by private benefactions. Each mode of organization has advantages which may be defended, each its limitations. If the older colleges suffer from traditions, the younger lack experience and historic growth. The State universities are liable to political mismanagement; ecclesiastical foundations are in danger of being narrow.

Under these circumstances, I ask you to consider the characteristics of a university, the marks by which it should be distinguished. It is needless before this audience to repeat the numerous definitions which have been framed, or to rehearse the brilliant projects which have been formed by learned, gifted men; but it will not be amiss to recall some of the noble aims which have always inspired endeavors to establish the highest institutions of learning.

Among the brightest signs of a vigorous university is zeal for the advancement of learning. Another phrase has been lately used, the "endowment of research." I prefer the other term, for it takes us back to the dawn of modern science, and connects our efforts with those of three hundred years ago, when Francis Bacon gave an impulse to all subsequent thought, and published what his recent biographer has called the first great book in English prose of secular interest—"the first of a long line of books which have attempted to teach English readers how to think of knowledge, to make it really and intelligently the interest, not of the school or the study or the laboratory only, but of society at large. It was a book with a purpose, new then, but of which we have seen the fulfilment."

The processes by which we gain acquaintance with the world are very slow. The detection of another asteroid, the calculation of a new orbit, the measurement of a lofty peak, the discovery of a bird, a fish, an insect, a flower, hitherto "unknown to science," would be but trifles if each new fact remained apart from other facts; but when among learned men discoveries are brought into relations with familiar truths, the group suggests a law; the law an inference; the inference an experiment; the experiment a conclusion; and so from fact to law, and from law to fact, with rhythmic movement, knowledge marches on, while eager hosts of practical men stand ready to apply to human life each fresh discovery.

Investigation, coördination, and promulgation are not performed exclusively by universities; but these processes, so fruitful in good, are most efficient where large numbers of the erudite and the acute, of strong reasoners and faithful critics, are associated for mutual assistance, correction, and encouragement. It is an impressive passage with which the lamented Jevons closed his "Principles of Science." After reminding the reader of the infinite domain of mathematical inquiry, compared with which the whole accomplishments of a Laplace or a Lagrange are as the little corner of the multiplication table, which has really an indefinite extent, he goes on to say that inconceivable advances will be made by the human intellect unless there is an unforeseen catastrophe to the species or the globe. "Since the time of Newton and Leibnitz, whole worlds of problems have been solved, which before were hardly conceived as matters of inquiry. In our own day, extended methods of mathematical reasoning, such as the system of quarternions, have been brought into existence. What intelligent man will doubt that the recondite speculations of a Cayley or a Sylvester may possibly lead to some new methods, at the simplicity and power of which a future age will wonder, and yet wonder more that to us they were so dark and difficult?"

Let me draw an illustration from another science which will be acknowledged as of transcendent importance even by those, if such skeptics there be, who have no confidence in transcendental mathematics. Cohnheim, the great pathologist of Germany, whose death occurred in 1884, declares, in the introduction to his "General Pathology," that the study of the causes of disease is absolutely without limits, for it touches upon the most heterogenous branches of science. Cosmical physics, meteorology, and geology, not less than the social sciences, chemistry, as well as botany and zoölogy, all bring their contributions to that branch of pathology. So with all his knowledge and ability this leader in pathology restricted his own work to the study of disordered physiological functions. But what prevention of suffering, what sanitary alleviations, what prolongation of life, may we not anticipate in future generations, when man thoroughly understands his complex environment and adapts himself to it?

In the accumulation of knowledge, as of other forms of wealth, saving must follow earning. So among the offices of a university we find the conservation of experience. Ignorant as the Nineteenth century appears when we survey the long category of inquiries now held in abeyance by mathematicians, astronomers, physicists, chemists, and biologists, by ethnologists, philologers, historians, and publicists, remember how much man has advanced since the ages of stone, of iron, and of brass. Such books as Tylor's and Morgan's, such observations as those of Livingstone and Stanley, show us what man is without a history; what society is where no storage is provided for the lessons learned by successive generations, and where the wisest and best are content to pass away, leaving no sign. It is the business of universities not only to perpetuate the records of culture, but to bring them out in modern, timely, and intelligible interpretations, so that all may know the laws of human progress, the dangers which imperil society, the conditions of advancing civilization. Experiments upon fundamental laws, such as the establishment of home rule, or the adjustment of the discord between industry and capital, may destroy or may promote the happiness of many generations. That mistakes may not be made, historical politics must be studied, and what is this but the study of the experience of mankind in endeavors to promote the social welfare?

As there have been great lawgivers in the past, whose codes have been put to secular tests, so momentous experiments have run through centuries and involved the welfare of nations—experiments which have been recorded and interpreted, but which call for still closer study, by the wisest intellects, before their lessons are exhausted. Can such researches be made in a moment? Can they be undertaken by a knight of labor? Are the facts to be gathered in a circulating library? Or must we depend upon scholars trained to handle the apparatus of learning? Gladstone and Bryce and Morley may or may not be right in all the subordinate features of the measures which they are advocating; but their influence at this very moment is resting on the fulcrum of historic knowledge, the value of local self-government. Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall were far from being "inspired" when they initiated the constitutional measures by which the United States is governed, and there is abundant evidence to show that they were students of the past experience of mankind in confederated politics. The compact of the "Mayflower" was reduced to writing within the sheltering arm of Cape Cod, but its ideas are those of men who knew the laws of Moses and Solomon, and who had seen in Holland, as well as in England, what favors and what hinders the development of civil and religious liberty. Within the shadow of the University of Leyden a stone marks the spot where John Robinson lived, taught, and died; and the name of Elder Brewster of the "Mayflower" has been recently discovered among the matriculates of Peterhouse, Cambridge, the oldest of the colleges on the Cam. In our own day the pioneers of 1849 carried with them to the remotest shores of the continent ideas which soon took the form of laws, customs, colleges, schools, churches, hospitals, unknown under the Mexican sway; but they had learned these ideas in the historic schools of the Atlantic seaboard.

The universities are the natural conservators of educational experience, and should be recognized as the guides of public education. In a better state of society means will be found to make the men of learning in a given generation responsible for the systems of primary teaching, giving potency to their counsel not only at the end but in every stage of scholastic life. Upon text-books, courses of study, methods of discipline, the qualifications of teachers, the value of rewards, honors, and examinations, the voice of the universities should be heard. The confusion and uncertainty which now prevail are indications that, in schools of the lowest as of the highest grades, readjustments are needed which can only be wisely directed by those whose learning embraces the experience of many generations. The wisest are none too wise in pedagogics, but they are better counselors than the ignorant.

Dr. Lieber, in a letter to Secretary Seward, at the close of the Civil War, presented a strong plea for the reference of international disputes to universities. Reminding the secretary that their authority had been invoked upon internal controversies in France and Germany, he asked, why not refer to them in international affairs? The law faculty of a renowned university in a minor State would seem, he says, "almost made for this high function, and its selection as a court of international arbitration would be a measure worthy of England and the United States"; and he risks the prophecy that "the cis-Caucasian race will rise at no very distant day to the selection of such umpires, far more dignified than a crowned arbitrator can be."

Among the offices of a university there is one too often undervalued or perhaps forgotten—the discovery and development of unusual talent. I do not speak of genius, which takes care of itself. Nobody can tell how it comes to pass that men of extraordinary minds are born of commonplace parentage and bred in schools of adversity away from books and masters. Institutions are not essential to their education. But every one who observes in a series of years the advancement of men of talents, as distinguished from men of genius, must believe that the fostering diet of a university—its "plain living and high thinking"—favors the growth of scholars, investigators, reasoners, orators, statesmen of enduring reputation, poets, and discoverers. Such men are rarely produced in the freedom of the wilderness, in the publicity of travel and of trade, or in the seclusion of private life; they are not the natural product of libraries and museums, when these stand apart from universities; they are rarely produced by schools of a lower grade. Exceptions are familiar, but the history of civilization declares that promising youth should have the most favorable opportunities for intercourse with other minds, living as well as dead, comrades as well as teachers, governors as well as friends. It declares that in most cases talents will seize opportunity, and opportunity will help talents. Just now, in our own country, there is special reason for affirming that talents should be encouraged without respect to property. Indeed, it is quite probable that the rich need the stimulus of academic honors more than the poor; certainly the good of society requires that intellectual power, wherever detected, should be encouraged to exercise its highest functions.

Cardinal Newman (in a page which refers to Sir Isaac Newton's perception of truths, mathematical and physical, though proof was absent, and to Professor Sylvester's discovery, a century and half later, of the proof of Newton's rule for ascertaining the imaginary roots of equations) says that a parallel gift is the intuitive perception of character possessed by certain men, as there are physicians who excel in diagnosis, and lawyers in the detection of crime.

Maurice, the great theologian of our day, was so strong an advocate of university education that he suggests a sort of *quo warranto* forcing "those who are destined by their birth or property to anything above the middle station in society, and intended to live in England, . . .

to show cause why they do not put themselves in the best position for becoming what Coleridge calls the *clerisy* of the land."

Devotion to literature will always distinguish a complete university. Within the academic walls you may always find the lover of humanities; here, in perpetual residence, those who know the Athenian dramatists, the Augustan poets, the medieval epic writers, Chaucer and Shakespeare, and the leaders in literature of every name and tongue. In the class-rooms of the university, successive generations of youth should be presented to these illustrious men. The secrets of their excellence should be pointed out, the delights of literary enjoyment should be set forth, the possibilities of production in our day should be indicated, and withal the principles of criticism should be inculcated, as remote from sarcasm and fault-finding, on the one hand, as from prostrate adoration and overwrought sympathy, on the other.

It is common in these days to lament that the taste of the public, as indicated by the remorseless self-recording apparatus of the public libraries and the glaring advertisements of the book-stalls, is depraved; but it is well to remember that many counteracting influences are vigorous. Never was Shakespeare read and studied as he is to-day; never was Chaucer so familiar to the youth at school; never was the Bible so widely read; never were such translations accessible as are now within reach of all. In all this the power of the universities is felt; give them the credit. But in the future let more attention than ever before be given to the study of literature and art. Fortunate would it be if in every seat of learning such a living teacher could be found as a Wordsworth, a Tennyson, a Browning, an Arnold, or a Lowell.

Among the characteristics of a university I name the defense of ideality, the maintenance of spirituality. There are those in every generation who fear that inquiry is hostile to religion. Although universities are the children of the Christian church, although for a long period the papal sanction was desirable, if not essential, to their establishment, although the earliest colleges in this country were strictly religious, and although almost every denomination in the land desires its own university, there is an under-current of talk which shows that the influence of the higher education is now regarded in certain circles as adverse to spiritual and religious life. If this were so, many would prefer to see the academic walls fall down in a night, and the treasures of the ages reduced to smoke and ashes. But, fortunately indeed, there is no such danger. Alarmists are cowards. That piety is infantile which apprehends that knowledge is fatal to reverence, devotion, righteousness, and faith.

As the most recent utterances of science point more and more steadily to the plan of a great designer, as the studies of psychology and of history confirm the doctrine, at least as old as Solomon, that righteousness exalteth a nation, so we may affirm that the two essentials of Christianity, on which hang all the law and the prophets,—the love of God and the love of our neighbor,—are enforced and not weakened by the influence of universities. We may also rest assured that institutions devoted to the ascertainment of truth as the ultimate object of intellectual exertion, and to the promulgation of truth as an imperative moral obligation, are not the harbingers of harm. Individuals will err; generations will labor under false ideas; domineering intellects will dazzle for a time the ordinary mind; error, like disease, must be clearly understood before the mode of correction can be formulated; but there is no better way known to man for securing intellectual and moral integrity than to encourage those habits, those methods, and those pursuits which tend to establish truth.

Near the close of his address before the University of Munich, at the celebration of its jubilee in 1872, a great theologian, Dr. Döllinger, referred to the perils of the times in words which were received with prolonged applause. "Who knows," said he, "but that for a time Germany may remain confined in that strait prison, without air and light, which we call materialism? This would be a forerunner of approaching national ruin. But this can only happen in case the universities of Germany, forgetting their traditions and yielding to a shameful lethargy, should waste their best treasures. But no; our universities will form the impregnable wall ready to stop the devastating flood."

The maintenance of a high standard of professional learning may also be named among the requisites of a university. So it is on the continent of Europe, so partially in Great Britain, so it should be everywhere. The slender means of our fathers compelled them to restrict their outlays to that which was regarded as fundamental or general education, and so it came to pass (as we have already been reminded) that professional schools were established in this country as independent foundations. Even where they are placed under the university ægis, they have been regarded as only children by adoption, ready enough for the funds which have been provided for academic training, but without any claims to inherit the birthright. The injury to the country from this state of things is obvious. The professional schools are everywhere in danger of being—nay, in many places they actually are—places of technical instead of liberal education. Their scholars are not encouraged to show a proficiency in those fundamental studies which the experience of the world has demanded for the first degree in arts. It is well known that many a medical school graduates young men who could not get admission to a college of repute; ought we then to wonder that quackery is popular, and that it is better to own a patent medicine than a gold mine? It was a wise and good man who said that there is no greater curse to a country than an uneducated ministry; and yet how common it is for the schools of theology in this country to be isolated from the best affiliations! Lawyers are too often trained with reference to getting on at the bar, and find themselves unprepared for the higher walks of jurisprudence and statesmanship; and members of Congress and of the State legislatures frequently exhibit to the world poverty of preparation for the critical duties which devolve upon them.

I am far from believing that university schools of law, medicine, and theology will settle the perplexing questions of the day, either in science, religion, or politics; but if the experience of the world is worth anything, it can nowhere be so effectively and easily acquired as in the faculties of a well-organized university, where each particular study is defined and illuminated by the steady light which comes from collateral pursuits and from the bright suggestions of learned and gifted teachers. Moreover, science has developed in modern society scores of professions each of which requires preparation as liberal as law, medicine, or theology. The schools in which modern sciences are studied may indeed grow up far apart from the fostering care of universities, and there is some advantage doubtless, while they are in their early years, in being free from academic traditions; but schools of science are legitimate branches of a modern university, and are gradually assuming their proper relations. In a significant paragraph which has lately appeared in the newspapers, it is said that with the new arrangements for instruction in the University of Cambridge, England, its degree of Engineer will be one of the most valuable which can anywhere be attained.

Finally, among the merits of a university is the cultivation of a spirit of repose. As the distractions of modern civilization multiply, as newspaper enterprise brings to our daily vision the conflicts and transactions of mankind, as books become superabundant, and periodicals more and more indispensable, and more and more technical, some corrective must exist, or there will be no more enjoyment in an intellectual life than there is in making money in the turmoil of the bourse. The whirl of the Nineteenth century has already affected the colleges, with detriment to that seclusion which best promotes the acquisition of knowledge. A man of varied experience in public affairs has said that a great university should be at once "the best place of education, the greatest machine for research, and the most delicious retreat for learned leisure." This is doubtless the truth, but it is only a half-truth. Universities with ample resources for the support of investigators, scholars, thinkers, and philosophers, numerous enough, learned enough, and wise enough to be felt among the powers of the age, will prove the safeguards of repose, not only for those who live within their learned cloisters, but for all who come under their influence. A society of the choicest minds produced in any country, engaged in receiving and imparting knowledge, devoted to the study of nature, the noblest monuments of literature, the marvelous abstractions of mathematical reasoning, the results of historical evidence, the progress of human civilization, and the foundations of religious faith, will be at once an example of productive quietude and an incitement to the philosophic view of life, so important to our countrymen in this day, when the miserable cry of pessimism, on the one hand, and the delightful but deceitful illusions of optimism, on the other hand, are in danger of leading them from the middle path, and from that reasonableness of mind which first recognizes that which is, and then has the hope and courage to strive for the better.

In what has now been said, it has been made apparent that our fathers brought with them to the western world the idea of a university as an institution superior to, though not exclusive of, a college, and that this idea, sometimes obscured by mist, has never lost its radiance. I have also called your attention to some of the functions which are embodied in the conception of a university: the advancement of learning, the conservation of knowledge, the development of talent, the promotion of spirituality, the cultivation of literature, the elevation of professional standards, and the maintenance of repose.

I add a few suggestions of a practical character which I hope will be approved in this seat of learning. We should look for the liberal endowment of universities to the generosity of wealthy individuals. It is doubtful whether the national government, or the government of any State, will ever provide funds which will be adequate for the highest education. There is a growing disposition, in the Eastern States, to restrict all provision for public instruction to schools of primary and secondary rank. Were any legislative body to appropriate a sufficient financial support, there is nothing in the tendencies of modern politics to show that the representatives of the people, as they are in these days elected, would have the wisdom to mark out the pathway of a great university. Ecclesiastical zeal is more likely to be successfully invoked. The conception of a university pervaded by a spirit of enlightened Christianity is inspiring to the mind of every believer. It seems to associate religion and science as co-workers for the good of man. It is more than probable, under this consideration, that a Catholic university will ere long be initiated; and if it succeeds, the example may lead to a union of Protestants for a kindred object.

But it would be a misfortune and an injury, as I believe, to the religious progress of the country, if each of the denominations into which the evangelical world is divided were to aim at the maintenance of a university under its own sectarian name. The endowments which are called for are too large to be made up by petty contributions. Great gifts are essential, and consequently those who, in the favorable conditions of this fruitful and prosperous land, have acquired large fortunes, should be urged by all the considerations of far-sighted philanthropy to make generous contributions for the development of the highest institutions of learning. There is now in the golden book of our republic a noble list of such benefactors. Experience has shown no safer investments than those which have been given to learning—none which are more permanent, none which yield a better return.

It is a common error in this country to suppose that we need many universities. Just the reverse is true—we need but few, but we need them strong. There is great danger that funds will be scattered, teachers isolated, and scholars kept away from their proper fields, by attempts, of which we have seen too many, to establish post-graduate courses with very inadequate means. Even professional schools have been initiated where the fees of the pupils have been the only criteria of success. We should lend our influence as scholars to enlarge the resources of the universities which are strong, and to discourage new foundations unless there is a positive guaranty that they are also to be strong. There are half a dozen or more places which could be named where a million dollars would be more fruitful than thrice that sum in any new establishment. No greater service could be rendered at this time than a rigid enforcement of the scriptural rule, "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."

There is another danger to which I will call attention—the danger of an incorrect conception of the purposes which should influence young men in pursuing university courses beyond a college curriculum. Those who have watched the tendencies of graduated students must have observed with a good deal of alarm the disposition which they sometimes show to concentrate attention upon very special subjects. Unfortunately, many of these persons are entirely dependent for their support on the salaries which they may earn. Now, instead of bringing to the educational exchange qualities which are always in demand and which always receive remuneration, they come forward as Doctors of Philosophy, with special attainments in some limited field, and are saddened to find that there is no demand for the acquisitions which they offer. I do not hesitate to say that, if the drift of university work in this country is toward premature and excessive specialization, many a mariner is doomed to shipwreck on that rock. Even in Germany, where specialization has been favored, the cry is heard, Too many specialists, too many university candidates. It would be a misfortune to this country if we should find, in the course of a few years, a superabundance of men with rare acquisitions of a kind for which there is no demand. It would then be rightly said that our universities did not produce the fruit which had been expected. On the other hand, if residence in a university, beyond the college course, is found to widen the student's capacities as it increases his knowledge; if he learns the art of imparting what he knows, if he acquires the sense of proportion and sees the subjects which he studies with the right perspective, if he strengthens the foundations as he carries upward the obelisk, then he will gain and not lose by prolonged preparation for the duties of life.

For every individual who may with wisdom be encouraged to devote himself to a very limited domain, there are scores who may be bidden to widen their culture. I do not now refer to those upon whom fortune has smiled, and who have the means to do as they please in preparing for life; but I have in mind many a struggling aspirant for the scholar's fame who would be a happier and a more useful man if he had not set his face so resolutely against those studies which adorn the intellectual character and give grace, dignity, and acceptability to their possessor. The first business of every man is to win his bread; if he is sure of that, he may wander at his own sweet will through meadows and woods.

In all the difficulties which are encountered by those who are endeavoring to advance the institutions of this country to their highest usefulness, great encouragement may be derived from a study of the results secured in other countries and in other ages. It is only by the review of long periods of time that the most instructive lessons can be learned. The history of European universities is yet to be written by one who has the requisite vision, and who can estimate with an accurate judgment the various forces by which they have been molded, and the various services they have rendered to humanity. But there are many histories of famous foundations, many biographies of illustrious teachers, many surveys of literature, science, and education, many elaborate schemes of organization, and many proposals of reform. The mind of a master is indeed needed to coördinate what is thus recorded, to be the Interpreter of the House called Beautiful. But the American scholar need not wait for such a comprehensive work; the American philanthropist need not delay his benefactions until more experience is secured. The centuries speak with many voices, but they are all harmonious. From the revival of letters until now, from the days of Gerson, the great chancellor of the University of Paris, five hundred years ago, every advance in civilization has been dependent upon the influences which have proceeded from the seats of learning. Their light has illuminated the foremost nations of Christendom. In days to come, more than in days that are past, their power for good will be felt upon the interests of mankind. Let us hope and believe, let us labor and pray, that the American universities when they are fully organized may be worthy allies of the strongest and best foundations—steady promoters of knowledge, virtue, and faith.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

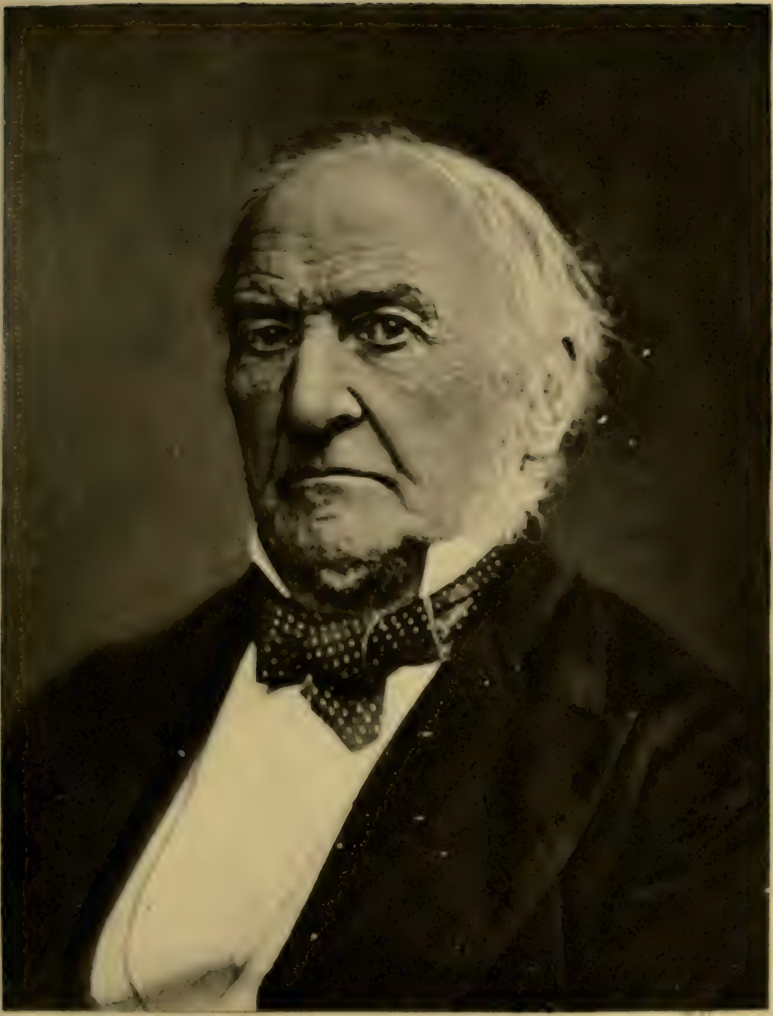
MODERN TRAINING FOR LIFE

[Address by William Ewart Gladstone, statesman, essayist, classicist (born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809; died in Hawarden Castle, North Wales, May 19, 1898), delivered before the University of Glasgow, of which he was Lord Rector, December 5, 1879. The exercises occurred in Kibble Palace, in the presence of five thousand persons, fully three thousand of whom were students. On this occasion the University conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Gladstone.]

Gentlemen:—From 1859 to 1865 I had the honor to hold the office of Rector in the University of Edinburgh, and to take part in the government of that University as the presiding member of its court and otherwise. Upon agreeing that my name should be submitted to you for the corresponding office in 1877, I stated my inability to engage myself for the performance of any active duty whatever, including in this renunciation the time-honored function—which has been exalted by the efforts of so many distinguished men—of delivering a Rectorial Address to the students of the University. In so stipulating I was not governed by any disposition to undervalue the honor solicited on my behalf or the dignity of this ancient and noble institution; but I had in view partly my increased and increasing years, partly the fact that I had already traveled over the field of such topics as had occurred to me in connection with such an occasion and such a duty. It was in truth a high and not a low estimate of the office then in prospect and since conferred which led me to guard myself by this reservation, for I was unwilling to run the risk of being obliged to offer you the mere leavings of an exhausted store of the commonplaces of that routine

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

Photogravure after a photograph from life



which cannot always be shut out even from truth. I find it more easy to offer you my reasons for having eschewed the performance of this particular duty than to indicate my now undertaking to discharge it. In this respect, after what I have said, I must be content rather to excuse than to justify myself. I excuse myself mainly by saying that I have perceived among you signs of a strong attachment to the established custom of an address from your Lord Rector such as I am unwilling to disappoint; and as the stars seem to multiply after a prolonged and earnest gaze, so I must admit that upon reflection the field of topics appropriate to your condition and prospects continually gathers new elements and fertility from the movement and tendencies of the time, as the well-ploughed soil progressively acquires them from the passing breeze. I will only then invoke your indulgence in case the matter of my address should suggest or prove that I had better have adhered to my first intention.

In some respects, gentlemen, your position, together with that of the sister establishments in Scotland, is more normal than that of the two larger and yet more ancient and powerful universities of England. Of the governing and teaching bodies as known to you on this side of the border we can say with truth, what we cannot as yet say, with universal truth, of Oxford and Cambridge—that their members are all of them working bees. Of your modest endowments you may boast, what is still to a limited extent open to question in the south, that they are without exception applied rationally and directly to the promotion of true academic purposes. You have also a great advantage in this, that among your students there is hardly a sprinkling, or at all events there is a much thinner sprinkling of youths who, unhappily for themselves and for others, arrive at the university without any adequate sense of its mission or of their own. Such youths contemplate it as a pleasant lounge, subject to the drawback of lessons or routine, which it is their chief care to keep down to a minimum; or accept it as a condition of their social standing or as a promotion from their school life, or turn it to physical account as a school of corporal exercises, without any higher care. The rapid growth of wealth in the country tends to enlarge the numbers of these pseudo-students; but it is the aim of reform and the constant care of the authorities, if they cannot be exterminated, to keep them down. Among you, gentlemen, I trust that these anomalous varieties of the academic subkingdom of the human species are scarcely known. May they long be strangers to your precincts; for they foreshadow in youth and they feed in after life that heavy mass of idlers among our wealthy men who, though not reckoned statistically among our dangerous classes, yet are in truth a class both mischievous and dangerous to the intellectual and moral vigor of society and even to the institutions of the country. Oxford and Cambridge have a noble office and in its own way an unrivaled position; but the Scottish Universities have also their own proper and admirable work. To them it is given far more than elsewhere to draw forth freely from that grand and inexhaustible repository, the mass of the people, the human material capable of being molded into excellence, and to earn in the most honorable of all modes the title of National by securing most and best the needs of the nation at large. And I rejoice to know, gentlemen, that if this title has been legitimately won in other days you are not likely to lose it now. While the population of your country is fast growing, the population, so to speak, of your universities is growing faster still.

I find that the students of Glasgow, who in 1861 were 1,140, had grown in the last annual session to be 2,096; nor will you observe with envy, for there can be no envy in the fair sisterhood of universities, that Edinburgh exhibits an increase in no way less remarkable and has risen within the same sixteen years from 1,462 to 2,591. In all it would appear that Scotland with her population of three millions and a half has for her four universities more than 5,500 students—a noble testimony this, gentlemen, to the wisdom of the Act of 1858, to the careful government and efficient instruction of your able, and I must add, indefatigable principals and professors, and not least, the unexhausted appetite of the Scottish people for the benefits which the universities confer.

Through the kindness, however, of your Principal and your Professor of Humanity, seconded by the intelligent willingness of his students, I have been allowed the privilege of a nearer insight into the structure of your academic society. It is with the deepest interest and pleasure that I place upon record the main heads of knowledge thus attained. Of 647 students in the humanity class information has actually been obtained as follows from not less than 580: of these, 229 are studying with a view to the ministry; 106 for the profession of teachers; 110 for the law. For medicine, no more than thirty-eight are in the humanity class; twenty-three for various branches of business, and seventy-four are as yet undetermined. Of these I am informed it is probable that a large proportion will enter on some of the walks of commercial life. Still more interesting than this exhibition of the connection between the greatest among the professions and the pursuit of general culture, is the view—I will say the deeply touching view—of the amount of resolute, unsparing, personal effort through which alone it is that the youth of Scotland come to the benefits of academic training. These are not the children of wealth and ease, grudging whatever is given to study as stolen from luxury and amusement. They are the hardy offspring of a hardy land, who win by toiling the privilege of further toil, and in their cumulating effort give a double strength to the fibre of their faculties and their will.

Of 590 students who may be taken, I understand, to fairly represent the average of the University, about one-third, or, more exactly, 199 are so far independent in their means that they are not diverted from their academic work by any other occupation; but there are no less than 391, or two-thirds of the whole, who keep their place in the University almost in all cases by one form or another of private employment added on through the whole or a portion of the year to the burden of their studies; 240 are thus engaged in extraneous work both during the session and through summer; 135, without doubling their task during the session, are variously employed through the summer; the remaining sixteen join business to their academic pursuits in the winter. The intending lawyers are clerks in writers' offices; some of the intending teachers are engaged as tutors in training colleges; some youths are exercising in mission work; the remainder, says Professor Ramsay, are distributed over every conceivable kind of employment. In the humanity class this year are included joiners, miners, brass-founders, bootmakers, tailors, grocers, engineers, shipbuilders, drapers, stewards of steamers, a toll-keeper, who may, I suppose, well be said to levy toll first of all upon himself, a pocketbook-maker, a blacksmith, and others.

Of this statement I will only say that I do not know and hardly can conceive one more full of promise for the future of your country. These facts and figures, gentlemen, present to us more than an interesting fragment of statistics, more than a case of legislative success and wise and prosperous administration. They supply a sign, and one among the most interesting signs, bearing upon the relation between the special wants of the age and the present extent and efficacy of the provision for meeting them. The wants of this age are indeed very special and very urgent. It is a time of rapid progress, and rapid progress is in itself a good. But when the velocity is great, then as in the physical so in the moral world, the conditions of equilibrium are more severe and the consequences of losing it are more disastrous. The changes that have taken place among us within the compass of a generation, as to the external and material conditions of life, have been far greater changes than at any previous period of recorded history have been crowded into a similar space of time. Capital and industry, if they could be regarded as persons, and as persons who had gone to sleep fifty years back and were now suddenly awakened, would be at a loss to identify the world they remembered with the world they found. At the commencement of that period the laws which were miscalled "Protection," and which were really laws for the promotion of scarcity and the prevention of abundance, had so completely attained their purpose that, notwithstanding the growth of population and of mechanical inventions, notwithstanding a few official efforts of enlightened statesmen, never to be sufficiently commended, the exchange of British produce with the produce of other countries remained at the point where it had stood at the commencement of the century.

At the close of the period the commerce of the country was multiplied fivefold. Our shipping, which at the close of the war in 1815 had amounted to two million and a half tons, and by dint of "protective" fostering stood at the same figure in 1830, in 1873 passed six millions and a half of tons navigated at a much smaller expense per ton, and also through the agency of steam performing relatively to tonnage from twice to three times the amount of work. Goods which had been used to travel from place to place at two miles an hour now principally go at twenty. Persons who traveled at four, six, or ten, now, at one-third or one-fourth the cost, accomplish four times the speed. Private correspondence had been a luxury forbidden to the less wealthy classes, for a letter from Edinburgh to London paid, I think, fifteen and one-half pence for each separate piece of paper it contained, while it now passes in a fourth part of the time for a penny or a halfpenny. Messages while I speak are passing with the speed of lightning along a thousand wires; and further we are cheered or threatened, as according to our several temperaments the case may be regarded, with inventions of which the joint effect seems likely to be that everybody will speak to everybody at all times, in all places, and upon all subjects. Materials and instruments of production which nature had supplied to us grudgingly and from a distance, are now produced at will by art in quantities only limited by demand.

But it would be vain to attempt a complete enumeration of the changes which—often, it must be sorrowfully confessed, deforming the face of creation—have during this wonderful period passed upon our industry and trade. I will only sum up the results by stating from an able paper by Mr. Giffen of the Statistical Department (Recent Accumulations, Statistical Society, January 15, 1878) that the annual income taxable to income tax, which was 130 millions in 1813, was 571 millions in 1874-75; that the annual increment of personal property, without allowing for capital laid out upon the soil, is 150 millions; that the amount added in a decade is greater than the entire amount of personal property in 1814, and that if there had not been any property at all in the country fifty years back, if we had then started from zero and could have made it at the rate at which we are now making it, nearly the whole of what we now possess would by this time have been accumulated in that brief time. A review even upon paper of these enormous changes seems to make the head giddy, and suggests the need of knowing something of their actual and probable effect upon the entire, and especially upon the higher destinies of man; and this the more grave because there is not the least reason to suppose that we have reached or have even approached the close of this great epoch of industrial and material development. It has been owing to two great causes. The first of them has been the removal of fetters from human thought and human action by the repeal of unwise laws which hampered and restrained at every point interchange among men both of mental and material products. The other has been the progress of the natural sciences and the inventive arts. The first of these causes is negative. It is, speaking generally, not the doing of good so much as the undoing of mischief, and it has among other effects provided an enormous scope and field for the positive action of the second cause. At this moment it can hardly be said to be an enlarging operation, for while its work in this country has very nearly been accomplished, the rest of the world is tending to retrogression rather than to advance. When this folly shall have passed away there will remain in other lands a great work to be done, a noble harvest to be reaped. To the operation of the second cause, whether here or elsewhere, it seems hard to set any limit whatever.

Let us now, therefore, attempt a more general survey from a somewhat higher point of view. The great salient feature of the age is, on a first view, the constant discovery of the secrets of nature and the progressive subjugation of her forces to the purposes and will of man. This, however, is a view taken from the material side. If we plant ourselves at an elevation sufficient to command the prospects of the moral world we then perceive that, as in war, so in peace the victor often succumbs inwardly to the vanquished. So Rome to Greece:—

> "Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit,"

So Hercules was reproached by Dejanira:—

> "Victorem victi succubuisse queror."

These conquests over nature have enormously multiplied the means of enjoyment. Had that multiplication been so distributed as either wholly or principally to sweeten the cup of those for whom this life is habitually a life of care and labor and daily pressure in a thousand forms, it might have seemed rather to redress a painful inequality than to create an excess or threaten a disturbance. We may contemplate with unmixed satisfaction that rise of wages and that increased command of the necessaries and conveniences of life for the many which have marked our time. But these have not been the only, perhaps, not the principal results of the conquests I have described. If they have done much for industry they have done more for capital; if much for labor, more for luxury. They have enormously extended the numbers—they have, I believe, extended even the relative numbers—of the leisured and wealthy class; they have variously and vastly multiplied the incitements to gain, the avenues of excitement, the solicitations to pleasure among those for whom all these had been, at the very least, sufficient in the more quiet and stationary times that went before. These tendencies to excess, these activities beyond the mean have acted upon the classes that mainly govern affairs, and, what is more, that mainly form and propagate the current opinion of the day. Among these the pursuit of material enjoyment, and of wealth as the means of it, has made a progress wholly out of proportion to any advancement they may have effected during the last quarter of a century in mental resources or pursuits. Disproportioned growth, if large in degree, is in the physical world deformity; in the moral and social world, it is a derangement that answers to deformity, and partakes of its nature.

Among the signs of this derangement has been the growth of a new class—a class unknown to the past and one whose existence the future will have cause to deplore. It is the class of hybrid or bastard men of business, men of family, men of rank, men of title, men gallant by courtesy, and, perhaps, by nature, country gentlemen, members of both Houses of Parliament, members of various professions, generally alike in being unsuited for apprenticeship to commercial enterprise. It is made up from the scattered and less considerate members of all classes. The bond that unites them is the bond of gain, not the legitimate produce of toil by hand or brain; in most cases not fenced off from rashness, as in former time by liability to ruinous loss, in the event of failure, but to be had without the conditions which alone make profit truly honorable. In giving their names to speculations which they neither understand nor examine, as directors or trustees, or in other like responsible positions, these spurious representatives of British enterprise are merely used as decoys to allure the unwary, to entrap them into the subscription-list; for it is a serious truth that there is a proportion of the free people inhabiting these islands who are ever ready to accept merely decorative names as guarantees for the soundness of a project without the presence or the presumption of knowledge or skill, or judgment, or proud and hardy integrity. I do not enter into the question whether and how this social and economic romance with all the loss, discredit and demoralization it entails may be abated, but I know its existence as a salient proof that we live in a time when among the objects offered to the desire of a man, wealth and the direct accompaniments and fruits of wealth have of late years augmented their always dangerous preponderance. In all times and all places and all stages of its existence it is the office of the University as such to embody a protest and to work a comprehensive and powerful machinery in rebuke and in abatement of this preponderance. It is not from this source that the age has derived its tendencies to excess in money-making pursuits and in material enjoyment. This is the home of hard labor and of modest emoluments. Here undoubtedly it is that many a Scottish youth obtains the means of advancement in life; but the improvement in his condition to which they lead him flows from the improvement of his mind, from the exercise and expansion of his power to perceive and to reflect, from the formation of habits of attention and application, from a bias given to character in favor of cultivating intelligence for its own sake as well as for the sake of the direct advantages it brings. These advantages lie in the far future and do not administer to the feverish excitements which are of necessity in various degrees incidental to the pursuits of the modern commercial world. The habits of mind formed by universities are founded on sobriety and tranquility;

they help to settle the spirits of a man firmly upon the center of gravity; they tend to self-command, self-government, and that genuine self-respect which has in it nothing of self-worship, for it is the reverence that each man ought to feel for the nature that God has given him and for the laws of that nature. It is one thing to plough and sow with the expectation of the harvest in due season, when the year shall have come round; it is another to ransack the ground in the gold-field with the heated hope and craving for vast returns to-morrow or to-day.

All honor, then, to the University; because while it prepares young men in the most useful manner for the practical purposes of life, it embodies a protest against excessive dominion of worldly appetites and supplies a powerful agency for neutralizing the specific dangers of this age. How then, gentlemen studying at Glasgow, how are you best to turn to account your opportunities? Many of you are preparing yourselves with defined intentions for one or other of the three great professions best known to our fathers—I mean medicine, the law, and the ministry of religion. Let me say a few words on these. The medical and legal professions are not likely to be displaced or menaced by any of the mutations of this or a future century; the demand for their services lies deep, if not in the order of nature, yet in the actual constitution of things, since the one is founded upon disease and the other on dissension—nay, the demand is likely to be a growing demand. With material and economical progress the relations of property become more complex and diversified, and as the pressure and unrest of life increase with accelerated movement of mind and body, the nervous system which connects them acquires greater intensity and new susceptibilities of disorder; an intensity, disorder and suffering, giving occasion for new problems and new methods of treatment, are continually developed.

As the god Terminus was an early symbol of the first form of property, so the word law is the venerable emblem of the union of mankind in society. Its personal agents are hardly less important to the general welfare than its proscriptions, for neither statute nor Parliament nor press is more essential to liberty than an absolutely free-spoken Bar. Considered as a mental training the profession of the Bar is probably, in its kind, the most perfect and thorough of all professions. For this very reason, perhaps, it has something like an intellectual mannerism of its own, and admits of being tempered with advantage by other pursuits lying beyond its own precinct, as well as by large intercourse with the world—by studies not only such as those of art and poetry, which have beauty for their objects, but such as history, which opens the whole field of human motive, as well as an art which is not tied in the same degree to positive and immediate issues, and which, introducing wider laws of evidence, gives far more scope for suspense of judgment, or in other words, more exact conformity or more close approximation between the mind and the truth which is in all things its proper object. We all appreciate that atmosphere of freedom which within the legal precinct is constantly diffused by healthy competition. The non-legal world indeed is sometimes sceptical as to limitations which prevail within the profession itself. It is sometimes inclined to think that of all professions its action is, in these modern times, most shrouded in a technicality and a mystery which seriously encumber the transaction of affairs, and in some cases tend to exclude especially the less wealthy classes from the benefits which it is the glory of law to secure for civilized man in the easy establishment and full security of rights. But these are questions which in more tranquil times will find their own adjustment, and while I have hinted to youths intending to follow this noble profession the expediency of tempering it with collateral studies, I congratulate them on the solidity of the position they are to hold. No change, practical or speculative, social or political or economic, has any terrors for the profession of the law.

The medical profession offers at the present time, even to the uninstructed eye, an object of yet livelier interest. Here indeed, much is changing, but all in the direction of advance. The dominant activity of the age, addressed to conquest over nature, continually enlarges the knowledge and the apparatus lying at the command of the physician and the surgeon. There was a time when the writer of "Gil Blas" could represent his hero, who had been taken ill at an insignificant town, as having easily and rapidly recovered because by good fortune there was no doctor in the place. Such a reason, if any novelist could now think of using it, would slay nothing but his own reputation. The medical art is now universally recognized as having achieved much for the benefit of mankind and as being honestly and resolutely set on learning more.

While becoming more learned, it has also grown more intelligible; for the physician, falling back more and more on the duty of interpreting and assisting nature, more and more (so far as I know) assumes a ground common to him and to his patient, and obtains more and more an intelligent and sympathetic obedience. It is no wonder if, simultaneously with all this, the social standing of the profession has come to be more worthy of its character and object and that equality with the other cultivated or leisured classes, which was only granted a century and a half or two centuries ago to the chiefs of the profession, and that in one only of its branches, may now be said to be in the enjoyment of its members generally and as of right. It is not, however, only the physical side of the great medical profession—for which Glasgow is rearing 500 and the sister University of Edinburgh over 1,200 students—which has gained and is gaining ground. The constantly growing complexity of life appears to bring with it a constantly growing complexity of disease. The pace at which we live is quickened; the demands both on thought and on emotion are heightened without any corresponding increase of natural force in the organs or faculties which are to meet these demands, while the mind asks so much more of the frail flesh, its halting partner; and when so many infirm lives are through skill preserved which would formerly have lapsed in early death, immense as is the advantage of a more widely diffused sufficiency of food, it has I believe been matter of argument, whether on the whole the physical structure of our race is in a course of improvement or of decline. But however that may be, it can hardly be matter of doubt that the enhancement of interaction between the body and the mind both enlarges and elevates the province of the medical man, brings him more and more into the inner sanctuary of our nature, quickens the search for expedients by which he may even "minister to a mind diseased," and gives to his art more and more frequently the character of a joint process in operation on the seen and the unseen parts of our compound nature. If this be so, medicine must more and more come to be not an art only but also a philosophy; and in this school of its future sages I give hearty utterance to the wish that the medical students of this University may render themselves worthy of the growing influences and widened scope of their profession, not alone by their technical accomplishments but by the strength of their characters and the elevation of their aims.

I turn, gentlemen, to the case of another profession. Still availing myself of the information which has been supplied to me by the Principal and Professor Ramsay's estimate, more than one-eighth of all the students of Glasgow, and possibly even a larger proportion of the aggregate numbers of the four Scottish universities, are preparing themselves for the Christian ministry. The total number of this section may perhaps be taken at 700, intended to supply recruits for a body which in Scotland consists of between 3,000 and 4,000, and which has also missionary ramifications abroad. The University of Glasgow is, I believe, strictly a Christian university. It is no part of my business in this place to take account of differences which lie within the compass of that venerable and imperishable name; but it is, I think, in every way appropriate to an occasion when we are considering the great interests and purposes of the institution, to have some regard to that which is the highest interest and purpose of them all, and to include this profession in my cursory views. I am glad, then, to infer with confidence from the figures that have been before me that in Scotland there is no lack of youths who like the business of Church ministry for their vocation in life. That is not so in all lands at the present time. In two great countries—Germany and France—there is a great decline of the body of young men candidates for ordination. I do not speak exclusively of any one communion; I refer to both Roman and Protestant. The latest intimation I have seen has regard to Holland, and in that country I find on what appears to be excellent authority that one-seventh of the Protestant cures are vacant.

There were some time back similar apprehensions on this score in England—at least in the Established Church of England amid the desolating convulsions which it has undergone; but I think they have diminished or passed away. There are, however, traces of a latent feeling there and elsewhere that Divine interests are secondary or unreal in comparison with those of the physical and experimental world, or that the difficulties belonging to subjects of religion are such that to handle them effectually and with a sound conscience is hopeless.

Gentlemen, at my years, as one who has seen much of the age both in its practical and in its speculative intentions, I am desirous to bear my testimony in the face of this young assembly, full of the promise and potency of the future, on behalf of the intellectual dignity of the Christian ministry. No doubt it is a time of trial. This is the very feature by which that dignity is most enhanced. No doubt it is a time when you have not only to contend against assailants from without, respectable alike by talents and researches, and on the yet higher ground of character, but have also to discharge the still more arduous duty of humbly but steadily reconsidering within the forms of the great Christian tradition in which you have respectively been bred. It is a time in which we have many things to learn and some things to unlearn. All this means difficulty, toil, misgiving; the hesitation of many, the falling away of some. But depend upon it, those who boast or think that the intellectual battle against Christianity has been fought and won, are reckoning without their host. If it had, then I for one should be disposed to agree with them in the further proposition that no permanent reliance could be placed upon the multitude of uninstructed numerical adherers or upon the integrity of institutions, and the unbroken continuity of right. Thought is the citadel; but in my belief human thought is not yet divorced either from the vital essence of Christianity or from the cardinal facts and truths which are to that essence as the body to the soul; and if and when that divorce arrives, with it will come the commencement and the pledge of radical decay in the civilization of the world.

Christianity even in its sadly imperfect development is as a matter of fact at the head of the world. As the first existing power it rules the world, and of all the more or less noisy pretenders who, as the Ottoman despotism, are prematurely disputing for succession, there is not one which has given evidence either of being capable, or of being accepted, for the place it has so long held. The work indeed of defence under the conditions to which I have referred is truly a grave one, for it involves something of what is called in common contentions, a change of front in the face of the enemy. But as the difficulties, so the aids and the resources are more than meet the eye. A deliberate survey of the field convinces me that at no time have richer and more fruitful opportunities been offered to the best minds among us for the investigation and the maintenance of truth in the transcendent region which determines the relation between this transitory life and the imperishable.

I am tempted further to offer you, with a daring which I hope may be thought excusable, a general observation on the frame of mind in which we all, and most of all those specially engaged, should meet that conflict or contact with opposing forces which in this day no thoughtfully educated man can hope wholly to escape from. No defence is to be found in timidity, but much defence is to be found in circumspection. What we have most to complain of is a perceptible rapidity of question, trial, and summary condemnation, which is perhaps as far removed from reason as the grossest of the superstitions it condemns. There is a kind of steeplechase philosophy in vogue; sometimes it is a specialism that assumes the honors of universal knowledge, and makes short cuts to its conclusion; sometimes it is that knowledge of external nature which is by one of the strangest solecisms thought to convey a supreme capacity for judging questions which belong only to the sphere of moral action and of moral needs.

All this suggests that abnormal causes are in some degree at work—that besides research and the great modern art of literary criticism and a useful reaction against usurping traditions, there is, so to speak, something of an epidemic in the air. We have need to examine whether there does not creep about us a predisposition to disturb, a preference for negation, and something of a mental levity, which are more or less included in the term scepticism; a temper to be discouraged, a frame of mind broadly distinguished from what Dante has sanctioned, and Tennyson has called "honest doubt," as well as from a hearty allegiance to truth and a determination, so to speak, even to hate father and mother for its sake. If this be so, what I suggest is, in a manner, to meet scepticism with scepticism, a wanton scepticism with a scepticism more legitimate. Put it on its trial, allow none of its assumptions, compel it to explain its formulæ, do not let it move a step except with proof in its hand, bring it front to front with history, even demand that it shall show the positive elements with which it proposes to replace the mainstays it seems bent on withdrawing from the fabric of modern society; when it alleges that our advanced morality, such as it is, is really the work not of Christianity, but of civilization, require it to show cause why this advanced morality has never grown up except under the ægis of the Gospel, why the old civilizations were one and all smitten with decay and degenerated in moral tissue even before they lost their intellectual vigor. When you are assured that marriage and the laws of purity are safe, ask how it was that the ancients in these capital respects marched continually downwards and that only in Christian times and lands have these laws come to maintained authority. If we are told that morality does not require the artificial supports of belief in God and in a future life, since it can be shown to be founded on the dictates of our nature, may we not reasonably inquire whether it is indeed now endowed with strength in such superabundance that it can afford to part with the most operative portion, or with any portion whatever, of its supports? If we are taught that it is vain to think of knowing God, since such a conception is beyond our grasp, inquire of the teachers how much there is of our knowledge which is more than an account of probabilities or a contact with isolated parts and mere exteriors, and whether if we will accept nothing as knowledge but what is absolute and perfect, we shall not bring the catalogue of what we know dangerously near to zero.

Again, it is urged with great plausibility that a religion built upon or expressed in a book or creed or formula of written doctrine cannot be a permanent religion, since all the forms of human language must vary with the advancing thought of man. I think we may ask in reply whether that is not by far too large a generalization. No doubt there are branches of knowledge which have undergone and may undergo a total revolution. But there are others which do not, and among these are the great constitutive elements of the moral law. Nor can it be shown that the very phrases in which moral and religious wisdom found its highest expression thousands of years ago have ceased to fit the thoughts which they convey. Our inheritance from former times would be but meagre if our condition were such that at every point before we could be sure of the substance we must recast or retry the form. No doubt there is much in our thought and more in our language which, like the butterfly, is "born to flutter and decay," but that no part even of our applied speech is permanently adequate to our prospective needs is yet to be shown. Proverbs do not grow old but seem as a rule to keep their freshness.

Without touching the domain of Scripture I take leave to say that the oldest of the creeds and hymns of Christendom have lost no part of their hold upon the Christian mind and heart as to the forms of their expression, and are rarely if ever challenged except by those whose objection is not limited to the form but pierces into the substance. In this rapid and slight enumeration I purposely have avoided other formulæ of what in a phrase of the Sixteenth century I may call "the new learning." They are those which belong to the domain of external nature, and I have no acquaintance with that domain which would warrant my touching upon it before this assembly.

Earlier in this address, I spoke, gentlemen, of the great conflict between material and mental interests which marks our time. I have now made bold to touch upon that twin controversy which it has for a second distinguishing characteristic—that great controversy of belief, as to which there are those who think that the present assault, far from being destined to a final triumph, is in large measure a sign of a mental movement unsteady, through extreme rapidity, but destined, perhaps, in the wise counsels of Providence, to elevate and strengthen, by severely testing processes, the religion which it seeks to overthrow. In the meantime I would commend to you as guides in this controversy truth, charity, diligence, and reverence, which indeed may be called the four cardinal virtues of all controversies, be they what they may.

In dealing with professions, gentlemen, I have not particularly referred to the new profession, as it may well be called, of the teacher. In other times our fathers were content to leave this important office, like some other great social functions, to be learned, not by apprenticeship or theory, but by practice. In the results of the old method there was much imperfect and, I am afraid, no small brutality. What we awkwardly call "social science" is a great growth of the day we live in; and the first place among its achievements appears to be due to the organization of teaching.

We must rejoice that, long unduly depressed, this weighty association has now, at least as regards the male teachers, and in principle if not in detail, found its level; and I congratulate the teacher upon this, that though his office is laborious, yet in Scotland, at least, he works upon a willing subject; and if he is strong enough to have some energies yet available after his heavy duties of routine have been discharged, he is happy in his opportunities of knowledge and experience, for he is always in contact with human nature and the human mind.

This brings me, gentlemen, to a single remark, which, parting from the subject of professions, I will offer upon studies. I will offer it in the generally perilous form of a general proposition. I submit to you, gentlemen, that man is the crown of the visible creation, and that studies upon man, studies in the largest sense of humanity, studies conversant with his nature, his works, his duties and his destinies, are the highest studies; that as the human form is the groundwork of the highest training in art, so these mental pursuits are the highest which have man considered at large for their object.

There is one among the pursuits of what I have termed humanity upon which before I close I would particularly remark, because it is a branch which is only now beginning in England to assume its proper place in education and in letters, and as to which I am under the impression that Scotland also may have been backward, notwithstanding its loyal care for the records of its olden time.

Excuse me, then, gentlemen, if I return for a few moments to the subject of historical studies. These studies do not, it is true, subserve the purposes of any particular profession. To be a good historian does not make a man a good lawyer or a good physician or a good divine. They must therefore, when they are put upon trial, or when the question lies between them and some other study, be judged, not according to their immediate effect in enlarging the apparatus of professional knowledge, but by their immediate effect upon man himself in his general aptitudes and by their immediate effect through these upon his professional competency. They can only then be recommended subject to conditions. The law of necessity—the limits of time—may not allow us to widen our courses of application so far as to include them; again, they can only be recommended in the sense of a large, not of a narrow utility. But in so far as a happy lot may give liberty of choice I would urge and entreat you, gentlemen, to give a place, and that no mean place, in the scheme of your pursuits to the study of human history.

The several kinds of knowledge need to be balanced one with another, somewhat as the several limbs of the body need a proportioned exercise in order to secure a healthy and equable development. The knowledge of the heavenly bodies, the knowledge of the planet on which we live and the qualities of its material elements and of all its living orders—valuable, nay, invaluable as it may be shown to be, is nevertheless knowledge wholly inferior in rank to the knowledge of the one living order that beyond measure transcends all the rest and that has for perhaps its most distinctive characteristic this—that it possesses a history. This history is among the most potent and effective of all the instruments of human education. It introduces us to forms of thought and action, which are infinitely diversified; it gives us far larger materials of judgment upon human conduct, and upon the very springs of action than any present experience can confer. Allow me to observe to you, gentlemen, that judgment upon human conduct is perhaps the most arduous among all the tasks to which the mind of man can be addressed. It is a work the perfect performance of which, I apprehend, surpasses all our powers. To some it may sound like a paradox, but I believe it to be the simple truth, that no man and no combination of men are capable of weighing action in the scales of absolute justice, any more than the greatest artists that ever lived in Greece were competent to express absolute beauty by the force of their imaginations and the labor of their hands. But as in the case of the artist constant effort to reach an unattainable perfection availed to produce approximations at least to ideal excellence, so in the case of the historian, steady and loyal endeavor to be absolutely just and true in the lofty task of passing judgment will keep the head steady and the foot sure in many a dangerous path by bog and precipice, and will give mighty aid in raising the mind of man to its best capacity for the noblest of all its operations, the search and discernment of the truth.

But there is one peculiarity of the consummate historic student—nay historic reader—which deserves beyond all others to be pressed upon your attention and in which he partakes of the highest quality of the historian himself. Let us ask ourselves what is that highest quality? Of him who betakes himself to the writing of history, to telling us what man and the world have been in other times, much indeed is required. He must, for example, be learned, upright, exact, methodical, and clear. This is much, but it is not enough. The question remains behind—by what standard is the child of the present to try the children of the past? Our mental habits are shaped according to the age in which we live; our thought is saturated with its color, but in like manner those who went before us in the long procession of our race took the form and pressure of other time; therefore they must not be judged according to the form and pressure of ours. Those who in other days denounced death against idolaters, or those who inflicted it upon heretics, must not be sentenced without taking into view the difference in mental habits produced by two opposed religious atmospheres—the one in which dogma was never questioned; the other in which doubt, denial, and diverse apprehension so prevail as greatly to bewilder and unsettle the ordinary mind.

The first must not be tried by the rules of a constitutional monarchy now so familiar to our thoughts and language. Queen Elizabeth, working under the terrible conditions of her epoch and her position, must not be judged by the standards which will be applicable to Queen Victoria. The great popes of the Middle Ages, especially the greatest of them all, Gregory VII and Innocent III, must not be denounced as aggressors upon civil authority without bearing in mind that those who should have been guardians of law and right were oftentimes glaring examples of violence, lawlessness, and fraud. The historian, and, in his measure, the reader of the historian, must lift himself out of what is now called his environment and by effort of mind assume the points of view, and think under the entire conditions which belonged to the person he is calling to account. In so far as he fails to do this, he perverts judgment by taking his seat upon the tribunal loaded with irrelevant and with misleading matter; but in so far as he succeeds he not only discharges the duty in equity, but he acquires by degrees a suppleness and elasticity of mental discernment which enable him to separate even in complicated subject-matter between the wine and the lees, between the grain and the chaff, between the relevant matter in a controversy, which, when once ascertained and set in order, leads up to right judgment, and the by-paths of prejudice, ignorance, and passion, which lead away from it.

The historical mind is the judicial mind in the exactness of its balance; it is the philosophic mind in the comprehensiveness and refinement of its view. Nor is there any toiler in the field of thought who more than the historian requires to eschew what is known in trade as "scamping" his work; he must, if only for his own sake, and to give himself a chance of holding a place in the kindly memory of men, bestow upon it that ample expenditure of labor of which Macaulay, independently of all his other brilliant gifts, has given to this age a superlative and rare example; in him we have an illustration of a vital truth in mental work; the substance and the form are so allied that they cannot be severed. The form is the vehicle through which the work of the substance is to be done. If the point of the arrow be too blunt the strength of the arm is vain; and every student in whatever branch should carry with him the recollection of the well-known saying of Dr. Johnson who, when he was asked how he had attained his extraordinary excellence in conversation, replied that whatever he had to say he had constantly taken pains to say it in the best manner that he could.

Yet once more, gentlemen: in a recent lecture on Galileo, Professor Jack has said with great truth and force, "that greatness is scarcely compatible with a narrow concentration of intellect—even to one family of subjects." I remember when the late Sir James Simpson, conversing on some extremely small human skulls which had then recently been discovered in the Orkneys, and which had been treated as belonging to some of the pre-Celtic and inferior races, observed that exclusive devotion to one pursuit and few ideas is known to give contracted skulls. It is difficult perhaps for those to whom one pursuit and one set of subjects are to be their daily bread to know how far they may with safety indulge in collateral studies; but there can hardly be a doubt as to the benefit of these, if they can be had. An absolute singleness of pursuit almost means a mind always in one attitude; an eye that regards every object however many-sided from one point of view; an intellectual dietary beginning and ending with one article.

Great good sense and modesty obviate a multitude of mischiefs. But the exclusiveness of which I now speak is in itself prone to serious evils. It lacks the benefit of the side-light which the kingdoms of knowledge cast upon one another; it disposes each man to exaggerate the force and value of his own particular attainment and perhaps therewith his own importance. It deprives the mind of the refreshment which is healthfully afforded by alternation of labor and of the strength as well as the activity to be gained by allowing varied subjects to evoke and put in exercise its wonderfully varied powers.

So much, gentlemen, for your future callings—and your actual studies. As to the temper in which you should set about them you have little need of exhortation and my closing words under this head shall be few. Be assured that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say "nothing succeeds like success." Effort, gentlemen, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge—all you can; and the more you get, the more you breathe upon its nearer heights their invigorating air and enjoy the widening views, the more you will know and feel how small is the elevation you have reached in comparison with those immeasurable altitudes that yet remain unscaled.

Be thorough in all you do; and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Be you like men strong; and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. Work onwards and work upwards, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.

GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN

USES OF IMAGINATION

[Rectorial address by the Right Honorable George J. Goschen, statesman, economist (born in London, August 10, 1831; ——), delivered at the University of Edinburgh, November 19, 1891, on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of that University. At the opening of the exercises, the degree of LL.D. having been conferred by the Chancellor, amid cheers, the Principal, Sir William Muir, said: "Looking back on the long list of distinguished men whom the University of Edinburgh has chosen for the distinguished position of Lord Rector, I am sure there has been no man more illustrious than the one who now sits before you. During the past twenty-five years the students have elected various Lord Rectors—Mr. Gladstone, that grand man, Carlyle, and Lord Iddesleigh. Looking back to a quarter of a century ago, when Mr. Gladstone gave us the address on the position of Greece in the history of the world, and to the charming lecture later on which Lord Iddesleigh gave us, I am sure you will now listen with as much profit to the address of Mr. Goschen, your distinguished Lord Rector, whom I will now call upon."]

GENTLEMEN:—My first duty is to express to the students here assembled my grateful thanks for the honor they have done me in electing me to a post which has been filled by so many illustrious men, and which brings each successive holder of it into such friendly touch with this famous University. Let me assure you that the heavy pressure of political existence has not crushed out my academic instincts, and that to meet such a large assembly of students, and to discourse to them of matters affecting University life, is a most welcome interlude in those other occupations, unmentionable, on this occasion, in which it is my fate to be engaged, no suggestion of which, however, shall be recalled to my mind even by the walls of this hall, which, somehow or other, I seem to have seen before.

The pleasure of meeting you will be enhanced if I should be able to give a practical proof of my gratitude to you by any thought or suggestion which might help forward the great work in which this University is engaged. I see around me distinguished men to whom, in each of your special branches of learning or science, you look for guidance and help. I stand in the midst of men who have doubtless been the critics—I hope indulgent critics—of successive Lord Rectors, the value of whose addresses on things in general they have been able, by the help of their deeper knowledge of things in particular, to submit to a very searching test. The diversity of your studies increases the embarrassment of a Rector, who would wish to address no single school, but find some common ground of interest, some topic on which he might equally claim the attention of the students of the humanities, of medicine, of philosophy, of science—indeed, of all faculties. Clearly, I must search for that common ground, not in the subject, but in the method of study; not in the material, but in the instrument by which material must be molded and manipulated. The subject of methods of study has, I confess, always inspired me with particular interest. The choice of the method has often appeared to me almost equal in importance to the choice of subject-matter of the study itself. To one of the methods of study I propose to direct your minds to-day.

I want to bespeak your attention to the use to which the faculty of imagination should be put, in the studies in which you are engaged. To another audience on a previous occasion I have spoken of the cultivation of the imagination, of the sharpening of this instrument for use. To-day I will assume the existence of this form of intellectual force. I will assume that the imagination has been already cultivated, that you all possess this precious faculty in a greater or less degree, and I will ask you to accompany me in an investigation of some of the methods and occasions of its actual application. At the outset of this inquiry I must define what I mean, using the liberty so often claimed, of more or less choosing my own definition. I need not say that I exclude the meaning which is sometimes attached to the phrase "a lively imagination"; that is to say, a mental habit which, departing from fact, expatiates on what is contrary to fact, and scarcely escapes from untruth. The imagination which I have in view is the power of picturing absent things, of presenting to the mind's eye visions of the past or the future, of realizing the mental attitude and thoughts of another person or an alien race. This constructive imagination takes its start from facts, but it supplements them and does not contradict them. It is a faculty the conceptions of which probably present a truer picture than those afforded by knowledge of fact alone—vivid, truthful pictures, which knowledge of fact alone would not enable us to paint. It is employed sometimes retrospectively, when the aim proposed is to bring together and to depict conditions which no longer surround us, to lead our footsteps backwards through the ages; sometimes perspectively, by those who would lead us forwards, and would—

> "Dip into the future far as human eye can see,"

and construct for us a vision of the days to come, and of conditions which are not yet existent.

Perhaps I may be best able to illustrate my meaning if I contrast this creative imagination, this power to construct or reconstruct, with the faculty of analysis. The operation which I have in my mind is the very opposite of analysis. Analysis eliminates, separates, strips off, reduces. Analysis discards temporary conditions, surrounding circumstances, and reduces what is under examination to its simplest form. Analysis in economics seeks to discover a general principle by what may be called a destructive process. It has, I admit, a fascination of its own. The function of constructive imagination, on the other hand, is to proceed in the opposite direction. Its work is by an effort of the mind, to realize and depict what is not present to sight or palpable to touch.

Take history, for example. Historical analysis will evolve a general law, common to all periods, to all generations of men, out of complex conditions of a given age or ages. It will seek what is like. It will strip off the temporary, the accidental. Its work is elimination. Historical imagination, on the other hand, will endeavor mentally to restore a picture of a past age of which the colors have faded with time. It will not neglect details, for details are a great part of life. It will endeavor to restore the special character, the movement and the stir, which drier annals have failed to preserve.

Take, again, the sciences which deal with animal life. The analytic method separates nerve from muscle, bone from tendon, limb from limb. It endeavors, so far as possible, to examine separately the function and constitution of each vessel and member, of each component part of the organism, and to isolate it from the disturbing and sympathetic influences of other parts of the frame. Analysis may be necessary before synthesis can be applied; but it is the sympathetic, imaginative method I venture to call it, which, by use of all the materials accumulated by analysis and observation, enabled Charles Darwin to undertake that mighty reconstructive effort which embraces the past, the present, and the future of animal life upon our globe.

Deficient imagination is often found in the moral world. Often you find in men an absolute incapacity to realize an unfamiliar situation, to grasp conditions which are not immediately visible, to recognize facts which to others are a plain and patent element in their life. That incapacity springs from a dull and uncultivated imagination. Suppose this incapacity, this want of power to understand the surroundings by which the motives, the characters, the influences of men different from ourselves are determined; suppose it to characterize intellectual studies, and truth will suffer, knowledge will be impeded, education blighted, and interest lost. Students may be suffering from lack of imagination without being conscious of their shortcoming. They read and they criticize. Theories seem preposterous to them, illustrations absurd. Unable to understand the spirit of a time in which they do not live, or to realize conditions with which they are not themselves familiar, they discard soundest teaching, simply because they have not sufficient imagination to recreate in their minds the circumstances in which the theory was composed and the illustration adduced.

I shall invite you to follow me into the field of economics, where the want of prospective imagination has hampered the most famous writers, and the want of retrospective imagination has warped the views of some of the most distinguished critics. I shall ask you to follow me in the application of imagination to other studies. But you will, I think, be better able to grasp the full import of the bearing of my thesis upon your own actual intellectual work if, in the first instance, I illustrate the operation of retrospective and prospective imagination in the domain of literature.

Let us begin, then, by examining to what extent the presence or absence of the exercise of that faculty which I have called imagination lifts or lowers the work of authors who attempt to reconstruct the past. Some there are whom you feel to be able to realize the conditions of vanished ages, to imagine the men and women of former generations, and the surroundings amidst which they moved, in such a manner as to convey to their readers a real and lifelike picture of the very form and body of the time. Others who make the like attempt seem merely to have collected facts with diligence and accuracy. The facts may be strung together on the thread of a fictitious story, but, because the life-giving breath of imagination is absent, the result is a handbook of antiquities, and not a living picture of the past. Have any of you read "Charicles" or "Gallus," the works of the learned Becker? The author was a man of profound research. He had studied the habits and customs of the Greeks and Romans. He had wide knowledge of what had been written as to their dress, their education, and their laws. He was acquainted with every detail of their civic and private occupations. And what is the result? He produces furniture but not the life, the outline of the picture, but not the coloring. Wanting in imagination, he has not the power, perhaps not even the wish, to reconstruct the past as a living whole. He puts the dry bones together, but he cannot put flesh upon them or send the blood coursing through the veins. His accumulations are of great value, no doubt, but we feel as we read that we are walking in the valley of dry bones, and doubt, with the prophet, whether these dry bones can live.

Or take the tragedy of Racine. His talent was undoubtedly great. We are no longer in the valley of dry bones. His heroes live and move with a stately and regal grace, but they move in a French atmosphere. He has imagination, but not the historical, the retrospective imagination which is necessary for the true reproduction of the past. There is a French ring about the valor and passion of his Greeks, and Titus and Agamemnon walk with the air of the Grand Monarque. Goethe's Iphigenia stands, to my mind, on a higher level. I do not mean merely that the German poet has successfully adopted the outward form and method of Greek tragedy, but that the eternal, the vital part of human nature, that which is common to Greek and German, to classical and romantic times, speaks to us from his stately verse. But even here we feel no confidence as we follow his narrative that we are moving in a reconstructed past. But Shakespeare? Have we not there more confidence? Though he may be inaccurate historically, though he may abound in anachronisms which may call a smile from superior persons, do we not feel that his splendid imagination has recalled to us real men and women of a long past generation, and breathed into them the spirit of the time in which they lived? Cæsar and Antony may dress like Elizabethans, but in essence they are true Romans. To me, I confess, the reproduction of the spirit of the past, of the coloring, the flesh and blood of older generations, has a peculiar fascination and a higher interest even than absolute historical accuracy as to facts.

Here I am treading on delicate ground. Is not absolute accuracy the first duty of the historian? Should not exposure of myths, the destruction of false stories, which have been handed down to us, have the first claim on our literary gratitude? Alas! that I confess it, not on mine. Give me the historian who, with the faculty of realizing conditions which have passed away, can give us a general picture of the period which we wish to recall. Give me the historian who can make us feel as if the men and women of ancient times were moving in bodily shape before our eyes, surrounded by the circumstances of their own day, obedient to the standard of feeling and duty under which they were brought up, not speaking the language of to-day, not influenced by motives which were foreign to their time, and I shall feel that he has educated me more thoroughly in the science of history than if he had given me any amount of statistical information, any record of simple transactions, any acute analysis of individual characters. For my own part, true to this possibly heterodox creed, I love historical novels composed by a master hand, and I believe that a great multitude of readers sin in common with me. I believe that a larger number of Scotchmen, aye, and of Englishmen, have gained some real insight into the history of their country by the aid of a joyful course of Walter Scott than by the severe study of learned historians, who lack imagination, without which, in my humble opinion, history cannot properly be written. I will not go so far as to say, before an audience of which erudite professors form a part, that I have learnt as much of French history from Alexandre Dumas as I have from far more famous historians, but I shall not very deeply resent the charge if it should be brought against me.

I have tried to convey to you what I mean by constructive imagination, and I have dealt with it thus far from the retrospective point of view, from the point of view of the efforts of authors to paint us pictures of the past. But other writers have undertaken a bolder task. From classical times downwards to the latest development of English and American romance, from Plato the philosopher to William Morris in our own day, social reformers with literary powers and imaginative minds have aspired to frame ideal states, ideal societies, and have engaged their constructive faculty in the description of conditions removed from the ordinary experience of the times in which they lived, and of the ages of which history holds record. I will not speak now of the prophetic rhapsodies of poets, from the inspired visions of the Hebrew prophets, from Virgil—

> Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the blissful years again to be,
> Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea."

to Tennyson, singer of the "Golden Year" and of the dream of progress in "Locksley Hall." I would invite your attention for the moment to the particular branch of literature which is devoted to the construction of Utopias, the examination of which has much attraction for me. The various accounts of Utopian communities, apart from their philosophic, their literary, their political interest, offer excellent materials for the study of various forms of imagination labor. In no department of science or literature can we analyze with more advantage the various uses to which creative imagination may be put. With the celebrated Utopias of the past many of you are familiar. Plato, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Harrington, have all exercised their imaginations in the creation of an ideal Republic, a Utopia, an Atlantis, or an Oceana. The creators of these older Utopias laid their fanciful communities in contemporary but distant islands, or imagined them as having existed in their own country thousands of years ago. They described the ideals which existed in their own minds rather than their hopes of what, by revolutionary changes, existing societies might ultimately become. On the other hand, the latest specimens of this kind of literature deal with the future. The paradises they create are laid a century or two hence. They are prophetical, they are evolutionary, and revolutionary.

The prophetic romance is indeed becoming a feature of the literature of to-day, but we must note that as a rule it is also a propagandist romance. Imagination is pressed into service of a zealous apostle of a particular creed. The creed may sometimes have but one article, the prophecy may be penned in illustration of a particular theory, or to bring home some special professional point. Such was the case with the "Battle of Dorking," a fine specimen of a forecast in which all the conditions of an imaginary war were graphically and realistically worked out. The writer of that clever sketch has had many followers, and the prophetic *brochure* has become a recognized weapon in the armory of the military, the naval, the sanitary, the municipal reformer. These are efforts of imagination, but they cover but a limited area of thought. The conditions which are brought to notice do not involve any violent hypothesis. Different from them are the Socialist novels, which assume the entire subversion of existing institutions, and portray conditions resulting from the establishment of society on what we should call a Utopian basis, though they are distinguished in many respects from the Utopia of More.

Constructive imagination has certainly been called into play in their production; but in most cases with which I am familiar, it has been a limited imagination, imagination harnessed to theory and directed to work out particular results, in order to realize the natural effects which certain causes are likely to bring about, when all conditions of the problem are taken into account. The promise of the Socialist Utopian writer is that all the evil passions by which human nature is now marred, all sin and crime, all misery and unhappiness, are due to our existing institutions; and that after these institutions were swept away, and replaced by an ideal arrangement, under which the commercial system, the manufacturing system, the competitive system, with all their horrible accompaniments of money and exchange, buying and selling, would no longer find a place, every man and woman would be sublimely happy, incomparably beautiful, imperturbably virtuous, intolerably calm. Every human infirmity would disappear with the disappearance of money. There is but one exception—one rift within the lute. William Morris admits that so long as the passion of love remains, the passion of jealousy would also survive. I have compared Morris's fanciful picture in "News from Nowhere" with the American Bellamy's "Looking Backward." There is much that is common to both of them. The leading idea of both is a society where buying and selling have ceased, where goods are held in common, where there is no individual property and no money, and therefore no necessity for law, and no temptation to crime. In both, the underlying theory appears to be that it is the existence of our perverted social arrangements which has made men and women what they are.

But in the constructive part of their work you find a fundamental difference. Bellamy paints a society where the common stock of goods is replenished by carefully regulated labor, and distributed among the individual workers according to a minute and elaborate system, under which tickets and orders on State stores take the whole place of individual possession. Every man, woman, and child is part of a most complicated system, with a distinct place and function of their own. His society represents organization of labor and distribution in the most complete form imaginable. Morris's system, on the other hand, is simplicity itself, for there is no organization at all. The production and consumption, collection and distribution, labor and the enjoyment of the fruits of labor are to be left to adjust themselves; and the author has an enviable confidence in their power to do so successfully. He assumes that production, free from the disturbing elements of competition, free from the necessity of manufacturing articles which people do not really want, free from the drawbacks attending private enterprise and active commerce, will easily overtake consumption, and that thus supplies will be so abundant that everybody may have their fill without stint, and no human wants remain unsatisfied. Every one will love labor when he can choose freely the work which he likes, and when he is no longer compelled to work at all. The only fear which the author feels is not that there would be difficulty in providing food, clothing, houses, and adornments for the citizens of the rural paradise, into which manufacturing England has been converted, but that all their wants would be so easily and abundantly supplied that there might be a deficiency of work for them to do, a deficiency of tasks to satisfy their keen appetite for labor. Though these works of fiction are in one sense clearly imaginative, it seems to me that these descriptions of men and women, who gracefully people the reorganized world, are, nevertheless, lacking in imagination. The constructive faculty has been architectural, not pictorial. The men and women are nearly all alike, alike among themselves, alike in the different books. Naturally alike, the authors may say, because the endless diversity of existing types is due to the artificial disturbance of our form of civilization. And yet would a true conception of the future of human beings represent every member of human society as temperate, passionless, industrious, and intelligent? Bellamy's Bostonians of the year 2,000 are exactly like Morris's Arcadian villagers of the Twenty-first century. Human nature is suppressed in both. Or is it I who am wanting in imagination? Is it I, who, saturated with Nineteenth century notions, am unable to construct in my mind the natural results of a revolution in our existing social organism? I think not. These novelists have eliminated, discarded, dropped too much. But then they write with a purpose. . . .

I trust that none of my academic hearers has mentally quarreled with me because I have lingered in the realms of poetry and fiction. Those who have followed me closely, and perhaps, here and there, have read between the lines, will have anticipated how I should apply the operations of constructive imagination, as illustrated in Utopian fiction, to sterner studies which are at present the business of your lives. The transition from the fantastic novels, from dreaming poets and Greek philosophy, to the hard problems of political economy is easy and natural. At first sight, as you pore over the pages of Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill, you may possibly think that you might let imagination lie dormant for a season. On the contrary, there is no branch of study where I would wish you to invoke it with more zeal. The want of imagination in writers and critics has, as I ventured to hint before, often led to profound misunderstandings. The present generation take such a book as Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." They are startled at some of the doctrines; more startled by the illustrations. They assume, accordingly, a critical attitude. They cannot believe that wisdom and truth can exist in such surroundings. Call imagination to your aid. Endeavor to realize the conditions of the time in which the author lived. Study his theories, with a full understanding of the history of those days, and you will still be charmed and edified by almost every page of his great work. And while you use your imagination in reading his writings note the imaginative power —wonderful imaginative power—which he himself exhibits.

I once had the advantage of hearing a very able critic deliver an address on the "Wealth of Nations." "I do not mean to say," he declared, "that Adam Smith had not a great command and a very great knowledge of history, of law, of philosophy, and of almost everything that can make an accomplished writer; but he had in addition to these, this peculiar quality—that he had sagacity to enter into the minds of mankind; and in dealing with the subjects with which he dealt, he had the faculty of anticipating and foreseeing what they would do under certain circumstances; and this has given him the power of raising political economy to the dignity of a deductive science."

Lord Sherbrooke, Robert Lowe, as he was then, in those words described special quality of prospective imagination. He proceeded: "No doubt the attempt was made—and a noble attempt it was—by Mr. Bentham, Mr. Mill, and others to raise politics to a like eminence. They thought they could foresee what particular persons, or a particular class, would do under certain political conjunctures, and they attempted to raise a demonstrative and deductive science of politics as Smith did a science of political economy; but I am bound to say that, as far as my own opinion goes, that effort, meritorious and great as it was, has failed, and the science of politics is still to be written."

Possibly other authorities may think that some of Adam Smith's predictions on political economy have shared the fate which Mr. Lowe assigned to those of Mill on politics; but Mr. Lowe insisted on his point over and over again. "The test of science is prevision or prediction, and Adam Smith appears to me in the main to satisfy that condition." "I think that Adam Smith is entitled to the unique merit among all men who ever lived in this world of having founded a deductive and administrative science of human actions and conduct."

Yet what was one of the main bases on which Adam Smith's predictions were founded?—that every man would act according to his own interest as he understands it. This was treated by Mr. Lowe as an assumption which experience has shown to be universally true; the discovery of this law he looked on as unique in mental science, and entitling Adam Smith to the very highest rank among those who have cultivated the more abstruse parts of knowledge. Mr. Lowe could not imagine that this very law would, by many men, be held to be shaken to its very foundations in these latter days—men who would not admit with him "that the principle and rules he had laid down have served for the guidance of mankind from Smith's time to the present, and will last as long as mankind shall seek after truth, or busy themselves with any intellectual study whatever."

Mill himself took a different view of the "Wealth of Nations." He praises Smith for what he calls his most characteristic quality—namely, that he invariably associates principles with their applications. But he proceeds to say that the "Wealth of Nations" is in many parts obsolete, and in all, imperfect. Mill explains that he himself is undertaking a work similar in its object and general conception to that of Adam Smith, but adapted to the more extended knowledge and improved ideas of the present age. No attempt, he considered, had been made since Adam Smith wrote to combine his practical mode of treating his subject with the increased knowledge since acquired of its theory; or to exhibit the economical phenomena of society in the relation in which they stand to the best social ideas of the present time, as he did with such admirable success in reference to the philosophy of his century.

I object strongly to the use by Mill of the word "obsolete," in relation to the "Wealth of Nations." If Adam Smith is considered obsolete, who knows whether Mill's great work itself may not before long be considered obsolete too? Indeed, I have heard it whispered that that heresy has already been hatched. Yes; that work would be obsolete to those who lack the faculty which I am urging on you to bring to bear on all your studies. To those who make no attempt to reconstruct the past, to those to whom present conditions alone seem plausible, who cannot imagine how any other order of things can have existed before, or be likely to exist in the future, works which deal with contemporary illustrations will alone be instructive and profitable. But for educational purposes, surely the progressive series of attempts to explain theories and principles by the phenomena of successive generations is of more value than the study of such principles, judged and tested by the phenomena of our own day alone. Your task in your studies is to revivify the apparently obsolete, and to realize yourselves, if you can, the illustrations which are taken from a different age. A young economist has well expressed the system of investigation which accords with my contention that economic theories must be judged and studied in relation to the times when they were evolved. Mr. Ashley says in his preface to "Economic History":—

> (1) Political economy is a body of absolutely true doctrines, revealed to the world at the end of the last and the beginning of the

present century, a number of more or less valuable theories and generalizations.

(2) Just as the history of society, in spite of apparent retrogressions, reveals orderly development, so there has been an orderly development in the history of what men have thought, and, therefore, in what they have thought concerning the economic study of life.

(3) As modern economists have taken for their assumption conditions which only in modern times have begun to exist, so earlier economic theories were based, consciously or unconsciously, on conditions then present. Hence the theories of the past must be judged in relation to facts of the past, and not in relation to those of the present.

(4) Modern economic theories are not universally true. They are true neither for the past when the conditions they postulate do not exist, nor for the future when, unless society becomes stationary, the conditions will have changed.

You will see, then, how I would have you study economics, with your minds on the alert, with your imagination active, with your historical knowledge handy at your side, and with your faculties, creative as well as critical, in full play. Mill calls the "Wealth of Nations" obsolete. I had forgotten it; but curiously enough, it was while taking a holiday turn at Mill that the idea struck me how interesting a topic would be found in an examination of old theories tested by new conditions. The world moves fast, and much has happened since Mill wrote, which, to a dull understanding, might impair the value of some of his generalizations, and of many of his illustrations. His own imagination is often admirable. His power of realizing other conditions than those under which he wrote seems to me most striking. But, nevertheless, the student of to-day will find much that in his haste he might think obsolete. Who could foresee forty years ago the attitude of our Australian colonies on such a question as emigration? Economists had in their minds the necessary welcome which young communities would give to the spare labor of the older hemisphere. The unwillingness of the working classes in the Antipodes to allow the introduction of competing hands seems now a matter of course. And here, in the Old World, such has been the revolution of feeling on questions of labor, such have been the changes in public opinion as to fundamental points in our social organism, that the student of to-day, brought up in a new atmosphere, and fed on new principles, will open his eyes with wonder at what writers of an earlier period described as absolute, unvarying laws. The assertion of altruism, as an equally existent force with egoism, casts so changed a light over the study of economics that before long a sustained effort of reconstructive imagination may become quite requisite before the key to past writings will be found.

I have shown you the capital necessity for the use of imagination in a science certainly not classified habitually as imaginative. Let me now examine the need for its presence in another region where you would least expect to find it; I mean in the sphere of the exact sciences. I must leave any detailed development of this part of my subject to those whose special studies qualify them to speak with authority upon it, but I hope that men of science and mathematicians will forgive me if I trespass for a moment upon their domain. Mathematics may seem at first sight to deal entirely with fact—fact of the barest and least imaginative kind. What place has imagination, my hearers may say, in the multiplication table, or in a proposition of Euclid? I would reply that the whole study of geometry is an imaginative study. The lines with which geometry deals are not the imperfect lines which are drawn upon the paper or the slate, but the ideal lines which have length without breadth, and which, therefore can exist only in the imagination. No man has ever seen or ever will see a circle or a square which complies with the definition of the circle or a square. The thing defined exists only in imagination, and every proposition in geometry involves the exercise of that faculty. This use of the imaginative faculty is so much a part of our normal habits of thought that we scarcely realize that our imagination is at work at all. But with some of the higher forms of mathematics it is far otherwise. You may remember that a few years ago Professor Cayley, as President of the British Association, revealed to the world, so far as the world was capable of understanding them, some of the mysteries of space. I admit that my own imagination is bounded by the three dimensions of space in which we live and move, and which fashion the mental conceptions of most of us; but I have, therefore, the greater admiration for the effort of mind which enables mathematicians, such as Professor Cayley, to transcend those conditions, and to form an imaginative conception of space of four or five or *n*-dimensions, and for the science which enables them to ascertain, with absolute precision, the laws and conditions which would prevail in an imaginary universe. In those abstruse branches of mathematical or physical science which deal with the problems of the ultimate constitution of matter, and of the nature and *modus operandi* of the forces which act upon it, it will hardly be denied that imagination is a powerful and even a necessary implement.

When I think of your fellow-countryman, Sir William Thomson, engaged on atoms and molecules, piercing the secrets of the smallest entities, brooding over the mystic dance of ethereal vortices, while his magic wand summons elemental forces to reveal the nature of their powers to his scientific gaze, I forget the disciplined accuracy of the man of science, while lost in wonder at the imaginative inspiration of the poet.

Few of you can hope to reach such eminence as is his. Few, perhaps, can expect even to move upon the same plane of scientific inquiry. But in all physical research I am convinced that no powerful instrument, no lens, no microscope is more essential to your equipment than a true imaginative mind. For the connection between poetry and science I have the high authority of a poet himself. Tennyson deeply felt the imaginative grandeur of science. Let him speak himself:—

> "What be those two shapes high over the sacred fountain?
> Taller than all the Muses and huger than all the mountain?"

"These are astronomy and geology, terrible muses!" Yes, not music alone, nor poetry, nor simply creative art, but the colossal forms of astronomy and geology are ranged by the side of the graceful goddesses, and dwell on the height of Parnassus beside the sacred fountain of imaginative inspiration. What shall I say of other sciences? If I were to speak of them at length, I should pass the limits of your patience; but few of them would be found to dispense with imagination.

I have spoken metaphorically of imagination clothing the skeleton of the past with flesh and blood; but the palæontologist does more than this, not in metaphor, but in reality. It is his task, not from a whole skeleton, but it may be, from a single bone, to recreate in imagination the extinct animal of myriads of years ago, and to tell us of his form and gait, of his habits and manner of life.

But it is not in your studies alone that I urge upon you the exercise of this illuminating and stimulating faculty. When you go forth into the world armed with the intellectual instruments which you have forged and sharpened during your University career, with your minds stored with acquired knowledge and equipped with all the capacities for future accumulation, do not think that you can afford to discontinue its use. Its vigorous employment will check that intolerance which sometimes springs from the premature dogmatism of confident youth, sometimes from the fanaticism of its too enthusiastic beliefs. Intolerance and fanaticism can more satisfactorily be restrained by that wholesome imagination which vividly realizes the thoughts and feelings of other men, than of that infusion of scepticism, which is one of the most pernicious drugs of the age. Let intolerance, which is the child of absolute personal conviction, be not simply checked by undermining that conviction through the negation of the existence of positive truth, but let it be softened by the habit of sudying and realizing to ourselves the counter-theories of men who think differently from us.

Again, there is something worse than intolerance—namely, cruelty. Conduct which assumes various forms of cruelty may be due not simply to innate perversity or to a corrupt nature, but to an utter incapacity to understand feelings or conditions which are different from our own. The antidote is such a resolute effort of constructive imagination as will vividly realize the effect of pain on organizations perhaps more delicate than those of which we have experience. Imagination which enters into the feelings of others will increase the happiness of social life, will prevent a thousand asperities, will surround its possessor with that sympathy which he himself will exhale.

You are going forth to various vocations bearing with you varying ambitions and diverse sorts of gifts. Some will become ministers of the Church, others physicians, others lawyers, others professors, teachers, authors, investigators—all of you citizens and men. Apply, I entreat you, the general purport of what I have said each to your individual case. Future ministers of religion, what will the use of imagination be to you? It will be the secret of your power over others, the spell by which you will win your way into the hearts of your flock. What will it avail you to thunder words from the pulpit which will strike the minds of your hearers, only to rebound from them, and will fail to gain an entrance through those intricate channels which a sympathetic imagination alone can map out for your guidance? To you, above all, the power of realizing the thoughts and feelings of others is the highest gift you can possess, the best faculty you can cultivate.

Doubtless many among you look forward to a scholastic career. You will become schoolmasters, professors, teachers of various branches of knowledge to various classes. If, in entering upon your duties, you do not vigorously apply your imaginative faculties, you will be no better than mere machines, pouring out knowledge but not pouring it in. How much talent, how much research, how much splendid work has been wasted, because it is carelessly poured over the side of the vessel which it was intended to fill! No depth of learning, no fluency of speech will rescue the teacher from much barren work, if he lacks the capacity to place himself in touch with those whom he desires to instruct. And how can that magic bond be established except by the power to understand and feel that to which imagination must be our guide?

Do you think that experience will act as a substitute? Scarcely; though doubtless it renders invaluable help. But so infinite are the diversities of the human organism that the necessity for sympathetic interest can never be replaced. That is the one side, but do not forget the other. You must not only have this sympathetic insight yourselves, but you must aim at rousing the imaginations of your pupils; and that, not only because, as I have endeavored to show to-day, it is a faculty which will be of the highest value to them in study and in life, but also because it is through the imagination of the pupil that you may bring interest and fascination into the weary round of tasks. How infinitely dull is geography as a study of names and outlines; how thrilling when on the wings of imagination the learner is transported to the splendor and gloom of tropical forests, or " palms and temples of the South." But I resist the temptation to expand this topic, lest I should be led to stray from my theme of to-day, which is the uses to which imagination may be put, in the kindred theme of its cultivation—the subject of a former address.

I need not follow out the application of my theories to all the professions which you are likely to enter. I must leave something to your—imagination. Let me simply declare that I cannot conceive the vocation, however simple, however humdrum, however tied down to the dullest prose of life, which does not afford ample scope for the exercise of that bright faculty, on the virtues of which I hope that you will not think that I have dilated with undue enthusiasm. Still I cannot part from my subject or from you, without having said something on its special use to every one of you as citizens and men. In these days none of you can escape from some responsibility in helping shape the destinies of your country, and in influencing that current of changes in our social system which is sweeping along with a quickening course. Large issues of State policy or of social economy will, soon after the student is metamorphosed into the voter, be submitted to you in the discharge of your duties as citizens. On these questions, above all, exercise your faculty of transporting yourselves mentally to the point of view of your opponents; on these questions, above all, bring trained prospective imagination to bear.

In the conflicts of classes, in the struggles of parties, the habit and the power of realizing the standpoint of both sides are scarcely less important for the success of any cause of which you may be champions than the firm belief in the truth of your convictions. And with regard to questions of State, let your minds not concentrate themselves too much on the circumstances of the moment. Carry them forward to the future. Endeavor mentally to realize the conditions under which the changes submitted to your judgment will have to work themselves out.

I admit the extreme complexity of the task. Who can foresee with any degree of regulated accuracy the play even of the simpler forces of nature under the slightest change of conditions? The slaughter of insignificant animals, a check to the activity of the tiniest carriers of nature's fertilizing dusts, may have a far-reaching effect on the produce of vast areas of cultivated soil.

Do you remember an instance of a very curious character which was adduced by Darwin? The fertilizing of plants can in some cases only be effected by a particular species of insect. Bumblebees are necessary in order to enable the red clover to produce seed. Field-mice are the foes of bumblebees, and destroy their nests underneath the ground. Cats are the enemies of field-mice, and thus, if cats should be decimated, either in consequence of penal taxation, often pressed upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or by any other scourge, there would be such an increase in the number of field-mice that bumblebees would be exterminated, and fields of clover would lie in barren hopelessness, unable to produce a future crop.

Or, again, are you acquainted with the result of the well-meant but ill-considered introduction of the rabbit to our Australian colonies? The gift became a curse in the changed conditions of animal and vegetable and human life at the Antipodes, and no parallel to a Hares and Rabbits Bill would serve to keep down the terrible pest. So again, in the vegetable world, the consequences of a single act can often not be gauged except by imaginative foresight.

The man who carried water-cresses to New Zealand had not read "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Wallace tells us how this humble and tasty weed, transplanted to its new home, sheds its appetizing qualities, and, growing with rampant vigor in changed conditions of climate and soil, forms stems twelve feet long and blocks mighty rivers instead of filling the baskets of the industrious hawker.

And if the fates of the lower animals and flowers and plants, with their simpler organisms or under simpler laws, present such astounding and unexpected changes when transferred to new conditions, if it is difficult to discern the end of the chain of causation which is set in motion by some apparently simple and self-contained change, what forethought, what careful prospective imagination, what effort to realize future possibilities must we not summon to our aid when we have to deal with complex, incalculable, powerful man—man swayed by a thousand diversities of motive, man whose passionate organism science can scarcely classify, man who is master not only of his own fate, but of numberless forces of nature! Nay, more, if the probable action of a single man under changed conditions is a problem of the most complex kind, what shall we say of the complexity of the problem when we have to deal with men in the mass? Yet problems dealing with men in the mass will inevitably be submitted to your judgment as citizens. You will not be able to solve them by the easy process of the Utopian novelists. You will not be able, like them, to eliminate all human passions. Passions will not have been suppressed in your time. It will not be safe to rest the laws which you may be called on to enact on the assumption of supernatural and unattainable goodness. Progress we hope and know there will be, but human infirmities will not have disappeared in your generation. You will still be bound to remember the teachings of nature and reckon with a natural, though most complex, sequence of causes and effects. Let us put away from our thoughts present controversies, which, before the students of to-day enter the polling booth as responsible householders, may possibly have been settled one way or another.

Think of questions which the future may bring forth. I submit simply two or three illustrations; your own ingenuity will suggest many others. Fancy a question as to transplanting the sober growth of some British institution, the product of this temperate zone, to some tropical clime, to some more forcing soil. Remember the water-cresses. Let your imagination realize in time how changes in conditions modify and falsify expected results. Or fancy problems affecting the relations of some parts of the community to others. Fancy proposals by which the extermination or the paralysis of some genus or species of the human social family might be brought about. Remember the sudden barrenness of the field of clover, the result of suppression of nature's fertilizing dusts. Questions of labor will be always with you, however the controversies of the day may end. Bear in mind the serious consequences which may ensue to the well-being of the vast organization on which the prosperity of the people rests, by any miscalculation of the facts resulting from neglect of some apparently insignificant cause.

On all such issues, aye, and on all problems which a governing people such as ours has to solve, the faculty of imaginative foresight will be your most faithful guide. You will not neglect the lessons of historical experience, but you will test those lessons and correct them, and amplify them, by the exercise of what I ask you to consider as one of the most precious faculties which Providence has implanted in the human breast—the faculty of wise, sympathetic, disciplined, prospective imagination.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

THE NEW SOUTH

[Address by Henry W. Grady, journalist (born in Athens, Ga., May 17, 1851; died in Atlanta, Ga., December 23, 1889), delivered at the eighty-first anniversary celebration of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1886. It was not only received with enthusiasm by the auditory, but also attracted great attention throughout the country.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. [Laughter.] Permitted through your kindness to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality [applause], and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain. [Laughter.]

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruptions as the landing afforded, into the basement; and while picking himself up had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?" "No, I didn't," said John, "but I be dinged if I don't!" [Laughter.]

So, while those who call to me from behind may inspire me with energy if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. [Laughter.] The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"one hundred and forty cubits long [laughter], forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood [laughter], and covered with pitch inside and out." [Loud and continued laughter.] He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." [Laughter.] If I could get you to hold such faith to-night I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." [Laughter.] I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium if for nothing else. Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on this continent—that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since—and that while Miles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan or Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. [Applause.] But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution; and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God. [Applause.]

My friend Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. [Applause.] Great types like valuable plants are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. [Loud and continued applause.] He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. [Renewed applause.] He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American [renewed applause], and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. [Cheers.] Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored; and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine. [Renewed cheering.]

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of their civilization—never equaled and, perhaps, never to be equalled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself, and to the consideration of which I hasten lest it become the Old South before I get to it. Age does not endow all things with strength and virtue, nor are all new things to be despised. The shoemaker who put over his door "John Smith's shop. Founded in 1760," was more than matched by his young rival across the street who hung out this sign: "Bill Jones. Established 1886. No old stock kept in this shop."

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as a ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." [Laughter and applause.] Or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again." [Renewed applause.] I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory. [Applause.]

But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to six per cent, and are floating four per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung our latch-string out to you and yours. [Prolonged cheers.] We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." [Laughter.] We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crabgrass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battle-field in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton-seed, against any downeaster that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of Vermont. [Continuous laughter.] Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel on the field by their swords. [Loud applause.]

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. [Applause.] In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustrations we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity towards the solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South; none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Seft-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured; for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail [applause]; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization. [Renewed applause.] Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. [Laughter.]

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. [Applause.] Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity. [Applause.]

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he " determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle "—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. [Applause.] Under the old *regime* the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulation and its feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus we gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless. [Applause.]

The Old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. [Applause.]

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war. [Loud applause.]

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people. [Repeated cheers.]

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? ["No! No!"] Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? ["No! No!"] Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? [Tumultuous cheering and shouts of "No! No!"] If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not; if she accepts in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

"'Those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.'"

[Prolonged applause.]

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

HENRY W. GRADY

[Eulogy by J. T. Graves, Southern editor and orator (born in Willington, S. C., November 9, 1856; ——), delivered in Atlanta, Ga., December 26, 1889.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am one among the thousands who loved Henry W. Grady, and I stand with the millions who lament his death. I loved him in the promise of his glowing youth, when across my boyish vision he walked with winning grace from easy effort to success. I loved him in the flush of splendid manhood, when a nation hung upon his words, and now I love him best of all as he lies out yonder under the December skies, with face as tranquil and with smile as sweet as patriot ever wore.

In this sweet and solemn hour all the rare and kindly adjectives that blossomed in the shining pathway of his pen seem to have come from every quarter of the continent to lay themselves in loving tribute at their master's feet; but rich as is the music that they bring, the cadences of all our eulogies sigh—

> ". . . for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

And here to-day, within this hall, glorified by the echoes of his eloquence, standing to answer the impulse of my heart to the roll-call of his friends, and stricken with the emptiness of words, I know that when the finger of death touched those eyelids into sleep there gathered a silence on the only lips that could weave the sunlit story of his days or mete sufficient eulogy to the incomparable richness of his life.

I agree with Patrick Collins that he was the most brilliant son of this Republic. No eloquence has equaled his since Sargent Prentiss faded from the earth. No pen has ploughed such noble furrow in his country's fallow fields since the wrist of Horace Greeley rested. No age of the Republic has witnessed such marvelous conjunction of a magic pen with the velvet splendor of a mellow tongue, and though the warlike rival of these wonderful forces never rose within his life, it is writ of all his living that the noble fires of his genius were lighted in his boyhood from the gleam that died upon his father's sword.

I have loved to follow and I love to follow now the pathway of that diamond pen as it flashed like an inspiration over every phase of life in Georgia. It touched the sick body of a desolate and despairing agriculture with the impulse of a better method, and the farmer, catching the glow of promise in Grady's words, left off sighing and went to singing in his fields, until at last the better day has come, and as the sunshine melts into his harvest with the tender rain, the heart of humanity is glad in his hope, and the glow on his fields seems the smile of the Lord.

That pen's brave point went with cheerful prophecy into the ranks of toil, until the workman at his anvil felt the dignity of labor pulse through the sombre routine of the hours, and the curse of Adam, softening in the faith of saving sentences, became the blessing and the comfort of his days.

Into the era of practical politics it dashed with the grace of an earlier chivalry, and in an age of pushing and unseemly scramble it woke the spirit of a loftier sentiment, while around the glow of splendid narrative there grew a goodlier company of youth, linked to the Republic's noble legends and holding fast that generous loyalty that builds the highest bulwark of the state.

Long after his pen had blazed his way to eminence he waked the power of that surpassing oratory that has bettered the sentiment of all his country and enriched the ripe vocabulary of the world. Nothing in the history of human speech can equal the stately steppings of his eloquence into glory. In a single night he caught the heart of the country in his warm embrace and leaped from a banquet revelry into national fame. It is, at last, the crowning evidence of his genius that he held to the end, unbroken, the high fame so easily won, and sweeping from triumph unto triumph without one leaf of his laurels withered, died yesterday the foremost orator of all the world.

If I should seek to touch the inward source of all his greatness, I would lay my hand upon his heart. There was the furnace wherein he fused his glowing speech. Love bore his messages to the world, and the honest throb of human sympathies kept him responsive to all things great and true. Through him and through his manly eloquence the sections were learning to see each other more clearly and to love each other better. He was melting bitterness in the warmth of his patriotic fervors, sections were being linked in the logic of his liberality, and when he died he was loving a nation into peace.

Fit and dramatic climax to a glorious mission that he should have lived to carry the South's last message to the center of the nation's culture, and then, with the gracious answer to his transcendent service locked in his loyal heart, come home to die among the people he had served! Fitter still that, as he walked in final triumph through the streets of his beloved city, he should have caught upon his kingly brow that wreath of Southern roses—richer jewels than Victoria wears—plucked by the hands of Georgia women, borne by the hands of Georgia men, and flung about him with a tenderness that crowned him for his burial—that in the unspeakable fragrance of Georgia's full and sweet approval he might "wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

I thank God, as I stand above my buried friend, there is not one ignoble memory in all the shining pathway of his fame. In all the glorious gifts that God Almighty gave him, not one was ever bent in willing service in unworthy cause. He lived to make the world about him better. With his splendid might he helped to build a happier, heartier, and more wholesome sentiment among his kind. And in fondness mixed with reverence, I believe that the Christ of Calvary, who died for men, has given welcome sweet to one who fleshed in his person the spirit of the new commandment and spent his life in glorious living for his race.

O brilliant and incomparable Grady! We lay for a season thy precious dust beneath the soil that bore and cherished thee, but we fling back against our brightening skies the thoughtless speech that calls thee dead. God reigns and his purpose lives; and though thy brave lips are silent here, the seeds of thy fruitful eloquence will spring up and bring forth patriots through the years to come, who shall perpetuate thy spirit in a race of nobler men.

If we would speak the eulogy that fills this day, let us build within this city that he loved a monument tall as his services and lasting as the place he occupied. No fire that can be kindled on the altar of speech can relume the radiant spark that perished yesterday. No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of his useful life.

I have seen at midnight the gleaming headlight of a giant locomotive, rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of danger and uncertainty, and I have thought the spectacle grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness, like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass sparkled as myriad diamonds in the morning rays, and I have thought that it was grand. I have seen the lightning leap at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into midday splendor, and I have known that it was grand. But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty's throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, shining in benediction upon the destinies of men, and finding its home in the bosom of the Everlasting God.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

MODERN CHANGES IN EDUCATIONAL IDEALS

[Address by Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University from May, 1899 (born in New Haven, Conn., April 23, 1856; ———), delivered at the fourth celebration of Founders' Day at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, Pa., November 2, 1899. Assistant W. N. Frew, President of the Institute, occupied the chair.]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Many names have been applied to the Nineteenth century by those who have striven to anticipate the verdict of posterity. It has been called an age of steam, and an age of steel; an age of newspapers, and an age of societies. What will be its final title in the light of the calmer judgment of the Twentieth century, I shall not undertake to prophesy. But, whatever that name may be, I feel sure that it will be connected with the inward rather than the outward character of our age; with the fundamental ideas which have pervaded the life of the century, rather than with manifestations which are but incidents in its development.

If we seek for some underlying quality by which to characterize the years which have just passed, we find nothing more marked than the tendency toward expansion of things which were once narrow, and consolidation of things which were once separated. We may fairly call the Nineteenth century an age of synthesis—an age of putting together what previous centuries had tended to keep apart. In science and in art, in business and in religion, there is everywhere manifest this widening and consolidating activity, which does not rest satisfied with looking at some detail by itself, but makes it a part of some large and harmonious whole.

We see this exemplified on the material side in the progress of industrial consolidation. The wagon has given place to the railroad, the retail storekeeper to the department store. Separate workshops have been supplanted by large factories, and these factories have in turn consolidated their business operations in trusts which regulate the industry of the whole country. These facts are so familiar that they have become a commonplace theme of every-day discussion.

If we turn from the sphere of commerce to that of science, a similar change is no less apparent. At the beginning of the century we had many separate branches of human knowledge, each studied by its own rules and its own methods. To-day the different physical sciences have been consolidated into one. The law of the conservation of energy makes the phenomena of motion and sound and heat and light appear, not as separate isolated things, but as transmutations of a single force which is never lost and never destroyed. And in like manner, as we pass from physical to biological science, the application of the doctrine of natural selection has brought into one large and well-ordered whole those detached parts on which the naturalists of a century ago were compelled to concentrate their attention. No longer do we believe in the separate creation of thousands of species, each living for itself and by itself. We have attained to a broader conception of the phenomena of organic life as a whole.

But these transformations of business and of science are perhaps not the most important exemplifications of our principle which the Nineteenth century has witnessed. There is a transformation in our way of regarding human life which touches us all more constantly and more closely —an expansion of our ideas of education; a consolidation into one connected whole of parts of our life and our duty which were once conceived as separated and even antagonistic. No longer do we make the sharp distinction which was once made between the period of training and of performance. No longer do we find the antagonism which was once thought to exist between work and play. [Applause.]

In the old-fashioned view of life, each human being went through a period of preparation, which was followed by a distinct and separate period of life-work. When such a person left school or college he was thought to have finished his education and to have begun serious business. I think we have all come to see how artificial was this distinction and how evil were many of the results which followed from it. We now understand that well-developed men and women should allow their education to cease only when their life ceases. We no longer attempt to separate our years into two periods, one of training and the other of work. We hold rather that work should begin in the period of training and that training should continue throughout the period of active work.

What this idea has done for the schools we can see in the new interest which has everywhere been awakened, from kindergarten to university, through the introduction of exercises which teach people to do things instead of simply to learn things. What it has done for after life an institution like this can best bear witness. The education which the grown man or woman receives in the library is more independent and more self-directed than that which the boy has received in school, but it is none the less a training, a means of mental and moral growth, without which human life tends constantly toward stagnation. The modern library or museum supplements and carries to its logical conclusion the education which is furnished by the modern school.

In the first place, it furnishes a means of technical instruction. Each one of us in our life's business, whether in the office or in the store, in the factory or the household, cannot help feeling a certain narrowing effect from his daily routine. That same experience which makes him more skilful in what he does may render his vision of the possibilities of his business less broad. But the habit of reading books that deal with the subject which he pursues counteracts this tendency. Such books give him command of data a hundred times wider than his own. Science clearly developed and presented is but a summary of the world's experience in its several lines of observation. He who deals with the world's experience instead of his own broadens his work and his capacity for observation instead of narrowing it. [Applause.]

But applied science is far from constituting the whole theme of a library; nor is the study of such science the highest object which it stimulates. We are citizens as well as wage-earners, sharing in the making of our institutions, in the government of ourselves and our fellow men. If we look only at the immediate political condition by which we are surrounded we tend to narrow our political ideas, as surely as the man who looks simply at his own business narrows his business ideas. To fit ourselves to be citizens of a growing commonwealth we must read history; we must familiarize ourselves with the record of the deeds of great men in other times and in other nations. The new problems which come before us in our territorial expansion only increase the necessity of knowing what others have done. The larger the world in which we live, the greater the demands it places upon us.

But neither business success, nor even political achievement, constitutes the whole of a nation's life. The development of personal character is more important than either; and the study of literature, be it poetry or prose, drama or fiction, furnishes the needed stimulus for such development. There are, of course, some people who seem to be born great, whose character stands out grander amid unfavorable surroundings; but these are rare exceptions. In general, people who live only in the narrow world of the day will be narrow in their ideals and aims; while those who have felt the inspiration of great works of fiction and poetry, though they may not always be better men and women, will yet have far higher ideals of what life has in store. [Applause.]

There is yet another distinction, and perhaps a more fundamental one, which the Nineteenth century is gradually obliterating, and in whose obliteration an Institute like this furnishes all-powerful aid—the distinction between work and play.

In old times it was the fashion to divide our actions more or less consciously into two groups: on the one hand, those that we did because necessity or duty compelled us to do them, which we characterized as work; and on the other hand, those that we did because we liked them and enjoyed doing them, which we characterized as play. Actions of the former class were praised; those of the latter class were distrusted. They were looked upon with suspicion as being trifling things, unworthy of the attention of a serious-minded man, and presumptively guilty unless proved to be innocent. It is one of the glories of the Nineteenth century that it has discovered the falseness of this antithesis. That we like doing a thing and desire to do it is no bar to its good results, but rather a help. Whether in school life or in after life, work is better done when it becomes play; play most interesting when it has an element of work. The combination instead of separation of the two things makes the fulfilment of our own desires helpful to others, and gives the work which we do for others additional vigor and efficiency because it is a pleasure no less than a duty.

We see this combination of play and work in the life of our schoolboys, where, to cite but one instance among many, the development of modern athletics has made the playground an unrivaled field for training in honorable self-denial. We see it at a little later stage in the daily experience of colleges and universities, where the old-time drudgery of student duties, unwillingly rendered, is, with our improved methods, giving place to an active interest in preparation for life which the student himself scarcely knows whether to call a labor or a pleasure. We see it exemplified still later and still more completely in the privileges and enjoyments furnished by a library or museum or concert hall. The education which these places give is play, in the sense that it contributes to the enjoyment of those who use them; it is work, and the very best sort of work, in that it makes those persons better fitted to serve their fellow men in every department of life. Of all the combinations and syntheses of the Nineteenth century, we have here the profoundest—that combination which does away with the distinction of worktime and playtime, and which makes of all life a harmony rather than a conflict between pleasure and duty. [Applause.]

Nor is this its most wide-reaching consequence. Its effect on the life of the body politic is even more marked than its effect on the life of the individual. It establishes the foundations of true democracy more firmly than they have ever stood in the past. It makes it possible to maintain an equality of political rights and obligations in the midst of advancing civilization. This equality is always a precarious thing in any community where work is regarded solely as a task or burden to be shifted as far as possible on to other shoulders. In such a community the strongest will always seeks to impose this burden upon the weakest; and this effort, so far as it is successful, will cause a separation into social classes. The obligation to work becomes a badge of inferiority; the right to play becomes an exclusive privilege of the few. This separation into classes, so fatal to real democracy, has in the past been avoided only in those cases where nature was so niggardly as to deprive all men of the chance to play and render the existence of leisure impossible, or where religious Puritanism was so rigid as to lead all members of the community voluntarily to renounce the chance for such leisure and the opportunities for improvement which come with it.

Under an advancing civilization the former alternative is done away with and the latter becomes increasingly difficult to maintain. Improvement in the arts of life, at Athens or Rome or Florence, meant loss of democratic spirit to the community as a whole, because people had not learned to combine work and play, and therefore separated themselves into working classes and leisure classes as soon as leisure came into existence at all. But if we have learned aright this greatest lesson of the Nineteenth century, democracy in America can escape this danger. If work and play are mingled one with another; if service becomes in the popular mind not a badge of inferiority, but a means of self-development and enjoyment; then it lies in our power to realize, as the world has never realized before, the possibilities of government by the people. [Applause.]

Our thanks are due to those who have brought this combination within reach of their fellow men, not alone for the pleasure which they have directly given, nor for the work which they have made directly possible, but for the stimulus which they have given to a new conception of the relations between work and play, which will make the Twentieth century greater and better than the Nineteenth. Whether they have identified themselves with better methods of education in school and college, which help to give work the vigor and spontaneity of play, or with better methods of recreation in after life, which give play the unselfishness and permanent value of work, they have in either case contributed to an expansion of our conceptions and a consolidation of our ideas greater far in historic importance than all other movements of expansion and consolidation, whether in the world of science, of business, or of politics. [Applause.]

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Photogravure after a photograph from life

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

[Baccalaureate address by Edward Everett Hale, clergyman, author, leader in many religious, educational, civic, and philanthropic movements (born in Boston, Mass., April 3, 1822; ———), delivered at the Commencement of Cornell University, June 12, 1881, and repeated at the Commencement of Antioch College, June 22, 1881.]

Two or three hundred colleges of America send forth their graduates upon the country this summer. The largest will give degrees to two hundred or more, the smallest to one or two. That would be a high estimate which supposed that six thousand graduates were this summer added to the little company of the liberally educated men of the land. That little company starts at tremendous odds, if we count them by numbers only, in the effort for which all its members have been educated, to maintain the Idea. It is enrolled to maintain in the land the sense of Spirit, of Spiritual Law and of the Eternal Realities; in the face of smoke and dust and the things that perish in the using; in the face of those empirical observations which are called Physical Laws; in the face of man's wish to heap up in bulk the visible materials for future greed, indolence, and ease.

We shall be taught this summer by the more careless part of the public press that the supply thus afforded of educated men is much greater than the demand. A certain education is needed before a man can write a paragraph for a newspaper, and the more ignorant of the men who have achieved that standard are always for warning the rest of mankind that there is no more room. But Mr. Webster's great word is more true. "There is always room higher up," he said. Fortunately for this country and for mankind, the standard of Liberal Education is always rising. It is for you, gentlemen and ladies, to see that it rises higher than ever before; nor do you let your personal eagerness and hope flag or faint, as the great army presses up and on.

Far from believing that America has, or can have, any too many men or women of the very highest and most broad and careful education, we shall have reason to see that she has quite too few. Our chief danger, indeed, is that our men of education are detailed to too many duties by the ignorance or incompetence of their subordinates. It is said of General Grant, when he was approaching Vicksburg, that his officers, brave enough and willing enough, had so little military experience that his orders to them were not mere directions as to what they should do, but instruction in detail as to the manner in which it should be done. It is said that a collection of those orders would form a compendium or hand-book of the Military Art. The man of liberal training with us has always much of that experience. The sculptor in America can confide nothing to his workman. The editor often needs to know how to set type. Many a time will you have to instruct your bookbinder. Woe to you if you expect to hire a competent translator! The educated man in America is only a helpless Dominie Sampson, if he cannot harness his own horse, and on occasion shoe him. He must in a thousand exigencies paddle his own canoe. And the first danger which comes to him is that in all these side duties he will forget the great central object to which his life is consecrated. He may forget that the first object is to take Vicksburg. Because he has become interested in some town history or some bit of family genealogy, he may waste his life on what should have been the amusement of only one bivouac on the way.

Clearly, it is my business to-day to present as well as I can the moral side of the great office for which this State and your country have trained you.

I. Do not forget that there is an obligation on your part toward the country and the State. Every American should be proud of the efforts, more than princely, which this country has made for the highest and broadest liberal education. More than princely, I say, for as yet no princes have done such things. The nation gave to the new States every thirty-second part of its domain for public education, and of this devoted one sixteenth part to the foundation of colleges. Then, by the special act to which Cornell University owes its existence, the nation gave it that immense endowment of Western lands, which makes so large a part of the fund in the hands of its Trustees. No prince ever gave, few princes could give, such gifts to a University. When you hear it said that the American people loves the dollar and is not faithful to the Idea, ask in reply what prince or people but the American people ever gave up so large a part of its appanage for the education of its people.

In mere gratitude to such a nation and such a State, you owe, your lives long, something to their service, in dragging their people from the Serbonian bog, and in lifting them to the noblest and highest life.

II. For this purpose, however, as I have intimated, if we were to be satisfied by any count of numbers, we are quite too few. We should be lost in the host, as the handful of Richard's horsemen in the crusades were once and again lost in the hordes of Saracens around them. To recur to this year's statistics. At the outside, six or seven thousand educated Americans are added this summer to this little army of Red-cross Knights; and, in the same year, five hundred thousand men, women, and children will be poured in on this land from Europe, unable, perhaps, to speak the language of the land, careless of its traditions, ignorant of its laws and customs—pushed by the bayonet or beckoned by distant love to emigrate they know not whither—and landing all unorganized upon a strange shore. Just to imagine the proportions of the forces, let me suppose that these men were divided into colonies of eight hundred each; and one young graduate of this year from an American college sent with them, to instruct them in our laws, to show them how to meet our climate, to teach them our history, nay, our language. That alone would use all this year's graduates. One would say that here only was work enough of the very highest range for the graduates of this year. But one sees at once that, in that subdivision of our force, nobody would be left from our newly commissioned officers to care for the needs, the highest needs, of the fifty million people who are already here upon the ground. Yet you must take the places of us old men who are passing off the stage; and, as I am now to try to show, there are duties pressing upon you which we never knew in our time.

The leaven of the Highest Education must leaven the whole lump of American life.

III. One is fairly tempted to wish that some Lethe might sink the remembrance of our old discussions and partisanships for a few months, that we might all consider, as it deserves, the great subject of our duty to the next half-century, and who shall say how much longer? What shall this people do with its enormous wealth? The old struggle, when starving colonists gnawed so close the bone, is over. The wealth of the country is increasing with such strides that no statistics announce it. As we never know the rapid drift of the raft or ice-floe on which we go and come, we are not ourselves aware, at the moment, of our gains; and we do not carefully enough study the duties which belong to them. Everybody is richer in the real elements of wealth. Now comes the question which Bulwer puts into the title of one of his best novels, What will he do with it? What will this prodigal, folded in his Father's arms, and sharing the infinite bounties of infinite love, do with the lavish gifts which from that Father he receives?

It is said truly that a single living man, Corliss of Providence, by a single invention of one generation has added one third to the physical working power of the world. Such is the magic of our day. Scott sang of Roderick that—

"One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men!"

and that figure is taken from the old legend in the romance of Roncesvalles. But what legend or magic tells you of such a bugle-horn as starts into existence, I do not say the men, but the giants, whose noiseless toil mines, weaves, spins, pumps, forges, stamps, pushes, and pulls for you, so that you may go home the earlier from your workshop, or fare more bountifully, or sleep the longer?

No statistics can announce the worth of that one miracle. But this is sure, that Cadmus might sow his dragons' teeth again, and call into being a hundred million armed men.

> "Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests;
> Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
> Now all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
> A growing host, a crop of men and arms:"

and, if they were put, on any possible arena, in competition with the petty addition made by this one invention of Corliss to our modern forces since most of us were born, they would wilt like summer weeds in the rivalry before such antagonism.

Now, here is the result of only one of the physical improvements of our time, made by one man. Remember the crowd of similar improvements. Remember, for instance, Ezra Cornell, to be ranked among the first of the men to whom we are so indebted. Remember the Stephensons, the electricians, Brunel, Ericsson, and the steamboat men; count in Edison, Brush, Siemens, and that set; look at the reapers, mowers, and planters; think of shipbuilding, canal-building, the opening of rivers, and the extension of roads; and then go out and look over the land, see men harvesting, by irrigation, fifty bushels of wheat to an acre on the Great American Desert of the geographies of twenty years ago; see ingots of silver lying on the platforms of railroad stations, safe from robbery because they are too heavy for men to "lift" without observation: devote yourself a few hours to such examination, and you will have some faint idea of what is meant by the enlargement in wealth of this end of the Nineteenth century.

Perhaps you will then devote yourselves with some seriousness to the question which, as I hold, is the real question of our time, What will they do with it?

Why, to take one little instance, I have heard old men say that the mere easy use of friction matches saves every day for each active man and woman ten minutes of life. I think that is true. You are not old enough to remember the adventures of the boy called out of his bed in the morning to go and fetch a pan of coals from the next neighbor's. The lad tumbles into his clothes, ploughs through the snow, finds that Mrs. Smith's luck has been better than his mother's, and the careful ashes of her hearth have preserved the vestal fire. A glowing brand is given him in his warming-pan, and he returns in triumph home. The alternative would have been to strike flint against steel, not to say against knuckles, till a reluctant spark fell on tinder equally reluctant, till this was fanned by careful breath till it would light a match which would light a candle. The journey to Mrs. Smith's was, on the whole, light in comparison. Does one trivial invention save twenty minutes a day in each household, ten minutes to the man, ten minutes to the woman? That is a saving for this nation of more than twice the amount of work which Cheops put upon his pyramid, and so much addition to the real resource of the world is made by that one invention.

What will the world do with it? What will the nation do?

Will she build pyramids like Cheops?

Will she waste it in wars like Napoleon?

Will she pile it up in new St. Peters' like Leo?

Will she spend it in fashion of dress, in purple and crimson and gold lace and embroidery?

Here is her treasure. What will she do with it?

That question is the question of to-day. It is the question for every graduating class of this year. Here is the Cadmus, who sees the host of millions of these giants, ready to work for him, rising every hour from the seed which the fathers have been sowing. They will turn against each other as they did in the old fable, if you gentlemen and ladies, and others like you, do not lead them, as in the fable Cadmus led them. Where will you lead? How will you lead? Simply and seriously, what are you for?

IV. Clearly enough, your service is not so much needed in the creation of more wealth, of more resource, but in the direction of what we have for the noblest and the best. If your education here has been what I believe it has been, this is what it has been for. That is, it has been a liberal education rather than what the Germans call a bread-and-butter education. So much the better for you and for the country. Do not fear but the giants will follow your lead, if you are willing to show them the way. If, as Cadmus did, you choose to build cities, do not fear but the new resources of the land will be drawing your water, hewing your timber, mixing your cement, and piling your stones. The humane arts, or the liberal arts, are from their very nature the contriving and directing arts. The men who are trained in them, from the nature of things, lead all other men. You are to accept the position of leaders. Modestly, but certainly, because the substance is more than the show, because the idea controls the form, because mind rules matter, because spirit rules all, you are to take the position of spiritual leaders of the land.

Why, it was long since observed that, even in superficial fashions, all men follow the lead of the liberal professions. As they spell, all men try to spell. As they write, all men try to write. As they live, all men try to live. Even as they dress, all men try to dress. The black coat of the clerk becomes the dress-suit of the gentleman. Gold lace falls off, the sword-knot is forgotten, the sword disappears, and the great army of men affect, in their outward costume, on all days of ceremony, to belong to the company of men of liberal training. So the millionaire of yesterday builds a palace to-day, and his architect arranges a library as certainly as he arranges a kitchen. Then he comes to you, gentlemen, to say that he has five thousand square feet of book-room, and that he will thank you to select the books for them. And, as his son grows up, he will send him to Cornell, and as his daughter grows up, he will send her to Sage College. He is determined that the future shall have what he did not have. He comes to you for the direction of these useless millions, which he has created from the winds and the waves and the dead soil.

These are the most trivial and superficial illustrations, mere straws which show the current. They are all the better for my purpose. No fear but you can lead the land, if you want to lead it and wish to lead it. Your only questions are where, when, and how.

A thousand voices this week will tell you that the first duty of the well-trained scholar is to go into the caucus, and control the partisan arrangements of the country. Some of these voices will probably address us here. You will be told how William Pitt, the younger, was Prime Minister of England when he was twenty-three, and you will be urged to go and do likewise. Such is doubtless one duty of the American scholar; but I do not believe that it is his first duty. Fortunately for us, every fundamental principle in our political order has been settled, and rightly settled in most instances, a century ago. With us, fortunately, all the drift and weight of conservatism are on the side of institutions founded in the most radical democracy. For this reason is it that our partisan questions, compared with those of other lands, are mere ripples on the surface of a summer sea. Our real interests are in the better and nobler training of our people, in the making men more manly, woman more womanly, and the land more godly. It may be that these interests shall call one in fifty of you into Administration. But, with us, Administration is not Government. With us, the people govern. In their homes, they govern, and not by any proxy. Presidents, governors, secretaries, and senators are their clerks and messengers; do well, indeed, when they are obsequious and obedient clerks and messengers. What the scholar of America is to do is to elevate the people, to enlighten the people, and give to it new life.

V. Observe again that, wherever the people are, the scholar must be there also, if he is to carry on this work. D'Artagnan and Aramis and Quentin Durward had to go to Paris, to the capital, to seek their sovereigns, if they would serve the State. But, with us, the sovereign is working in the mines of Lake Superior. The sovereign is herding cattle in Colorado, he is feeding the world from the wheat-plains of Dakota. The empire of this country is not in the hands of the large cities, though the writers in the large cities try to make you think so. It is in the hands of those large country towns, where the best men lead the town and direct its education, its local government, and give tone and courage to its people, towns without rings, towns not governed by barrooms. It is the men from these towns who are pushed forward into important public life, and loyally sustained by the American people.

Emigrants from Europe, still blinded by European prejudices, settle in clans in large cities, and are led blindly by other men. But the American people is still true to that enthusiasm for local government which so surprised De Tocqueville, and which, to this hour, not one foreign writer in ten understands. Find for me the States or parts of States which, on the whole, direct the American policy in her public affairs, and you find States or parts of States which are under the empire, not of the few large cities of America, but of her numerous smaller cities or larger towns. Literally, gentlemen, it does not matter, for the sway that you are to have over the next half-century, whether you go to the wilderness of Lake Superior or the most crowded ward in New York. A man's a man. A leader is a leader. If you have in you the stuff of which leaders are made, you will lead. That is, if you rely on the Idea, if you make yourself an ally of the Almighty, speak his word and do his deed, you will, of course, take place and authority among men.

So much for the question, Where?

As to the question, When you shall take this direction, there is never but one answer—Now. To-day. Now is the accepted time. I trust that your four years at college are not to be flung away like an old garment. I think you have just whetted your appetite in literature, in art, in science, in philosophy. As Paul Jones said, You are just ready to begin. You are not to stay here longer. No. But you are to go on in just those studies which please most, with the freedom of manhood joined to the training of youth, and to carry them on, in one direction or another, till you die. You are, I trust, enthusiastic about *alma mater*. I hope you are always going to say that Cornell is the best college in the world. Do not be satisfied with saying so. Show it, wherever you go. Show what a man of liberal education is, by the eagerness with which you pursue that education. No one need shrink, because he is going into what is called business. Any man and woman of you can secure, and ought, two hours a day for generous reading or study. No man or woman needs more to keep up bravely and well the line of education which he has selected for his own. Make it your duty then to carry, wherever you go, be it to the ranch, be it to the mine, be it to the cotton plantation, the spirit, the thoroughness, even the elegancies of this

University. Why, Bernard civilized Western Europe by sending out from Clairvaux two hundred and fifty swarms of educated men, who made two hundred and fifty other centers of faith and of knowledge in countries then barbarous. More than this is in the power, nay, more than this be the future, of Cornell University in the next thirty years.

Thus, it is the duty of every man and woman of you to level up from the first moment the public education of the place where you shall live. The village school, the high school, the county academy or college, the public library, these live and grow, or starve and die, according as you determine, you and those others who have received what you have received from the lavish love of the State and of the nation. We have all seen what we call Ideal Communities, where effort in this line has been crowned. One comes to a village of Friends, sometimes, of the people called Quakers, where there was never a pauper, where every child receives what we call a high school education, where to each family the public library supplies the last and best in literature. And this is possible everywhere. A man need not be on the board of school supervisors to do it. I met, the other day, a learned judge who told me that for more than twenty years he had met every winter, in his own library, once a week, a club of his neighbors, men and women, who came, and came gladly, that he might guide them in the study of history. " And all those people," said he, laughing, there are three of four hundred of them now, scattered over the world, " they all know what to read, and how to read it." You see that village is another place because that one man lived there. Yet there is only one man who chose to make himself so far an apostle to carry forward the light which his *alma mater* had kindled.

Or consider for a moment how the great national pulpit might be improved, " that pulpit to which ten men listen for one who sits in church or chapel on Sunday," I mean the daily and weekly press of the land, if every man of liberal culture, in any humblest village of the land, saw it was his part and privilege to hold up the hands of the spirited printer, who has carried into the wilderness a few pounds of type, who prints the legal notices and the advertisements of the country stores. What folly to hold back from him and ridicule him! What a chance, if you will only make friends with him and help him! He does not want to make a bad newspaper. He wants it to be as good as the London "Spectator." What graduate does not want it the same thing! What might not the local press of this country be, if the educated men of this country came loyally and regularly to the duty and privilege, I do not say of making it the mouthpiece of their convenience, but the educator and enlivener of the community in which they live! Do not let such a prophet be undeserving of honor in his own home.

And I might say the same thing of the beauty of the town you live in. You are to carry to it the traditions of College Hill. I say the same of its health. You carry to it what you have been learning of hygiene and of engineering. I say the same of its social order. The possible social order of an American village is as far beyond anything revealed to us in an English or French novel of social order in England or France as the Constitution is beyond the clumsy makeshifts of the feudal schemes. I say the same of the hospitality of this imagined village where you are to plant a nursery of your Cornell seedlings, the hospitality in which it shall welcome strangers. The Norwegian boy, the Irish girl, as they grow to manhood and womanhood in that community, shall always bless God for two critical days, if they know for what they should be grateful. One is the day when the Old World faded blue out of the horizon in the distance, the other day when a son or daughter of Cornell or Sage College accepted the charge, God-imposed, of making that community to be the very City of God and the gate of Heaven.

VI. Such victories are possible to him or her who accepts the great alliance, who in the phrase of Paul, the omnipotent sage, is willing to be a fellow-workman together with God. That man, that woman, in accepting the Universe, takes Infinite Power as an ally. For this, this apostle of the highest manhood and womanhood keeps himself pure. The wisdom that is from above it first pure. And it is the pure in heart who see God, and they only. Character is the foundation stone on which this City of

God is to be built; and you, gentlemen and ladies, build as of straw and stubble, if that foundation is not first laid!—

> You spring from men whose hearts and lives were pure,
> Their eye was single, and their walk was sure.
> See that their children's children in their day
> May bless such fathers' fathers when they pray.

As you work on the home intrusted to you to make its future better than its present, to make it true to the idea which the ancients called the City of God, see that in your own examples, every little plan for social life, every scrap of copy you write for the village newspaper, every word you speak in the daily exchange at the post-office, every hint you drop in the joke of a charade at an evening party, every plan you form for more spirited social order, are all aimed and shot home for the purity of the moral atmosphere of the town. It is all that boys and men, girls and women, may be more manly and more womanly. This is what the land requires and what the future requires. I might say that it is all they require. For, to him who seeks this first, all else is added.

The land cares for a better Testament or a better Bible; it cares for better constitutions or laws; it cares for a simpler and more pure Civil Service, only as these things, for things they are, give it purer and better lives. By their fruits, all these things are to be tested; and the fruits are pure and manly men, pure and womanly women.

Yes, and the reason why you see the men in my calling as cheerful and hopeful as we are, why we love our work and want to enlist others in it, is that this is our single aim, and there is no danger that any other calling shall divert us from an enterprise so grand. To build up the City of God, though we only carry a hod of mortar, is our only affair. To help his kingdom forward is our only business. We do not know half the temptations which come to men absorbed in other cares, because with us our daily duty is all in the infinite work; and, though one were in the commonest humdrum of daily ministry, he sees how he is uniting with God and building up his kingdom.

That you may help the land to such fruits as pure and manly men, pure and womanly women, whatever your vocation, you go forth, as I said, the loyal knights-errant of the Idea. You stand for the Truth before this land. Every man who is working for it looks for your alliance as you draw near. The question is in the comparison little what particular calling shall be yours. You are men and women liberally trained, and because of that every man's eye shall be on you. This poor doctor, waiting to improve drainage, relies on you the moment he hears you have made your home there. This poor lawyer, struggling for the rights of a handful of Indians, looks at once to you. The preacher, frowning on profanity, striving to stamp out intemperance, looks for aid to you as soon as you come near. Why? but because the degree we give you here means that you have been trained to be prophets to the Idea, to build on the eternal foundations for the infinite future.

Does any man say that this is transcendental or mystical? Let it be so. The highest transcendentalism, the noblest mysticism, is this lofty idealism, which is satisfied with nothing less than the perfect world. It is not satisfied with that which has been attained, but reaches forward to something better and more. It is because you are nothing less than children of the Almighty God, who can share his purpose, conceive of his purpose, and enter into his service, that it has been worth while to train you here, and give you the best armor for conflict, the best arms for victory. It is as you shall accept the situation, and enter into life as his children, that you shall be able to succeed in the enterprise of leaders. Are there ten such men and women? They could save even Sodom and Gomorrah. Who goes forward in that faith, why, she silences lions as Una in her purity, he treads upon scorpions as Michael on the archangel. He who knows God and sees him, as the pure in heart see him, he who talks with him by day and sleeps in his arms by night, he has entered into his house and found himself at home there. To him is given the glory of seeing the fruits of his training here. He goes hence, not in vain, to build the City of God for the home of man.

JOHN HAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Address by John Hay, author, diplomat, Secretary of State in the cabinet of President McKinley (born in Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838; ———), delivered in London at the unveiling of the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, May 21, 1897, Mr. Hay at the time being United States Ambassador to England.]

A clever French author made a book some years ago called the "Forty-First Arm-Chair." It consisted of brief biographies of the most famous writers of France, none of whom had been members of the Academy. The astonishment of a stranger who is told that neither Molière nor Balzac was ever embraced among the Forty Immortals, is very like that which has often affected the tourist who, searching among the illustrious names and faces which make this Abbey glorious, has asked in vain for the author of "Waverley."

It is not that he has ever been forgotten or neglected. His lines have gone out through all the earth and his words to the end of the world. No face in modern history, if we may except the magisterial profile of Napoleon, is so well known as the winning, irregular features dominated by the towering brow of the Squire of Abbotsford. It is rather the world-wide extent of his fame that has seemed hitherto to make it unnecessary that his visible image should be shrined here among England's worthies. His spirit is everywhere; he is revered wherever the English speech has traveled; and translations have given some glimpses of his brightness through the veil of many alien tongues. But the vastness of his name is no just reason why it may not have a local habitation also. It is there-

JOHN HAY

Photogravure after a photograph from life

fore most fitting that his bust should be placed to-day among those of his mighty peers, in this great pantheon of immortal Englishmen.

In this most significant and interesting ceremony I should have no excuse for appearing, except as representing for the time being a large section of Walter Scott's immense constituency. I doubt if anywhere his writings have had a more loving welcome than in America. The books a boy reads are those most ardently admired and longest remembered; and America revelled in Scott when the country was young. I have heard from my father—a pioneer of Kentucky—that in the early days of this century men would saddle their horses and ride from all the neighboring counties to the principal post-town of the region, when a new novel by the author of "Waverley" was expected. All over our straggling States and Territories—in the East, where a civilization of slender resources but boundless hopes was building, in the West, where the stern conflict was going on, of the pioneer subduing the continent—the books most read were those poems of magic and of sentiment, those tales of bygone chivalry and romance, which Walter Scott was pouring forth upon the world with a rich facility, a sort of joyous fecundity, like that of Nature in her most genial moods. He had no clique of readers, no illuminated sect of admirers, to bewilder criticism by excess of its own subtlety. In a community engaged in the strenuous struggle for empire, whose dreams, careless of the past, were turned, in the clear, hard light of a nation's morning, to a future of unlimited grandeur and power, there was none too sophisticated to appreciate, none too lowly to enjoy, those marvelous pictures of a time gone forever by, pleasing and stimulating to a starved fancy, in the softened light of memory and art, though the times themselves were unlamented by a people and an age whose faces were set towards a far different future.

Through all these important formative days of the Republic Scott was the favorite author of Americans; and while his writings may not be said to have had any special weight in our material and political development, yet their influence was enormous upon the taste and the sentiments of a people peculiarly sensitive to such influences, from the very circumstances of their environment. The romances of courts and castles were specially appreciated in the woods and prairies of the frontier, where a pure democracy reigned. The poems and novels of Scott, saturated with the glamour of legend and tradition, were greedily devoured by a people without perspective, conscious that they themselves were ancestors of a redoubtable line, whose battle was with the passing hour, whose glories were all in the days to come.

Since the time of Scott we have seen many fashions in fiction come and go; each generation naturally seeks a different expression of its experience and its ideals. But the author of "Waverley," amid all the vicissitudes of changing modes, has kept his pre-eminence in two hemispheres as the master of imaginative narration. Even those of us who make no pretensions to the critical faculty may see the twofold reason of this enduring masterhood. Both mentally and morally, Scott was one of the greatest writers that ever lived. His mere memory, his power of acquiring and retaining serviceable facts, was almost inconceivable to ordinary men, and his constructive imagination was nothing short of prodigious. The lochs and hills of Scotland swarm with the engaging phantoms with which he has peopled them for all time; the historical personages of past centuries are jostled in our memories by the characters he has created, more vivid in vitality and color than the real soldiers and lovers with whom he has cast their lives.

But probably the morality of Scott appeals more strongly to the many than even his enormous mental powers. His ideals are lofty and pure; his heroes are brave and strong, not exempt from human infirmities, but always devoted to ends more or less noble. His heroines, whom he frankly asks you to admire, are beautiful and true. They walk in womanly dignity through his pages, whether garbed as peasants or as princesses, with honest brows uplifted, with eyes gentle but fearless, pure in heart and delicate in speech. Valor, purity, and loyalty—these are the essential and undying elements of the charm with which this great magician has soothed and lulled the weariness of the world through three tormented generations. For this he has received the uncritical, ungrudging love of grateful millions.

His magic still has power to charm all wholesome and candid souls. Although so many years have passed since his great heart broke in the valiant struggle against evil fortune, his poems and his tales are read with undiminished interest and perennial pleasure. He loved, with a simple, straightforward affection, man and nature, his country and his kind; he has his reward in a fame forever fresh and unhackneyed. The poet who, as an infant, clapped his hands and cried "Bonnie" to the thunderstorm, and whose dying senses were delighted by the farewell whisper of the Tweed rippling over its pebbles, is quoted in every changing aspect of sun and shadow that sweeps over the face of Scotland. The man who blew so clear a clarion of patriotism lives forever in the speech of those who seek a line to describe the love of country. The robust, athletic spirit of his tales of old, the loyal quarrels, the instinctive loves, the stanch devotion of the uncomplicated creatures of his inexhaustible fancy—all these have their special message and attraction for the minds of our day, fatigued with problems, with doubts and futile questionings. His work is a clear, high voice from a simpler age than ours, breathing a song of lofty and unclouded purpose, of sincere and powerful passion, to which the world, however weary and preoccupied, must needs still listen and attend.

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS

[Address by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, author, lecturer, platform advocate (born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823; ———), delivered at the celebration of the Battle of the Cowpens, at Spartanburg, S. C., May 11, 1881. Colonel Higginson was introduced by Governor Hagood as representing for the occasion Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, the New England of the Revolutionary period.]

In rising to speak for New England, at this time, I have the generous pleasure of remembering that the battle we celebrate was one in whose honors the New England Colonies had absolutely no direct share. The victory of Cowpens, called by Bancroft "the most extraordinary victory of the war," was won exclusively by the men of the Southern Colonies, if we include Delaware in the classification. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut were here unrepresented, although it must be remembered that the Southern Department was then under the command of a Rhode Island officer, General Greene. The New England States now aid in celebrating a courage and good fortune which they would gladly have shared, but can merely honor and commemorate. This only increases the sincerity, and perhaps even the value, of their tribute. Men usually have the credit of more complete impartiality when they compliment the children of their neighbors than when they praise their own.

Yet, in a wider sense, we of New England may claim our share in every event of that great contest which found us a group of scattered colonies and left us a Nation.

I have come hither, as it happens, from the original camp-ground of the first Continental army, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. On the edge of that old camp-ground stood my father's house. From its windows my childish eyes looked out upon the spot where Washington first drew his sword as commander-in-chief, and where Morgan and his ninety-six Virginia riflemen pitched their tents. Not far from that spot is the house where Washington was quartered, and where the poet Longfellow now adds the associations of literature to those of war. The day before leaving home I stood upon the doorsteps of that stately mansion, the very steps on which Washington and Morgan may have stood together, debating the dangers of the land, or perchance the homelier gossip of their Virginia neighbors. I bear you greeting from that historic house, from that famous camp-ground, from the Washington Elm, from the Governor of Massachusetts and from the Governors of those New England States now representing that portion of the " Old Thirteen."

The battle of the Cowpens, although hardly more than a skirmish when tried by modern standards, was in its day, according to the British historian Stedman, " a very principal link in the chain of circumstances which led to the independence of America." Lord Cornwallis himself described it, in a letter quoted in Tarleton's "Campaigns," as being " an unexpected and extraordinary event." It was extraordinary in three ways: It was a victory of a smaller over a larger number; it was to a great extent a victory of militia over regulars; it was a victory won upon a ground so selected as to reverse the ordinary precautions of good strategy. To draw up an inferior force for a pitched battle directly in front of a broad river has always seemed to the military critics very imprudent. But this very act showed the daring and the foresight of Morgan. When blamed he afterwards answered: " I would not have had a swamp in view of my militia on any consideration; they would have made for it, and nothing could have detained them from it. . . . As to retreat, it was the very thing I wished to cut off all hope of. I would have thanked Tarleton had he surrounded me with his cavalry." Braver and shrewder words never were spoken by a military commander.

In respect to the disparity of numbers we have the authority of the editor of Cornwallis's correspondence, who states the whole number of the British side as 1,050, and admits Morgan's force to have been "hardly equal." The contemporary estimate of the American force, by Governor Moultrie, was 1,020; but this was undoubtedly exaggerated. Graham has since reduced the number actually engaged on the American side to 850, and Greene to 800. When we consider that the British loss comprised 80 killed (ten being officers), 150 wounded and 600 prisoners, and that the Americans lost but 12 killed and 69 wounded, the result was simply amazing. Few battles, where the advantages of position were so nearly equal, have ever showed such inequality of results. And when we finally remember that every one of Tarleton's men was a veteran soldier, while Morgan's Continentals made but about half his force, we can understand the amazement of Cornwallis when the news came in. We need feel no surprise when Moultrie tells us that he heard the paroled prisoners at Charleston deploring the folly of "entrusting such a command to a boy like Tarleton." Yet, after all, no general is to be blamed for at last encountering a general more brave or more fortunate than himself.

Others have detailed or will detail for you the remoter results of the victory at the Cowpens. How far away seem now the contests of the Revolutionary time! Between those days and these has rolled the smoke of a later strife, now happily passed by. To heal the terrible wounds of the later contest; to criticise each other nobly and frankly, as friends, not vindictively, as enemies; to encounter side by side the new social problems of the new age; this should now be the generous rivalry of the descendants of the "Old Thirteen." There are sins enough for all to repent; errors enough for all to correct. It is useless now to distribute the award of praise or blame. There is not a State of the Union which has not its own hard problems to work out, its own ordeals to go through. No State can dare to be permanently clouded by the ignorance of any class of its people, or to allow any class to oppress any other. The bad effect of a single act of injustice may be felt among children's children. But each generation learns its own lessons, and Time is the great healer. I have seen for myself, since the war, upon Southern soil, the spectacle of two races whose whole relations were utterly wrenched apart, and who are yet learning, year by year, to adapt themselves to the new and changed condition. No people ever had to face a harder problem. We of the North, believe me, are not ignorant of the difficulties, the temptations, the mutual provocations; nor can we forget that the greater responsibility must rest upon the more educated and enlightened race. *Noblesse oblige!* In the words of President Lincoln in his second inaugural address: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds."

DECORATION DAY

[Address by Colonel Higginson, delivered at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass., Decoration Day, May 30, 1870.]

We meet to-day for a purpose that has the dignity and the tenderness of funeral rites without their sadness. It is not a new bereavement, but one which time has softened, that brings us here. We meet not around a newly-opened grave, but among those which Nature has already decorated with the memorials of her love. Above every tomb her daily sunshine has smiled, her tears have wept; over the humblest she has bidden some grasses nestle, some vines creep, and the butterfly—ancient emblem of immortality—waves his little wings above every sod. To Nature's signs of tenderness we add our own. Not "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but blossoms to blossoms, laurels to the laureled.

The great Civil War has passed by—its great armies were disbanded, their tents struck, their camp-fires put out, their muster-rolls laid away. But there is another army whose numbers no Presidential proclamation could reduce; no general orders disband. This is their camping-ground—these white stones are their tents—this list of names we bear is their muster-roll—their camp-fires yet burn in our hearts.

I remember this "Sweet Auburn" when no sacred associations made it sweeter, and when its trees looked down on no funerals but those of the bird and the bee. Time has enriched its memories since those days. And especially during our great war, as the Nation seemed to grow impoverished in men, these hills grew richer in associations, until their multiplying wealth took in that heroic boy who fell in almost the last battle of the war. Now that roll of honor has closed, and the work of commemoration begun.

Without distinction of nationality, of race, of religion, they gave their lives to their country. Without distinction of religion, of race, of nationality, we garland their graves to-day. The young Roman Catholic convert, who died exclaiming "Mary! pardon!" and the young Protestant theological student, whose favorite place of study was this cemetery, and who asked only that no words of praise might be engraven on his stone—these bore alike the cross in their lifetime, and shall bear it alike in flowers to-day. They gave their lives that we might remain one Nation, and the Nation holds their memory alike in its arms.

And so the little distinctions of rank that separated us in the service are nothing here. Death has given the same brevet to all. The brilliant young cavalry general who rode into his last action, with stars on his shoulders and his death-wound on his breast, is to us no more precious than that sergeant of sharpshooters who followed the line unarmed at Antietam, waiting to take the rifle of some one who should die, because his own had been stolen; or that private who did the same thing in the same battle, leaving the hospital service to which he had been assigned. Nature has been equally tender to the graves of all, and our love knows no distinction.

What a wonderful embalmer is death! We who survive grow daily older. Since the war closed the youngest has gained some new wrinkle, the oldest some added gray hair. A few years more and only a few tottering figures shall represent the marching files of the Grand Army; a year or two beyond that, and there shall flutter by the window the last empty sleeve. But these who are here are embalmed forever in our imaginations; they will not change; they never will seem to us less young, less fresh, less daring, than when they sallied to their last battle. They will always have the dew of their youth; it is we alone who shall grow old.

And, again, what a wonderful purifier is death! These who fell beside us varied in character; like other men, they had their strength and their weaknesses, their merits and their faults. Yet now all stains seem washed away; their life ceased at its climax, and the ending sanctified all that went before. They died for their country; that is their record. They found their way to heaven equally short, it seems to us, from every battle-field, and with equal readiness our love seeks them to-day.

"What is a victory like?" said a lady to the Duke of Wellington. "The greatest tragedy in the world, madam, except a defeat." Even our great war would be but a tragedy were it not for the warm feeling of brotherhood it has left behind it, based on the hidden emotions of days like these. The war has given peace to the nation; it has given union, freedom, equal rights; and in addition to that, it has given to you and me the sacred sympathy of these graves. No matter what it has cost us individually—health or worldly fortunes—it is our reward that we can stand to-day among these graves and yet not blush that we survive.

The great French soldier, de Latour d'Auvergne, was the hero of many battles, but remained by his own choice in the ranks. Napoleon gave him a sword and the official title "The First Grenadier of France." When he was killed, the Emperor ordered that his heart should be intrusted to the keeping of his regiment—that his name should be called at every roll-call, and that his next comrade should make answer, "Dead upon the field of honor." In our memories are the names of many heroes; we treasure all their hearts in this consecrated ground, and when the name of each is called, we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor."

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL

WORK OF UNIVERSITIES IN THE SOUTH

[Address by Benjamin H. Hill, statesman, United States Senator from Georgia (born in Jasper County, Georgia, September 14, 1823; died in Atlanta, Ga., August 19, 1882), delivered before the University of Georgia, at Athens, Ga., July 31, 1871.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni Society:—I congratulate you on this assembling to-day. I congratulate our dear, though unfortunate, old State, because of the purpose which has prompted us to come together. And I greet with words of cheer and hope the many who shall come after us, because of the work, which, I trust, we shall this day inaugurate.

Residents in every portion of our commonwealth—representatives of every interest in this, the land we love—sharers in all the trials of the past, sufferers in all the destitutions of the present, and yet partakers, all, of that bliss-inspiring ambition which looks for compensation to the glories with which we ourselves shall help to enrich the future,—we her children, gather this day, in this, her nursery hall, to ask our beloved mother what she needs to place and keep her, the equal of the greatest, the peer of the noblest, in the progressive world of science, letters, and art.

In the present far more than any preceding age, ideas govern mankind. Not individuals, nor societies; nor kings nor emperor; nor fleets nor armies, but ideas uproot dynasties, overturn established systems, subvert and reorganize governments, revolutionize social forms, and direct civilizations. True, we have the most wonderful physical developments, as marvelous in character as they are rapid in multiplication. Whether we look to the engines for war, or the arts of peace, to the means of destruction or the appliances for preservation, to the facilities for distribution or the sources of production and accumulation, we shall find nothing in the past comparable to the achievement of the present. But all these gigantic elements of physical power are but the fruits of educated minds—have leaped into being at the command of ideas, and they are under the absolute control of ideas; and whether they shall really promote or destroy civilizations must depend altogether upon the wise or unwise discretion of this omnipotent commander.

It is not my purpose now to analyze the different civilizations which are competing in the great struggle to lead humanity nor to select any one for prominent advocacy. Nor must I be understood as saying that that which changes always reforms, nor yet that every apparent triumph is just a progress. But this much I affirm as true: that community, that people, that nation,—nay, that race—or that system, which Diogenes-like, will now content itself with living in its own tub, asking nothing of the conquering powers around it, except that they stand out of its sunshine, will soon find itself in hopeless darkness, the object of derision for its helplessness, and of contempt for its folly. Whether civilization, on the whole, be going forward or going backward, the result must be the same to those who insist on standing still—they must be overwhelmed. Because all the world is, therefore, each portion of the world must be awake and thinking, up and acting. Nor can we afford to waste time and strength in defense of theories and systems, however, valued in their day, which have been swept down by the moving avalanche of actual events. No system which has fallen and been destroyed in the struggles of the past will ever be able to rise and grapple with the increasing power of its conqueror in the future. We can live neither in nor by the defeated past, and if we would live in the growing, conquering future, we must furnish our strength to shape its course and our will to discharge its duties. The pressing question therefore, with every people is, not what they have been, but what they shall determine to be: not what their fathers were, but what their children shall be.

God, in events—mysteriously, it may be to us—has made the educated men of the South, of this generation, the living leaders of thought for a great and noble people, but a people bewildered by the suddenness with which they have been brought to one of those rare junctions in human affairs when one civilization abruptly ends and another begins. I feel oppressed with a sense of fear that we shall not be equal to the unusual responsibilities which this condition imposes, unless we can deal frankly with these events, frankly with ourselves and bravely with our very habits of thought. Though unjustly, even cruelly slain, brave survivors lie not down with the dead, but rise up resolved all the more to be leaders and conquerors with and for the living.

Let, then, the other days of this literary festival suffice for the fascination of rhetoric and the cultured figures of oratory. It accords alike with the grave duties of our assembling, with the suggestions of those who have called me to this task, and with my own convictions of duty, to deal with practical thoughts, and to "speak forth the words of truth and soberness." I propose, therefore, to consider:—

I. The situation of the Southern people in their relation to the other civilized people of this age.

II. The means by which that situation may be improved and advanced, and especially our educational wants and demands in this connection.

III. The application of the views presented to our State, to our own University; and thence deduce our duties as citizens of the State, and as alumni of the University.

In 1787, when the States, by the delegations, were engaged in the work of framing a government for a common Union, and the then existing and prospective relative powers of the several States and sections were being discussed there were wise men who ventured, with much confidence, to predict that in a not distant future the Southern States would surpass all others in population, wealth, and power. Nor was this prediction then unreasonable. The areas of these States were widely extended. Their soils were naturally the most fertile. Their climate was the most genial, with a temperature compatible with outdoor labor during all seasons of the year. Their productions were the most varied and deemed of greatest commercial value, though at that time tobacco, rice, and indigo were the chief staples; and that marvelous fibrous texture which is now strong enough to tie the fortunes of all people more or less to these States, was then little known or relied on. So, also, their harbors for commerce were as many and as wide and as deep; and although geology and other physical sciences had then scarcely more vision than he who only saw men as trees walking, yet, with even that faint vision, they saw gold and silver, and iron and lead, and coal and all minerals, rich, accessible, and inexhaustible in their hills and valleys and mountains.

But the hopeful anticipations of those wise men have not been realized. Areas less extended contain more homes. Soils less fertile have produced more fruits. Climates where the snow scarcely melts have attracted more people than our sunny skies. Coal and iron, and all metals, which in other States were deeply buried, have been, with immense labor and expenditures and dangers, dragged from the bowels of the open earth; while here, where they lie at the surface, and seem to throw off the earth's covering as if to hear the zephyr and peep at the sun, they are still undisturbed. Many of our best harbors, as fine as any filled by the waters of the sea, do not know to this day but that the vessels which carry the golden fleeces of commerce are still of Argonautic pattern, and if they were to hear the fierce blowing of the flying steamers they would testify to all the gods of mythology that old Neptune had grown angry, and in thundering wrath was lashing his domains.

Why this failure? Charge not God. He has done for no people more than for us. He gave us not only the sweetest flowers, the richest fruits, and the brightest skies, but He added to these every other good gift. Nor can this failure be charged to any deficiency in the white race. This earth contains no white race superior to the Southern people. Still, the question comes back to us, why have States with inferior natural advantages advanced more rapidly in wealth, in population, and in all the elements and means of power? Our failure must be found in the manner of improving our gifts and not in the want of them. The beginning of all greatness in our future must be based on the wisdom that shall discern, and the courage that shall correct the real cause of this, our failure in the past.

This cause, in my opinion, is to be found in one fact;—but a fact which, like the Lernæan hydra, has multiplied itself. That multiplying fact is this: The Southern laborer was a slave, a negro slave, and an ignorant negro slave.

It is not within the scope of this address to discuss the morality of slavery, nor the view of the Southern people touching the question of property in slaves, nor even to allude to any political issue of the past on the subject of slavery, nor yet to venture so much as an opinion on the effects of slavery, or of its abolition, on the fate of the negro race. I only propose to show that slavery affected —and most deleteriously affected—the Southern States and people in general, scientific, physical, and educational problems, and especially in material and commercial development, consequently, delayed their growth in population, wealth, and physical power.

In the first place, it must be conceded that the most striking manifestations of progress in modern civilization are found in the extensions of educational facilities to the masses of the people. Indeed, I am not convinced that this generation has witnessed any religious, political, moral, or professional progress. Modern progress is chiefly, if not entirely found, not in the advancements of what are called the learned professions, but in the education and elevation of the masses; in the discoveries and appliances of the physical sciences; in the establishment of schools of science, and in the promotion and enlargement of all departments of industries. To these we owe those remarkable inventions which substitute the sinews of nature for the muscles of men and animals in the work of productions; that wonderful facility of distribution which makes the most delicate fruits of each clime the fresh comforts of every people; and that ever marvelous system of communication which enables each living man to step to his door, nay, to sit in his chamber and converse with all other men in whispers, and which enables the man beneath us, with his head pointing the other way, to send us his greetings with each rising sun, saying, "Good morning, neighbor."

Now, let me ask, how much all this wonderful progress of modern civilization, of all these comforts, conveniences, and facilities of man, and of society, have the slaveholding States and people contributed? Nay, how much of all these works of others have we even appropriated and reproduced except as cupidity has tempted others to furnish them? We have railroads, and telegraph lines, and a small proportion of needed manufactories. But whence came the educated engineers who build and operate them? We have a few machine shops, but whence came the machinists? Go even into our laundries, our kitchens, our chambers, and our parlors, and tell me how many of the comforts, the conveniences, the elegancies you find there were made by slave labor, indeed by labor in slaveholding States?

In accounting for these shortcomings my predicate is, that the cause must be found, not in the absence of natural resources, and not in any inferiority of our white race, but in the fact that hitherto the laborer of the South has been a slave, and a negro slave. The first step in the argument is this: Because of the condition of slavery, the supposed nature of the slave, and the external pressure which aggravated both, it was deemed essential, for internal peace and social security, to make ignorance the primal condition of the slave, and, as a result, the primal law of labor. Thus the Southern States were driven to the fearful disadvantage, in competing with a world advanced by means of educated industries, of making it a penal offense—a punishable crime—to educate their laborers.

Whatever may have been the necessities of such a policy as touching the safety of society or the well-being and proper subjection of the slave, it must be said that no greater curse can be inflicted upon any people than that of being compelled to keep as their chief laborers persons who, for any cause, it cannot be both wise and safe to educate.

The first effect of this state of things, was the necessity of confining our principal labor to the simplest processes —processes requiring muscle and not skill. But this itself is a paradox, for I deny that there can be any labor which skill cannot elevate and improve. Another effect, and one still more serious, was that labor, in a great degree, became degraded to the condition of the laborer. The real supporter of all society, the producer and true author of all comfortable appliances and physical improvements—the mechanic, the machinist, and the artisan—felt the weight which thus pressed him from the front seats of social consideration, and assigned him a kind of half-way position between the gentleman and the slave. A large proportion of our white population, not born to fortune nor blessed with first-class educational advantages, struggled, by all practicable means, to avoid the kinds of labor performed by slaves, and even labor itself if possible. They would resent as an insult to their respectability all invitations to occupy the same useful positions in our society which the same class of population in all other countries were glad to fill. "Thank you, sir; I am not a slave," was the ever ready answer of starving pride to the most courteous offers for service by opulence.

The educated minds of the South sought, almost exclusively, the professional fields for employment. Our social fabric was built, in great measure, upon the distinctions thus created. Even intellectual and professional labors were avoided, if the number of slaves doing vicarious service would permit the enjoyment of those things more generally desired of all positions in society—elegant leisure, luxurious abandon, and hospitable idleness. Even the business of teaching—the calling of Plato—did not obtain, save, perhaps, in our first-class universities, the position of estimation to which it is always so justly entitled, because its followers were either, in some sense, laborers, or were supposed not to possess the number of slaves deemed necessary to an easy dependence.

Thus it was that, in a world whose greatest necessity was labor, we of the Southern States were earnestly defending and maintaining a system of labor whose legal status was ignorance, and whose social impression was that labor was the badge of a slave, entailing a sort of social degradation, while idleness was the lucky fate of a gentleman, entitled to social excellence. Many of our "best society" would have deemed it a scandal to have been suspected of being capable of discharging the simplest functions of many necessary labors.

So, again, our politics became absorbed, passionately absorbed, with issues involving slavery; and those theories of our government, with the maintenance of which the existence and protection of slavery were supposed to be intertwined, became the specialty of our statesmanship. Here, indeed, we produced long, learned, and able disquisitions, combined with logical power and exhibitions of oratory such as no people ever surpassed, and thus most abundantly demonstrated that Southern intellectual capabilities were equal to any task. But what real permanent progress have these made for us? Take our most distinguished statesmen of this generation; exclude from their works those portions devoted to slavery and the theory of government alluded to, and pray tell me what is left?

Where are our Bacons, our Newtons, or Blackstones, or Burkes, who, by labors long and vigils many, have wrought out theories of government, codes of law, and revelations of science, applicable alike to all people and blessing all conditions of mankind? Nay, where are even our Storeys, Bancrofts, and our Noah Websters? There are many whom the ghost of our dead civilization may justly call champions, her champions; but how many have we whom living, growing civilizations will honor as victors in the world's field of thought? Then, turning our attention to those fields of thought and of progress which I have described, as peculiarly distinguishing the civilizations of other peoples, and where are our trophies—any trophies for us?

It has been said the South was intended by nature to be only an agricultural country. This is one of the sickening excuses of slavery. But concede it, and the question recurs with terrible force, What have we done in agriculture save to wear away our soils by the application of ignorant muscle? Do the millions of acres of land originally fertile, now deserted, as barren, given up to sedge-grass and clump-pines, attest the skill of ignorant slave labor in this its chosen field? If this were the only field for slave labor—and it was certainly a rich gift from nature—how vigorously has slavery been destroying it.

But why did God pile up our mountains and fill them with coal and iron and all metals and minerals if He did not intend us to be a mining and mechanical people? Why did He send through every neighborhood the finest of earth's streams with inexhaustible water powers, if he did not intend us to be a manufacturing people? Why did He dig along our shores such magnificent harbors, and give us productions which exceed all others in commercial value, if He did not intend us to be a commercial people? Nay, God has given us every element of progress possessed by any other people, and to none has He given them in greater profusion. But they all lie unimproved, because labor, by which alone they can be utilized, has been degraded as a thing of muscle, meet to belong to the slave, and not honored as the God-intended means by which educated genius and skill should convert everything into power.

So, too, while our native labor was thus kept by law, by ignorance, and by consequent social distinctions, incapable of developing our physical resources, the educated skill of other countries, in great measure, declined to abide among and work for a people with whom labor was the fate of the slave and the aversion of a gentleman. For every one of these who was willing to make his home among us, and work up our raw material on the spot, there were ten who preferred hastily to gather up that raw material and freight it away, and then freight back a portion of the manufactured result for our use, with all charges added. Thus, our inexhaustible natural resources seem to exhibit the more glaringly our inability, under our system of labor, to convert them into things of wealth, use, and power.

When controversy over slavery lately culminated in war, our enemies had only to shut up the South from the outside world most effectually to exclude her from all modern facilities for conducting that war. In this condition, thrown upon our own strength, we found ourselves unable to manufacture those facilities. Every raw material we possessed in abundance, but we had neither the machinery to make that material available, nor the skilled labor to make or operate that machinery, save only in the persons of a few who were educated in other countries and consented to cast in their lots with us. We were reduced to the necessity of trusting to the skill and daring of bold adventurers, stimulated with promises of great rewards, to elude the wary sentinels of wrath in the darkness, to bring in a scant supply of munitions of war, and of even clothing to hide the nakedness of our troops. One of the most remarkable features of our struggle, without a parallel in historic civilized annals, was that our soldiers often resorted to the most courageous strategy to capture enemies, desiring less the enemy than their improved weapons of war; and often did it happen that our brave sons threw away the inferior arms in which they began the fight, and rearmed themselves, in the raging midst thereof, with the better arms taken from the foe.

If, before the war, the Southern States had kept pace with the world in physical progress and scientific schools, they would have been invincible by any foe which the enemy could have sent against them.

We failed, but not for want of skilled leaders. These we had, and human annals never furnished their superiors. Not for the want of courageous armies; for these, too, we had, and human conflicts never marshalled braver for battle. We had learned counselors, able generals, gallant soldiers, and an earnest people, all stimulated with the belief that independence, liberty, and hope hung upon the issue of the struggle; but we had not these physical elements of power which modern sciences and skilled labor have fashioned, and without which it is now vain to make war, and therefore we failed. In the right for which we fought was the weakness by which we fell.

In fine, it is no extravagance of thought nor straining of language to affirm that for two generations Southern progress, Southern development, and Southern power have been in bondage to the negro, and Southern failure, Southern dependence, and Southern sorrow are the heavy penalties we suffer for that bondage. For more than thirty years Southern genius, with all its glorious natural pride of Promethean daring and venture, has been chained by some offended god of jealous vengeance to this solid rock of slavery, and vultures have preyed upon it.

'Tis loosed! We inquire not how, whether by fate or by folly; whether in right or in hate; nor whether the human agency was wicked in purpose and cruel in manner; we thank thee, God, for the fact—'Tis loosed.

Understanding now the causes of our shortcomings hitherto, the next question is, by what means shall our situation be improved? Suddenly and without remedy slavery has been abolished. The peculiar civilization wrought by slavery must perish with it, and a great proportion of the labors of the South, being mere supports and results of that civilization, must perish too. But does it follow that Southern genius, Southern prosperity and the Southern people must perish also? Are we to admit that our deficiencies were attributable to the governing race of the South rather than to the want of skill and efficiency in our system of labor? The attempt to locate the cause of our failure to advance in population, wealth, and power, in the laws of immigration, by parallels of latitude, and in the exclusive adaptedness of the South to agriculture, will not convince. The truth is, immigrants coming from free countries did not follow parallels, but followed systems, habits, and feelings, and avoided slavery; and negro slave labor was chiefly confined to agriculture, because it did not possess the skill and intelligence needed for educated industries. Let us see plainly the cause, and let us apply vigorously the remedy. If this generation bestir themselves, we shall soon find that only our fetters have been broken, and the day of unequaled greatness and prosperity will dawn and brighten to glorious and lasting noon in the South.

All our natural advantages, damaged only by a worn soil, ignorantly worked, remain in all their freshness and plenty. We must utilize them. And that we may utilize them we must honor, elevate, and educate labor. And to this end we must establish schools of science, and train our children to business and callings other than law, medicine, and theology.

If our own people shall not be educated, and thus enabled to appropriate and convert into power and wealth the natural resources we possess, other educated peoples will now come in and appropriate them, and the original Southern population and their descendants will indeed perish with slavery, or will sink into a condition of inferiority and dependence more galling and ignoble than death or exile.

The first step of upward progress is to build up our universities. From these education must reach the masses. Our own sons must be taught to build and operate machinery. Furnaces and foundries, studios, and workshops must be as honorable and abundant as the offices of the learned professions, and they must be filled with our own children, made experts in our own schools of science. Then population will also flow in from other States and countries, and in a form not to displace or dominate over us but only to add to our strength. Then wealth will increase, homes will multiply, power become a fact and not a theory, and then, and not till then, we shall see and feel, taking bodily shape and form, those tantalizingly perplexing myths after which we have so long vainly grasped—State sovereignty, and State independence!

And what shall we do with the negro? He is still among us. His capacities still form a problem. But our duty is plain, and our interest is equally plain. We must do all in our power to educate, elevate, protect, and advance the negro. If his capabilities prove sufficient to enable us to promote him into an intelligent laborer, the country will reap the benefit. If he prove insufficient we shall have demonstrated the fact, and others will take his place. We must have an educated labor. We must have multiplied industries. We must have schools of agriculture, of commerce, of manufactures, of mining, of technology; and we must have them as sources of power and respectability, and in all our own sons must be qualified to take the lead and point the way.

Let us now apply the views presented to our own State, to our own University, and deduce our duties to both. No portion of the habitable globe surpasses Georgia in natural gifts. In coal, iron, and metals she equals Pennsylvania. In timber and water power for machinery she exceeds, beyond computation, Massachusetts. In capacity to sustain population she is greater than New York, and in value and variety of her productions and the genial healthfulness of her climate she is excelled by no equal area of the earth's surface. Those wise men, therefore, who, in 1787, predicted the superior growth of the Southern States in wealth, population, and power, were certainly not unreasonable in reference to our own State. Then why, with such vastly superior natural gifts, is Georgia so far behind each of the States mentioned, and, indeed, so far behind other younger and smaller States not mentioned? Only because the art and skill which utilize natural advantages have been applied there, and have not been applied here. We have looked almost exclusively to the negro slave as our laborer. We have by law, even, kept the negro an ignorant laborer. We have thus fixed a social brand on labor itself, and have thus made it promotive of social caste to be able to live idly, and one of the greatest misfortunes, entailing a sort of social exclusion, to be compelled to labor. This system has rendered our own people unwilling and unqualified to multiply our fields of industry, and this same system has kept away the educated laborers of other countries. The result is that almost the only field of labor occupied in our State is that one of agriculture supposed to be adapted to the capacities of the uneducated negro slave, and in that field we find our natural strength greatly lessened by the perpetual wear of ignorant muscle, instead of being, as in the States mentioned, improved by educated skill. We have not only refused to mine our metals and give employment to our water powers, but we have been cutting down and burning up our forests; we have so stirred our soils that the rain which kindly came to fructify them were compelled cruelly to wash them away; we have converted into the flesh and bones of the slaves the wealth which God placed in our hands, and then carried off the slaves west to repeat the process; and in all the natural elements of agricultural wealth we are weaker to-day than we were in 1787. Now, this process cannot continue. Our coal and iron will not always sleep in the shallow earth because we think it unbecoming the social position of an educated gentleman to wake them up and lift them out. Our magnificent trees will not always grow and fall and decay because our young men think the style of a gentleman is a soft hand in a kid glove. Nor will the educated laborers of other States and countries always, or even much longer, send here and freight away, at great expense and labor, our raw material to foreign shops for manufacture. No, that supposed necessity which enacted the law that labor, as a thing of muscle, must be kept ignorant, has been swept away. Its consequences, social and otherwise, must cease. The time is coming, and now is, when professional gentlemen will not be regarded as the only class of occupied society who need a first-class education, and who may compete with the more fortunate idle in social excellence and matrimonial preference. Whether we educate them or not, and whether in the persons of our own children or not, the practical geologist, the mineralogist, the chemist, the miner, the manufacturer, the machinist, the mechanic, the engineer, the artisan, the earnest alumni of all schools of applied science, with diplomas in their pockets, are all to inhabit and will inhabit and work and build up this State so favored with rich gifts and spreading fields for all.

Our tired soil will strike up a song like unto Miriam's, when it feels the touch of accomplished skill. Our ores will leap from their beds, and in ringing mirth make and feel active machinery. Our flowers and plants will load the air with merry fragrance as they yield their hidden essences to heal and to comfort. Our waterfalls, wearied with the solos of centuries, will join in musical duets with the shuttle and loom. Our pine and oak, and walnut and cypress, will take every form of beauty and every shape for use. Our fields, renewed like a strong man from his couch of fever, will yield tenfold sheaves for our garners. Our wilderness will be filled with cottages; our villages will grow into cities, and our cities will enlarge their borders and increase their spires; and our harbors will proudly ride the ships of the whole earth, bearing away the products of mine and fields, and shop and factory, ready wrought into everything of ornament and value.

And I tell you, nay, in the earnest words of one whose very soul feels the pressing weight of the utterance, I warn you this day, that they who work these results will govern in this country. If the present gives sure prognosis of anything in the future, if the examples of other countries like developed teach any lesson, it is that the physical and scientific developments of this country will fix the character of our institutions, and furnish the rulers of our people. Progressive civilization has issued its new decree. Professional men shall have rivals for the seats of power; and those rivals are the devoted children of applied science, the educated leaders of labor, who hold in their grasp the ever-enlarging fields which employ, improve, and control mankind.

The only question is, whether our children or the children of others shall occupy these fields and be these rulers. They will be occupied, and by rulers. God never gave this Southern country so many rich gifts to lie forever unappropriated. Those who know their value will not permit them to remain forever useless when all the world needs them. We must answer the question. Will we, like wise fathers, like thinking, educated citizens, wake up to the full realization of the new civilization that is now throwing its light in floods upon us, and provide for our children and people the facilities by which they may retain the possessions they occupy? Shall we teach them to pine away or fret to exhaustion for imaginary treasures hopelessly lost rather than how to reach out their hands and gather richer real treasures piled up all around them?

The beginning of all improvement in Georgia lies in the enlargement of our system of education. Education is like water; to fructify, it must descend. Pour out floods at the base of society, and only at the base, and it will saturate, stagnate, and destroy. Pour it out on the summit, and it will quietly and constantly percolate and descend, germinating every seed, feeding every root, until over the whole area, from summit to base, will spring "the tender blade and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear."

The first necessary step in any educational system, and the first, the highest, the holiest duty now pressing upon every Georgian, is to build up this University. This is our summit. This is the Ararat on which the ark that bears all that is left of our old civilization must rest from the storms and waves of revolution, and send out the life and strength and hope of a better civilization, which shall not again be destroyed.

In organizing a complete university I would, in the first place, preserve a full and rigid college curriculum for all who desire a strictly classical and literary education. I would then add polytechnic schools with courses of study, abstract and applied. I would provide every facility to make and accomplish the universal scholar and the special expert. Nothing desirable or useful in knowledge should be better or more thoroughly and cheaply acquirable elsewhere. I would have teaching by lectures, by recitations, and by experiments; examinations, individual and class, oral and written. In the next place I would make tuition free in every department of the university. I would pull down the toll-gates which bar the passage of light; and knowledge should go to the ignorant mind as air goes to the tired lungs, and water to the parched lips. Every father in Georgia should be taught to feel and be made to rejoice that his son has a patrimony in the University of his State. And not only this, I would provide for the proper selection from every portion of the State of the promising children of orphanage and indigence, who should find here that parental kindness and smile of fortune which would secure food and raiment, with education. I would establish systems of scholarship and fellowships, and would require their recipients to distribute throughout the State the blessings they had thus received from the State. We have had in the past, nominally, a University *of* Georgia, and I would have in the future really a University *for* Georgia. The field of power and glory opened by this thought for our State in one generation is rich and inviting, but too broad for exploration to-day.

Let it not be objected that a system like this would require means. Education is the one subject for which no people ever yet paid too much. Indeed, the more they pay the richer they become. Nothing is so costly as ignorance, and nothing so cheap as knowledge. Even under old civilizations the States and people who provided the greatest educational opportunities were always the most wealthy, the most powerful, the most feared and respected by others, and the most secure in every right of person and property among themselves. And this truth will be tenfold more manifest in the future than it has been in the past. The very right arm of all future national power will rest in the education of the people. Modern civilizations mock any extent of brute force in the hands of ignorance. Power is leaving thrones and is taking up its abode in the intelligence of the subjects. Liberty, weakened with perpetual treacheries, and worn out with constant alarms for her safety in the forms of government, will soon find no abiding home save in the intelligence of the people. Modern physical sciences are writing many changes in the long established maxims of political economy. Capital no longer patronizingly employs labor, but enlightened labor takes capital by the hands and directs it where and when and how it should be invested. Industry—educated industry—has taken possession of the inexhaustible stores of nature, and of nature's forces, is daily lifting up her hands, full of all new inventions; is filling the earth with her instruments of elevation and improvement; is grasping continents and binding the nations in a bundle, and with right royal confidence, is bidding kings and rulers, empire, and republics obey.

I affirm to-day that the wealth and the power and the security and success of existing nations are exactly measured by the standards and extent of their educational systems, and that those nations possess the highest standards, and the most efficient and widely diffused systems of education, which have devoted the largest means and taken the greatest pride in endowing and enlarging their universities. What is, and long has been, the secret of the power of England? You will say her well balanced government, her almost perfect administration of law, her navy, her material improvements, her vast industries, her educated people, and her experts in every known science. But whence come those who maintain that well-balanced government; who administer her laws; who build and command her navy; who multiply her industries; who develop her resources, and who gather tribute for old England from everything and everywhere? There stands the grand answer—Cambridge and Oxford. And is England wasteful, or unwise, or oppressive upon her people because upon each one of these she annually bestows two millions of dollars?

Prussia annually appropriates to nine of her universities more than one million thalers. Need I tell you now that the victories of Sadowa and of Sedan were won in the school-rooms and the workshops? It was educated artillery to which Austria so readily curtsied, and before the approach of which France, haughty France, lifted her crown, yielded her capital, and bowed in humility. What would become of the statesmanship of Gladstone and Bismarck if they moved to discontinue these universities on the ground that they were costly?

Let us look nearer home! Massachusetts has one university with an endowment of over two millions of dollars. Connecticut possesses one with an endowment of over one million. New York contains two universities with an aggregate endowment of over six millions of dollars. The universities of the North, and chiefly of New England, have lately received appropriations amounting to nine millions. The University of Georgia has received not one dollar. Even the small pittance she receives annually from the State is only the interest on funds she turned over to the State for a safe investment! Of twenty-two observatories in the United States, only two are south of the Potomac. Both of these were erected by Northern gentlemen, and neither is now in use. Even some of the new States, more than a century our juniors in age, have given a hundredfold more than Georgia to establish and endow their universities and industrial schools.

But these Northern States are all rich and we are poor! They are strong and we are weak! Yes, and therefore is it so. And if the same process shall continue, they will grow richer and we poorer, they stronger and we weaker! We have theorized about rights, and have degraded labor with ignorance to preserve rights. They have worked for power, and have educated labor to secure power. The result is, we have scarcely any right or power, while they have population, wealth, rights, and powers, and every means of maintaining and increasing them.

And were we ready for independence? Were we not deceived as to the real source of our weakness, and also as to the extent of that weakness? With every natural resource, but with no art or skilled labor to render them available, is it wonderful that we failed? Rather is it not the world's marvel, that individual skill, social pride, and almost unarmed courage were able to sustain the unequal struggle so long? If we had won the acknowledgment of our political independence, would we not have been compelled to send among our late enemies for an architect to plan and build a capitol for the new nation; and even for men of science to lead us into our own hills and mountains, to show us the power sleeping there, and how that power could be aroused and made valuable in peace and mighty in war?

The people of Georgia annually send to other States and countries for very many articles which they possess in greater abundance at home. Educated industries at the North take our raw materials, apply to them their skill and art, and resell them to our people increased in value—some thirty, some sixty, and some five hundredfold! If one-fourth the sum expended in any one year by the people of this State for either one of several of these imported articles, were set apart as an endowment fund for this University, every school of science taught at the North or in England or in Prussia could be at once established here; tuition could be made free; a system of education covering the State could be inaugurated and carried into effect, and the result would be that the next generation of our own educated sons would find those same articles here, would supply our own people with tenfold the quantity they are now able to import and at less cost, and would have a large surplus remaining for export, as articles of commercial value to the North and to England and to Prussia.

No period in the history and the fortunes of our State was ever half so critical as the present. And in this anxious hour—this crisis of her fate—to whom shall the State look with hope if not to her own educated sons? On whom shall this loved University now lean with faith, if not on her own alumni? Gentlemen, we cannot escape the responsibility pressing upon us. If we prove unequal to our duties now, then a State, with every natural gift but worthy sons, appropriated by others, and a University fallen in the midst of her own listless, unheeding children, must be the measure of our shame in the future. But if we prove equal to these duties now, then a State surpassed by none in wealth, worth, and power, with the University made immortal for her crown, will be the glory that is waiting to reward our ambition. And we shall escape this shame and win this glory if we now fully comprehend and manfully act upon three propositions:—

1. That the civilization peculiar to the Southern States hitherto has passed away, and forever.

2. That no new civilization can be equal to the de-

mands of the age which does not lay its foundations in the intelligence of the people, and in the multiplication and social elevation of educated industries.

3. That no system of education for the people, and for the multiplication and elevation of the industries, can be complete, or efficient, or available, which does not begin with an ample, well-endowed, and independent university.

These three postulates embody the trinity of all our hope as a people. Here the work of recovery must begin, and in this way alone, and by you alone, can it be begun.

The educated men of the South, of this generation, must be responsible for the future of the South. The educated men of Georgia now before me must be responsible for the future of Georgia. That future will be anything you now command. From every portion of this dear old commonwealth there comes this day an earnest, anxious voice to you, saying, shall we command or shall we serve? Shall we rise, or shall we fall yet lower? Shall we live, or shall we die? Gathering in my own the voices of you all, and with hearts resolved and purposes fixed, I send back the gladdening response: We shall live! We shall rise! We shall command!

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

THE PULPIT IN MODERN LIFE

[Oration by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, preacher and author, minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1899 (born in Magnolia, Iowa, September 2, 1858; ———), delivered before the University of Chicago, January 4, 1899.]

Having lingered long in foreign climes and countries, Plutarch returned home to affirm that he had found cities without walls, without literature, without coin or kings; peoples who knew not the forum, the theater, or gymnasium; "but," added the traveler, "there never was, nor shall there ever be, a city without temple, church, or chapel." Since Plutarch's time many centuries have come and gone, yet for thoughtful men the passing years have only strengthened the conviction that not until cities are hung in the air, instead of founded upon rock, can the ideal commonwealth be established or maintained without foundations of morals and religion. Were it possible for the ancient traveler to come forth from his tomb, and, moving slowly down the aisles of time, to step foot into the scene and city midst which we now do dwell, he would find that, in the influence of religious teachers upon liberty, literature, art, and industry, that would fully justify the reassertion of the conviction expressed so many centuries ago. Indeed, many students of the rise and reign of the common people make the history of social progress to be very largely the history of those teachers who have lifted up before men Christian ideals and principles, as beacon lights for the human race.

Standing before the Cathedral of Wittenberg, Jean Paul uncovered his head and said, "The story of the German

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language and literature is the story of Martin Luther's pulpit." Webster through stately oration, Rufus Choate through impassioned address, James Anthony Froude through polished essay, have alike affirmed that the town-meeting and our representative government go back to that little pulpit in the Swiss city of Geneva. In the realm of literature, also, it is highly significant that Macaulay and Morley declare that Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson received their literary instrument as a free gift from those monks named Cædmon and Bede, and those pastors who gave us the King James version of the Bible. Modern sermons may have become "dry as dust," yet the time was when the English pulpit united the functions of lecture-hall and library, newspaper and book. For the beginning of our Saxon speech, Müller and Whitney take us back to the cloisters and chapels of old England. But Addison affirmed that the sermons of two preachers, Tillotson and Barrow, were the standards of perfection in English writing, and projected a dictionary that had for its authority the words and phrases used in the writings of these two preachers, who, the essayist thought, had shaped English speech and literature. Lord Chatham once referred the dignity and eloquence of his style to the fact that he had committed to memory the sermons of the same Barrow.

In our own land, speaking of the pleas for patriotism and liberty that were heard in the pulpits of New England just before the Revolution, Emerson said the Puritan pulpits were "the springs of American liberty." While in the realm of education, Horace Mann notes the fact that one pastor in New Hampshire trained one hundred men for the learned professions, and another country pastor one hundred and fifty students, including Ezekiel and Daniel Webster.

Great, indeed, has been the influence of war, politics, commerce, law, science, government; yet we must also confess that the pulpit has been one of the great forces in social progress. Be the reasons what they may, the prophets of yesterday are still the social leaders of to-day. To-morrow Moses will reënter his pulpit, and pronounce judgment, and control verdicts in every court of this city. To-morrow, as Germans, we will utter the speech that

Luther fashioned for us, or as Saxons use the idioms that Wycliffe and Bunyan taught our fathers. To-morrow the groom and bride will set up their altars, and, kindling the sacred fires of affection, they will found their home upon Paul's principle, "The greatest of these is love." To-morrow the citizen will exercise his privilege of free thought and speech, and recall Guizot's words, "Democracy crossed over into Europe in the little boat that brought Paul." To-morrow educators will reread the Sermon on the Mount and seek to make rich the schools for the little ones who bear God's image. To-morrow we shall find that the great arts that enrich us were themselves made rich by teachers of the Christian religion. For great thoughts make great thinkers. Eloquent orators do not discuss petty themes. The woes of India lent eloquence to Burke. Paradise lent beauty to Dante, and strength to Milton. The Madonna lent loveliness to the brush of Raphael. It was the majesty of him "whom the heaven of heavens could not contain" that lent sublimity to the Cathedral of Angelo and Bramante.

Christ's ideal of immortality lent sweetness to Handel, and victory to his oratorio. It was the golden rule, also, that shotted the cannons of freedom against the citadel of slavery and servitude. "The economic and political struggles of modern society," says the great English economist, "are in the last analysis religious struggles—their sole solution, the life and teachings of Jesus Christ set forth through the human voice." In his celebrated argument in the Girard College case, Daniel Webster reviewed the upward progress of society, and asked this question: "Where have the life-giving waters of civilization ever sprung up, save in the track of the Christian ministry?" Having expressed the hope that American scholars had done something for the honor of literature abroad; that our courts of justice had, to a little degree, exalted the law; that the orations in Congress had tended to extend and secure the charter of human rights, the great statesman added these words: "But I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has ever been done or said in favor of the great interests of universal man, has done this country more credit at home and abroad than our body of clergymen." Weightier or more unqualified testimony was never pronounced. Whatever the future may hold for the pulpit, the past, at least, is secure!

Having affirmed the influence of the pulpit in early and ignorant eras, some writers now declare the pulpit has entered upon a decline, and predict its final decay. In this age of books and papers, men question the need of moral instruction through the voice. Let us confess that never before have the instruments for happiness been so numerous or so accessible. The modern devices for increasing knowledge are now so artful and insistent, the very atmosphere of life is so charged with information, as almost to compel wisdom in the intelligent, and forbid illiteracy in the stupid. For the training of reason, the printing-presses toil day and night. For the training of the practical sense, science has increased books and stuffed the shelves with knowledge.

For the training of taste and imagination, the artist, printer, and photographer have united for multiplying pictures, until without expense or travel the youth can behold the faces of earth's greatest men, visit distant cities and historic civilization. Never before have educators done so much for child life and culture. As soon as the babe can walk, the kindergarten stands forth to allure the little feet into the temple of knowledge. For youth also the public schools have become so powerful and so rich that private schools find it difficult to live under their eaves. New forms of education also are developing. There are schools that train the hand to use the tool, train the arm toward self-support, fit the boy for business in the office or store, lend skill in laying the foundations of the bridge, or springing the truss over some building. Technical schools have arisen, teaching the use and control of the electric forces, the extraction of iron from crude ores, the changing of poisons into balms and remedies, the extraction of oils and medicines from the refuse of coal and wood. Commerce and trade, too, have become so complex that their mastery involves a liberal education.

The youth who has sharp eyes and a hungry mind can now have culture without college. He who handles cotton goods or silk or wool, and traces the rich texture back to the looms that wove them, ponders the mechanical devices that embroidered faces and flowers upon the silk, studies the dyes by which the white wool has become crimson or black, will find that each step lends knowledge. In all ages, life has been a university, and events have been teachers, but never before to the same degree as to-day. Indeed, the youth who in the morning goes forth to his task and walking along watches the method by which the streets are paved, the devices for lighting and draining them, the means by which the taxes are raised and streets paid for; who enters the street-car to journey backward in thought and note how the rude ox-cart has become the palace-car; who enters the market-place and the forum, to buy and sell and master the devices of production and distribution, will find that knowledge comes streaming in from every side. And to all these indirect instruments of culture must be added the new inventions called "culture clubs." Recently a traveler in Scotland, standing upon a mountain cliff overlooking the sea, found himself in great danger. It seems that the gardener desired to beautify even the steep cliffs and precipices. Loading his double-barreled shotgun with seeds of flowers and vines, he fired the seeds up into the crevices of the rocks. Now otherwise, for men and women who have a few moments for rest between the hours, has life become dangerous. To-day, one can scarcely turn round the street corner without running into the president of some new culture club, who straightway empties into the victim two volleys of talk about some wisdom, old or new. The old shotgun is less dangerous than the new club.

Nor must it be forgotten that practical life itself is a university. The use of fire and wind and water; the avoidance of stones and animals and poisons; the mastery of the body, so as to maintain perfect health and high-pressure brain action without nerve-injury; the development of skill in carrying one's faculties through the home, the store, and the street; the gaining of one's livelihood—all these are instruments divinely ordained for the culture of the mind, and for the increase of knowledge and wisdom. And in this age, when ignorance is a luxury that only idiots can afford, and knowledge is universal, many have come to feel that the pulpit is a waning force. It is said that the teaching function has been superseded by the press, by books, and magazines; that the ethical ideas of Christ are now so fully developed as to be organized into institutions, becoming automatic, and therefore no longer needing a special voice for their enunciation. John said of heaven, "There shall be no temple there," nor shall any teacher need to say, Know the Lord, for all shall know him. And many have risen up to-day who assert that the pulpit of yesterday has made unnecessary the pulpit of to-morrow; that Christianity has now been organized into our social, domestic, economic, and political institutions, thereby becoming self-publishing. Those kind-hearted persons who once wept lest the loom and the engine should destroy the working people are now engaged in shedding a few tears over the pulpit, soon to be sadly injured by the press, the magazines, and books.

Thoughtful men are not troubled lest some agency arise to dispossess the pulpit. In the last analysis, preaching is simply an extension of that universal function called conversation. It represents an attempt so to bring the truth to bear upon conduct and character as to cleanse the reason, sweeten the affections, and lend inspiration to imagination; so as to strengthen conscience and refine the moral sentiment. The foundation of all moral instruction is in the family, where children are influenced, not by attractions, but by the truth manifest in the voice of the father and the mother, who create an atmosphere about the child. Socrates came speaking, as did Plato and Paul, as did the world's Savior; and, so long as man remains man, preaching will remain, not as a luxury, but as the necessity of man's existence. So far from books doing away with the influence of the voice, they seem rather to increase it. In ages when there were no books, men sat silent in the cell or were dumb by the hearthstone. Now that a new book is published, like "The Memoirs of Tennyson," or "Equality," by Bellamy, or "The Christian," by Caine, these books, instead of ending conversation upon the themes in question, seem rather to open the flood-gates of speech, so that a thousand readers break forth into discussion who before were dumb. Great is the power of books! Wonderful the influence of the press! But the printing-press is only a patent drill that goes forth to sow the land with the great seed of civilization. But while the drill may scatter the wheat upon the cold ground, it may not pour warmth about the frozen clods or shed forth the refreshing dew or rain. When the living man called Luther or Whitefield or Wesley or Beecher or Brooks shines forth, then the mind lends warmth to frigid natures, calls down dew and rain upon the newly sown seed, lends light and inspiration to dull and sodden natures.

Should Plato reappear to-morrow in some hall, he need not fear lest the books have dispossessed him of his mission. A book is simply the mummy of a soul. A library is a graveyard where intellects are confined. A printed page catches and holds the passing thought and mood. Strawberries in June quickly pass, and housewives preserve them until winter. Thus books are preserved souls. Through his works Schopenhauer has pickled himself in salt brine, just as "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is Holmes preserved in the sweetness of sugar. The photographer makes a copy of Juliet, but pictures will never lead Romeo to resign the sweet girl. When books on the bringing up of children make mothers unnecessary, then the press will begin to interfere with the moral teachers. It is indeed given to the printed page to teach the truth regarding axioms, or the nature of solids and fluids, but even then the laboratory strengthens the book. But, so far as moral truth is concerned, the truth is never the full truth until it is organized into personality, and flashes in the eye or thrills in the voice, or glows in the reason, or guides through sound judgment. And so long as life is full of strife and conflict, so long as men are the children of misfortune, adversity, and defeat; so long as troubles roll over the earth like sheeted storms; so long as dark minds need light and inspiration, and the pilgrim band, floundering through the wilderness, needs a leader, and a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, will religion remain the guide, the hope, the friend, and support of the people.

Preaching is man-making, man-mending, and character-building. On the one side it is a science—the science of the development of all the powers, animal, mental, moral, and social; the subordination of the lower impulses to the higher faculties, the symmetry and harmonization of all, The genius of preaching is truth in personality. Mighty is the written word of God, but the word never conquered until it was " made flesh." Truth in the book is crippled. Truth in the intellectual system is a skeleton. Truth in personality is life and power. Always the printed philosophy is less than the speaking philosopher. Wallace and Bruce had their power over the clansmen, not by written orders, but by riding at the head of the host. By the torch of burning speech Peter and Bernard kindled the ardor of crusaders. When to Luther's thought was added Luther's personality, Germany was freed. Savonarola's arguments were brought together in a solid chain of logic, but it has been said that his flaming heart made the chain of logic to be " chain lightning." The printed truth cuts with a sharp edge, the spoken truth burns as well as cuts. Men have indeed been redeemed by the truth in black ink on white paper, but the truth quadruples its force when it is bound up in nerves, muscles, and sinews. The soul may be taught by travel, books, friends, occupation. Yet these truths stand in the outer court of the soul. It is not given to them to enter into the secret holy of holies, where the hidden life doth dwell. Preaching is plying men with the eternal principles of duty and destiny, so as to give warmth to the frigid, wings to the dull and low-flying, clarity to reason, accuracy to moral judgment, force to aspiration, and freedom to faith. Truth is the arrow, but speech is the bow that sends it home.

The nature and functions of preaching grow out of the divine method of education and growth for men. God governs rocks by gravity, bees by instinct, trees by those grooves called natural laws. Man governs his locomotive by two rails, and the flanges upon the side of the wheel. But man, made in God's image, is the child of liberty, and God governs the pilgrim host through moral teachers, into whose minds great truths are dropped from heaven, and these men are sent on before the advancing multitude, to lead them away from the slough, to guide them out of the wilderness, and open up some spring in the desert. It is possible to enrich dead things from the outside. Soft wood may be veneered with mahogany, nickel may be coated with silver, and silver-plated with gold, but living things must be developed from the inside.

Would the gardener have a rich flush upon the rose? Let him feed the roots. Would the mother have the bloom of beauty upon the cheek of the child? Let her feed the babe with good food, and the pure blood on the inside will lend the rosy tint to the cheek on the outside. Men cannot be made wise or strong or moral by exterior laws or agencies. There are two ways to help a thriftless man. One is to build him a house and place him therein. The other is to inspire in him the sense of industry, economy, and ambition, and then he will build his own house. All tools, books, pictures, laws, on the outside, begin with ideas on the inside. Inspire the reason, and man will fill the library with books. Wake up the taste and imagination in young men, and they will fill the galleries with pictures. Stir the springs of justice, and men will go forth to cleanse iniquities and right wrongs. Quicken the inventive faculty, and men will create tools and machines. It is as useless to seek to make men good or wise by law as to adorn leafless trees by tying wax flowers to bare branches. The time was when men talked about being clothed with righteousness and character, as if God were a wholesale goods merchant, and kept great bales of integrity, and cut off a new suit for each poor sinner. But righteousness and character are not made for man on the outside. Love, joy, justice represent something done with man on the inside. Our politicians talk about over-production. In reality our industrial troubles are based upon under-hunger. If we could open up a hundred mouths in each living man, the cry of over-production would cease. The slave had only three mouths. He wanted a loaf, a cotton garment, a little tobacco. Therefore he bought little, manufacturing languished, and the slave States became poor.

But as the free laborer became educated, he wanted variety in foods, variety in clothes, wanted books, pictures, comforts, conveniences, and he bought widely, and all the Northern factories were busy day and night to supply his hundredfold hunger. Could we by sudden fiat of education open up a score of new wants and hungers through the quickening of the soul within, the new spiritual awakening would appear in a thousand forms of industry and occupation. The great spiritual principles of Jesus Christ are the most powerful stimulants to material civilization that the world has ever seen. It is said that Shakespeare's poetry brings thousands of visitors to Stratford every year. His poetry indirectly has created more wealth for the people of Stratford than any of the factories or looms in that thriving city. It is still an open question whether Wycliffe with his translation of the Scriptures has not done as much for the commerce of England as did Watt when he invented the tools that Wycliffe had first made necessary. Shaftesbury once said that Charles Spurgeon, without discussing problems of government, had done more for social reform and progress than any statesman of his era.

In former ages and generations doubtless men have needed to come in from the field and factory, store and street, and, coming together in one spot, have sought to cleanse the grime from their garments, to sharpen the spiritual faculties, to cast out selfishness, to test the deeds of life by Christ's principles, just as an artist, when his eye is jaded, tests the blue tint by the sapphire or the red by the ruby. But in these days many believe that church-going is no longer obligatory; that sermons have lost their juice and freshness, and having gone to church once in a month, they feel that they have placed the Almighty under everlasting obligations. Gone now a certain sanctity of the Sabbath, a certain reverence for the church, a certain refinement of conscience, a certain clarity and purity of moral judgment. Gone, also, the old era when the beggar was unknown in the little Christian community, when children and youth grew up without ever having beheld a drunkard, a thief, or a murderer, and when the door of the house or the granary had no lock or bar. Now one-half of the community never crosses the threshold of a church, either Catholic or Protestant. Multitudes, also, decline the moral obligations, and there has come a time when the poorhouse overflows, when the jails are full, when judges must work day and night to overtake the criminals.

Well has a great editor just said that this republic needs tools and culture less than it needs a revival of the moral imperative. From the view-point of the publicist, this writer expresses the wish that for a long time this nation might have two Sundays a week, for toning up its jaded moral sense. A great multitude of our people have laid the ten commandments on the table by a two-thirds majority. Indeed, they seem to have written and revised the old commandments so that they now read: Thou shalt have gods of self and ease and pleasure before me; thou shalt worship thine own imaginations as to houses and goods and business, and bow down and serve them; thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to see to it that all its hours are given to sloth and lounging and stuffing the body with rich foods, leaving the children of sorrow and ignorance to perish in their sodden misfortune; thou shalt kill and slay men by doing as little as possible thyself, and squeezing as much as possible out of others. Thou shalt look upon loveliness in womanhood to soil it with impurity. Thou shalt steal daily, the employer from the servant, and the servant from his employer, and the devil take the hindmost. Thou shalt get thy livelihood by weaving a great web of falsehoods and sheathing thyself in lies. Thou shalt covet thy neighbor's house to possess it for thyself; thou shalt covet his office and his farm, his goods and his fame, and everything that is his. And to crown all these laws, the devil has added a new commandment—Thou shalt hate thy brother as thou dost hate thyself.

Into this piteous lot have multitudes come. And there is restlessness in the heart, unhappiness in the home, hate in the task, anarchy in the street, whose end is chaos, destruction, and death. Plato has a pre-Christian statement as to the function of preaching, and its relation to social happiness and progress. "The things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living powers of God. Wherefore our battle is immortal. The angels and God fight with us as teachers, and we are their possessions."

In his Yale address ex-President White lamented that young men were turning from the learned professions to enter trade and commerce. Materialism, he thought, was an evil spirit that had given its cup of sorcery to youth, and beguiled them from the paths of noble scholarship and the intellectual life. Gone the poets Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier. Gone the historians Bancroft, Motley, Prescott. Gone the great orators and statesmen. Gone also the era when young men like Channing and Starr King, Swing and Beecher, and Brooks, entered the ministry. And, remembering that in New England the clergymen have founded the academies and colleges, and that in scores of families like the Emersons there had been seven generations of clergymen who had wrought in the pulpit, the lecture-hall, or taken up the pen of author or editor, the great educator predicted disaster would befall our eager American society. But not the emoluments of commerce alone explain the drift of young men away from the ministry. The ministry is not an easy life. No profession makes demands so numerous or so stern upon nerve and brain, upon mind and heart. In former times, when books were scarce, religious newspapers unknown, and knowledge was not universal, preaching was not a difficult task, and it was easily possible for a clergyman to preach a sermon three hours long in the morning and repeat it at night without the congregation recognizing it. Now all the hearers have books and libraries, and the pew of to-day is wiser than the pulpit of yesterday. The time has come when the preacher must be a universal scholar. He must make himself an expert in social reform; master the facts as to illiteracy, vice, and crime; study the tenement-house question; all social movements in connection with settlements and methods of Christian work. He must carry his studies into physiology and hygiene to note how low and abnormal physical conditions affect the conscience and the spiritual state.

Giving up the theological reading with which the clergymen of a former generation have made the people acquainted, he must study history, politics, the rise of law, and free institutions, the movements of art, the history of philosophy, and, above all else, no facts in connection with science must be permitted to escape his notice. For his illustrations he must draw from the sciences of stars and stones and animals and plants. To keep step with his work he must read each month some review that deals with the general plans, like "The Forum" or "The North American Review," the review upon finance, upon reform, upon labor, upon education, upon his own special problems, not forgetting the foreign quarterlies and magazines. In addition to all this, there will be at least a hundred volumes each year that he must go through thoroughly, if possible, or hurriedly, if crowded. There are also public duties and demands. To-day he enters a home in which some woman with little children clinging to her dress and crying bitterly, stands beside a young father, now dying. He returns home to find some youth, the child of poverty and orphanage, but of genius also, who needs help and assistance. When evening falls, there comes the intellectual stress and task, with a thousand duties for which preparation must be made.

Immeasurable the demands upon nerve and brain. Now and then one arises who is called to the ministry by his distant ancestors, whose father loved moral themes, and had a vision and the outlook upon the realm invisible, whose mother had enthusiasm, imagination, and moral sentiment—gateways, these, through which God's angels come trooping—and father and mother, through heredity, call the child to the ministry. For such a one teaching is automatic and preaching is instinctive, and the work itself is medicinal and recuperative. But even upon these men like Robertson and Channing and Bushnell, the mere strain of delivery is such as to send them home from the pulpit in the state of nervous collapse from which they do not recover until Tuesday or Wednesday. With many the recoil dismounts the cannon. In these days no man would be equal to the difficulties of the ministry, were it not the happiest of the professions, bringing its own rewards, carrying medicine to cure its exhaustions.

No other occupation or profession offers such liberty and personal freedom. The politician is a thread caught in the texture of his party and has little freedom. The merchant must buy and sell what the people want, and must serve them. The lawyer must move in the groove digged by the mistake or sin of his client, while the clergyman is freely permitted to teach the great eternal principles of God, and he steers by the stars. Great is the power of the press. But the press writer has no personal contact with the reader; must report things evil often as well as good. Great is the power of the law. But law is litigious, and the jurist must struggle oftentimes for weeks or months to settle some quarrel or correct some injustice, dealing, as Webster said, with negatives oftentimes. Great is the power of the physician. But unfortunately, in influencing his patient, his personality must first of all work upon an abnormal condition, and when the patient is restored to health and ready to receive the physician's personality, his task is done. But this advantage inheres in the ministry. It emphasizes the great positive moralities, it handles the most powerful stimulants the world has ever known—eternal truths. It plies men with divine inspirations. It deals with the greatest themes life holds—God, Christ, conscience, reason, sin, salvation, culture, character, duty, immortal destiny. When all other arts have been secured, it teaches the art of right living. When all other sciences have been mastered, it teaches the science of conduct at home, in the market, and the forum. It puts its stamp, not into wood that will rot, not into iron that will rust, not into colors that will fade, but into the minds and hearts that are immortal. Multiply the honors and emoluments of the other occupations one hundredfold, and they need them all to compensate for the happiness and opportunity of the Christian ministry, seeking to make the church a college for the ignorant, a hospital for hurt hearts, an armory from which man may receive weapons, that opens up springs in life's desert, plants a palm in life's burning sands.

Well did John Ruskin say that the issues of life and death for modern society are in the pulpit. "Precious indeed those thirty minutes by which the teacher tries to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sin, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of the doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded. Thirty minutes to raise the dead in." And he who hath known the joy of encouraging some noble youth who is discouraged; the rapture that comes when one who hath been long snared and held in the cruel trap hath been freed; the joy of feeling that blind eyes have come to see things unseen and deaf ears to hear notes that once were unheard; or hath swung wide some dungeon door to lead forth some prisoner of conscience, will know that there is no profession that conceals such hidden springs, receives such hidden messages, is fed with such buoyancy and happiness as the ministry—the Christian teacher, who brings divine truth to men for God's sake and for man's sake.

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GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

[Address by George F. Hoar, lawyer, statesman, United States Senator from Massachusetts since 1877 (born in Concord, Mass., August 29, 1826; ———), delivered at the banquet of the New England Society of Charleston, S. C., December 22, 1898. The theme and range of discussion mark this oration as an occasional address rather than a typical after-dinner speech, and accordingly it is placed in this department of Modern Eloquence.]

Mr. President:—I need not assure this brilliant company how deeply I am impressed by the significance of this occasion. I am not vain enough to find in it anything of personal compliment. I like better to believe that the ties of common history, of common faith, of common citizenship, and inseparable destiny, are drawing our two sister States together again. If cordial friendship, if warm affection (to use no stronger term), can ever exist between two communities, they should exist between Massachusetts and South Carolina. They were both of the "Old Thirteen." They were alike in the circumstances of their origin. Both were settled by those noble fugitives who brought the torch of liberty across the sea, when liberty was without other refuge on the face of the earth.

The English Pilgrims and Puritans founded Massachusetts, to be followed soon after by the Huguenot exiles who fled from the tyranny of King Louis XIV, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Scotch Presbyterianism founded Carolina, to be followed soon after by the French exiles fleeing from the same oppression. Everywhere in New England are traces of the footsteps of this gentle, delightful, and chivalrous race. All over our six States, to-day, many an honored grave, many a stirring tradition bear witness to the kinship between our early settlers and the settlers of South Carolina. Faneuil Hall, in Boston, which we love to call the Cradle of Liberty, attests the munificence and bears the name of an illustrious Huguenot. These French exiles lent their grace and romance to our history also. Their settlements were like clusters of magnolias in some warm valley in our bleak New England.

We are, all of us, in Massachusetts, reading again the story of the voyage of the "Mayflower," written by William Bradford. As you have heard, that precious manuscript has lately been restored to us by the kindness of his Grace the Lord Bishop of London. It is, in the eyes of the children of the Pilgrims, the most precious manuscript on earth. If there be anything to match the pathos of that terrible voyage, it is found in the story of Judith Manigault, the French Huguenot exile, of her nine months' voyage from England to South Carolina. Her name, I am told, has been honored here in every generation since.

If there be a single lesson which the people of this country have learned from their wonderful and crowded history, it is that the North and South are indispensable to each other. They are the blades of mighty shears, worthless apart, but, when bound by an indissoluble Union, powerful, irresistible, and terrible as the shears of Fate; like the shears of Atropos, severing every thread and tangled web of evil, cutting out for humanity its beautiful garments of Liberty and Light from the cloth her dread sisters spin and weave.

I always delight to think, as I know the people of South Carolina delight to think, of these States of ours, not as mere aggregations of individuals, but as beautiful personalities, moral beings, endowed with moral characters, capable of faith, of hope, of memory, of pride, of sorrow and of joy, of courage, of heroism, of honor, and of shame. Certainly this is true of them. Their power and glory, their rightful place in history, depended on these things, and not on numbers or extent of territory. It is this that justifies the arrangement of the Constitution of the United States for equal representation of States in the upper legislative chamber, and explains its admirable success. The separate entity and the absolute freedom, except for the necessary restraints of the Constitution, of our different States, is the cause alike of the greatness and the security of the country.

The words Switzerland, France, England, Rome, Athens, Massachusetts, South Carolina, Virginia, America, convey to your mind a distinct and individual meaning, and suggest an image of distinct moral quality and moral being as clearly as do the words Washington, Wellington, or Napoleon. I believe it is, and I thank God that I believe it is, something much higher than the average of the qualities of the men who make it up. We think of Switzerland as something better than the individual Swiss, and of France as something better than the individual Frenchman, and of America as something better than the individual American. In great and heroic individual actions we often seem to feel that it is the country, of which the man is but the instrument, that gives expression to its quality in doing the deed.

It was Switzerland who gathered into her breast at Sempach, the sheaf of fatal Austrian spears. It was the hereditary spirit of New England that gave the word of command by the voice of Buttrick, at Concord, and was in the bosom of Parker at Lexington. It was South Carolina whose lightning-stroke smote the invader by the arm of Marion, and whose wisdom guided the framers of the Constitution through the lips of Rutledge, and Gadsden, and Pinckney.

The citizen on great occasions knows and obeys the voice of his country as he knows and obeys an individual voice, whether it appeal to a base or ignoble, or to a generous or noble passion. "Sons of France, awake to glory," told the French youth what was the dominant passion in the bosom of France, and it awoke a corresponding sentiment in his own. Under its spell he marched through Europe and overthrew her kingdoms and empires, and felt in Egypt that forty centuries were looking down on him from the pyramids. But, at last, one June morning in Trafalgar Bay there was another utterance, more quiet in its tone, but speaking also with a personal and individual voice—"England expects every man to do his duty." At the sight of Nelson's immortal signal, duty-loving England and glory-loving France met as they have met on many an historic battle-field before and since, and the lover of duty proved the stronger. The England that expected every man to do his duty was as real a being to the humblest sailor in Nelson's fleet as the mother that bore him.

The title of our American States to their equality, under this admirable arrangement, depends not on area, or upon numbers, but upon character and upon personality. Fancy a league or a confederacy in which Athens or Sparta were united with Persia or Babylon or Nineveh, and their political power were to be reckoned in proportion to their numbers or their size.

I have sometimes fancied South Carolina and Massachusetts, those two illustrious and heroic sisters, instead of sitting apart, one under her palm-trees and the other under her pines, one with the hot gales from the tropics fanning her brow, and the other on the granite rocks by her ice-bound shores, meeting together, and comparing notes and stories as sisters born of the same mother compare notes and stories after a long separation. How the old estrangements, born of ignorance of each other, would have melted away.

Does it ever occur to you that the greatest single tribute ever paid to Daniel Webster was paid by Mr. Calhoun? And the greatest single tribute ever paid to Mr. Calhoun was paid by Mr. Webster.

I do not believe that among the compliments or marks of honor which attended the illustrious career of Daniel Webster there is one that he would have valued so much as that which his great friend, his great rival and antagonist paid him from his dying bed. "Mr. Webster," said Mr. Calhoun, "has as high a standard of truth as any statesman whom I have met in debate. Convince him, and he cannot reply; he is silent; he cannot look truth in the face and oppose it by argument."

There was never, I suppose, paid to John C. Calhoun, during his illustrious life, any other tribute of honor he would have valued so highly as that which was paid him after his death by his friend, his rival and antagonist, Daniel Webster. "Mr. Calhoun," said Mr. Webster, "had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I was sure he was, in the principles he espoused, and in the measures he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or a selfish feeling. However he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those opinions and those principles will now descend to posterity, and under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of the country. He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here will find that he has left upon our minds and upon our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come that we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."

Just think for a moment what this means. If any man ever lived who was not merely the representative, but the embodiment of the thought, opinion, principles, character, quality, intellectual and moral, of the people of South Carolina, for the forty years from 1810 until his death, it was John C. Calhoun. If any man ever lived who not merely was the representative, but the embodiment of the thought, opinion, principles, character, quality, intellectual and moral, of the people of Massachusetts, it was Daniel Webster. Now if, after forty years of rivalry, of conflict, of antagonism, these two statesmen of ours, most widely differing in opinions on public questions, who never met but to exchange a blow, the sparks from the encounter of whose mighty swords kindled the fires which spread over the continent, thought thus of one another, is it not likely that if the States they represented could have met with the same intimacy, with the same knowledge and companionship during all these years, they, too, would have understood, and understanding, would have loved each other?

I should like to have had a chance to hearken to their talk. Why, their gossip would almost make up the history of liberty! How they would boast to each other, as sisters do, of their children, their beautiful and brave! How many memories they would find in common! How the warm Scotch-Irish blood would stir in their veins! How the Puritan and the Presbyterian blood would quicken their pulses as they recounted the old struggles for freedom to worship God! What stories they would have to tell each other of the day of the terrible knell from the bell of the old tower of St. Germain de L'Auxerrois, when the edict of Nantes was revoked and sounded its alarm to the Huguenot exiles who found refuge, some in South Carolina and some in Massachusetts! You have heard of James Bowdoin, of Paul Revere, and Peter Faneuil, and Andrew Sigourney. These men brought to the darkened and gloomy mind of the Puritan the sunshine of beautiful France, which South Carolina did not need. They taught our Puritans the much needed lesson that there was something other than the snare of Satan in the song of a bird or the fragrance of a flower.

The boys and girls of South Carolina and the boys and girls of Massachusetts went to the same school in the old days. Their schoolmasters were tyranny and poverty and exile and starvation. They heard the wild music of the wolves' howl, and the savages' war-cry. They crossed the Atlantic in midwinter, when—

> Winds blew and waters rolled,
> Strength to the brave, and power, and Deity.

They learned in that school little of the grace or the luxury of life. But they learned how to build States and how to fight tyrants, They would have found much, these two sisters, to talk about of a later time. South Carolina would have talked of her boy Christopher Gadsden, who, George Bancroft said, was like a mountain torrent dashing on an overshot wheel. And Massachusetts would try to trump the trick with James Otis, that flame of fire, who said he seemed to hear the prophetic song of the Sibyl chanting the springtime of the new empire. They might dispute a little as to which of these two sons of theirs was the greater. I do not know how that dispute could be settled, unless by Otis's own opinion. He said that "Massachusetts sounded the trumpet. But it was owing to South Carolina that it was assented to. Had it not been for South Carolina no Congress would have been appointed. She was all alive, and felt at every pore." So perhaps we will accept the verdict of the Massachusetts historian, George Bancroft. He said that "When we count those who above all others contributed to the great result of the Union, we are to name the inspired madman, James Otis, and the unwavering lover of his country, Christopher Gadsden." It is the same Massachusetts historian, George Bancroft, who says that "the public men of South Carolina were ever ruled by their sense of honor, and felt a stain upon it as a wound."

"Did you ever hear how those wicked boys of mine threw the tea into the harbor?" Massachusetts would say. "Oh, yes," South Carolina would answer, "but not one of mine was willing to touch it. So we let it all perish in a cellar."

Certainly these two States liked each other pretty well when Josiah Quincy came down here in 1773 to see Rutledge and Pinckney and Gadsden to concert plans for the coming rebellion. King George never interfered very much with you. But you could not stand the Boston port bill any more than we could.

There is one thing in which Massachusetts must yield the palm, and that is, the courage to face an earthquake, that terrible ordeal in the face of which the bravest manhood goes to pieces, and which your people met a few years ago with a courage and steadfastness which commanded the admiration of all mankind.

If this company had gathered on this spot one hundred and twenty years ago to-night the toast would have been that which no gathering at Charleston in those days failed to drink—"The Unanimous Twenty-six, who would not rescind the Massachusetts circular." "The royal governor of South Carolina had invited its assembly to treat the letters of the Massachusetts 'with the contempt they deserved'; a committee, composed of Parsons, Gadsden, Pinckney, Lloyd, Lynch, Laurens, Rutledge, Elliot, and Dart, reported them to be 'founded upon undeniable constitutional principles'; and the house, sitting with its doors locked, unanimously directed its speaker to signify to that province its entire approbation. The governor, that same evening, dissolved the assembly by beat of drums."

Mr. Winthrop compared the death of Calhoun to the blotting out of the constellation of the Southern Cross from the sky. Mr. Calhoun was educated at Yale College, in New England, where President Dwight predicted his future greatness in his boyhood. It is one of the pleasant traditions of my own family that he was a constant and favorite guest in the house of my grandmother, in my mother's childhood, and formed a friendship with her family which he never forgot. It is delightful, also, to remember on this occasion that Mr. Lamar, that most Southern man of Southern men, whose tribute to Mr. Calhoun in this city is among the masterpieces of historical literature, paid a discriminating and most affectionate tribute also to Charles Sumner at the time of his death.

In this matchless eulogy Mr. Lamar disclaims any purpose to honor Mr. Sumner because of his high culture, his eminent scholarship, or varied learning, but he declares his admiration for him because of his high moral qualities and his unquenchable love of liberty. Mr. Lamar adds: "My regret is that I did not obey the impulse often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand and my heart with it." Mr. Lamar closes this masterpiece of eulogistic oratory with this significant sentence: "Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak to both parties . . . in tones which should reach every heart throughout this broad territory: 'My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another.'"

There is another memorable declaration of Mr. Lamar, whom I am proud to have counted among my friends. In his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Calhoun, at Charleston, he said that the appeal to arms had "led to the indissolubility of the American Union and the universality of American freedom."

Now, can we not learn a lesson also from this most significant fact that this great Southern statesman and orator was alike the eulogist of Calhoun and the eulogist of Sumner?

For myself, I believe that whatever estrangements may have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, are born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge. I believe that of our forty-five States there are no two who, if they could meet in the familiarity of personal intercourse, in the fulness of personal knowledge, would not only cease to entertain any bitterness, or alienation, or distrust, but each would utter to the other the words of the Jewish daughter, in that most exquisite of idyls which has come down to us almost from the beginning of time: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

Mr. President, I repeat to-night on Southern soil what I said first in my place in the Senate, and what I repeated in Faneuil Hall, with the full approbation of an enthusiastic and crowded audience, representing the culture and the Puritanism of Massachusetts.

The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of the Southern stock, and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion, its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this vine has a flavor not to be found in other gardens. In the great and magnificent future which is before our country, you are to contribute a large share both of strength and beauty.

The best evidence of our complete reconciliation is that there is no subject that we need to hurry by with our fingers on our lips. The time has come when Americans, North, South, East, and West, may discuss any question of public interest in a friendly and quiet spirit, without recrimination and without heat, each understanding the other, each striving to help the other, as men who are bearing a common burden and looking forward with a common hope. I know that this is the feeling of the people of the North. I think I know that it is the feeling of the people of the South. In our part of the country we have to deal with the great problems of the strife between labor and capital, and of the government of cities where vast masses of men born on foreign soil, of different nationalities and of different races, strangers to American principles, to American ideas, to American history, are gathered together to exercise the unaccustomed functions of self-government in an almost unrestricted liberty. You have to deal with a race problem rendered more difficult still by a still larger difference in the physical and intellectual qualities of the two races whom Providence has brought together.

I should be false to my own manhood if I failed to express my profound regret and sorrow for some occurrences which have taken place recently, both in the North and in the South. I am bound to say that, considering all the circumstances, the Northern community has been the worse offender.

It is well known (or if it be not well known I am willing to make it known) that I look with inexpressible alarm and dread upon the prospect of adding to our population millions of persons dwelling in tropical climes, aliens in race and in religion, either to share in our self-government, or, what is worse still, to set an example to mankind of the subjection of one people to another. We have not yet solved the problem how men of different races can dwell together in the same land in accordance with our principles of republican rule and republican liberty. I am not one of those who despair of the solution of that problem in justice and in freedom. I do not look upon the dark side when I think of the future of our beloved land. I count it the one chief good fortune of my own life that, as I grow older, I look out on the world with hope and not despair. We have made wonderful advances within the lifetime of the youngest of us. While we hear from time to time of occurrences much to be deplored and utterly to be condemned, yet, on the whole, we are advancing quite as rapidly as could be expected to the time when these races will live together on American soil in freedom, in honor and in peace, every man enjoying his just right wherever the American Constitution reigns and wherever the American flag floats—when the influence of intelligence, of courage, of energy, inspired by a lofty patriotism and by a Christian love will have its full and legitimate effect, not through disorder, or force, or lawlessness, but under the silent and sure law by which always the superior leads and the inferior follows. The time has already come when throughout large spaces in our country both races are dwelling together in peace and harmony. I believe that condition of things to be the rule in the South and not to be the exception. We have a right to claim that the country and the South shall be judged by the rule and not the exception.

But we want you to stand by us in our troubles as brethren and as countrymen. We shall have to look, in many perils that are before us in the near future, to the conservatism and wisdom of the South. And if the time shall come when you think we can help you, your draft shall be fully honored.

But to-night belongs to the memory of the Pilgrims. The Pilgrim of Plymouth has a character in history distinct from any other. He differed from the Puritan of Salem or Boston in everything but the formula in which his religious faith was expressed. He was gentle, peaceful, tolerant, gracious. There was no intolerance or hatred or bigotry in his little commonwealth. He hanged no witches, he whipped no Quakers, he banished no heretics. His little State existed for seventy-two years, when it was blended with the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He enacted the mildest code of laws on the face of the earth. There were but eight capital offenses in Plymouth. Sir. James Mackintosh held in his hand a list of two hundred and twenty-three when he addressed the House of Commons at the beginning of the present century. He held no foot of land not fairly obtained by honest purchase. He treated the Indian with justice and good faith, setting an example which Vattel, the foremost writer on the law of nations, commends to mankind. In his earliest days his tolerance was an example to Roger Williams himself, who has left on record his gratitude for the generous friendship of Winslow. Governor Bradford's courtesy entertained the Catholic priest, who was his guest, with a fish dinner on Friday. John Robinson, the great leader of the Pilgrims, uttered the world's declaration of religious independence when he told his little flock on the wharf at Delfshaven, as reported by Winslow: "We are ere long to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether he should live to see our face again. But, whether the Lord hath appointed it or not, he charged us before God and His blessed angels to follow him no further than he followed Christ; and, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as we were to receive any truth by his ministry, for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break out of His Holy Word."

The Pilgrim was a model and an example of a beautiful, simple, and stately courtesy. John Robinson, and Bradford, and Brewster, and Carver, and Winslow differ as much from the dark and haughty Endicott, or the bigoted Cotton Mather as, in the English church, Jeremy Taylor, and George Herbert, and Donne, and Vaughan differ from Laud, or Bonner, or Bancroft.

Let us not be misunderstood. I am not myself a descendant from the Pilgrims. Every drop of my blood through every line of descent for three centuries has come from a Puritan ancestor. I am ready to do battle for the name and fame of the Massachusetts Puritan in any field and against any antagonist. Let others, if they like, trace their lineage to Norman pirate or to robber baron. The children of the Puritan are not ashamed of him. The Puritan, as a distinct, vital, and predominant power, lived less than a century in England. He appeared early in the reign of Elizabeth, who came to the throne in 1558, and departed at the restoration of Charles II, in 1660. But in that brief period he was the preserver, aye, the creator of English freedom. By the confession of the historians who most dislike him, it is due to him that there is an English constitution. He created the modern House of Commons. That House, when he took his seat in it, was the feeble and timid instrument of despotism. When he left it, it was what it has ever since been—the strongest, freest, most venerable legislative body the world has ever seen. When he took his seat in it, it was little more than the register of the King's command. When he left it, it was the main depository of the national dignity and the national will. King and minister and prelate who stood in his way he brought to the bar and to the block. In the brief but crowded century he made the name of Englishman the highest title of honor upon the earth. A great historian has said: "The dread of his invincible army was on all the inhabitants of the island. He placed the name of John Milton high on the illustrious roll of the great poets of the world, and the name of Oliver Cromwell highest on the roll of English sovereigns." The historian might have added that the dread of this invincible leader was on all the inhabitants of Europe.

And so, when a son of the Puritans comes to the South, when he visits the home of the Rutledges and the Pinckneys and of John C. Calhoun, if there be any relationship in heroism or among the lovers of constitutional liberty, he feels that he can—

"Claim kindred there and have the claim allowed."

The Puritan differs from the Pilgrim as the Hebrew prophet from St. John. Abraham, ready to sacrifice Isaac at the command of God; Jeremiah, uttering his terrible prophecy of the downfall of Judea; Brutus, condemning his son to death; Brutus, slaying his friend for the liberty of Rome; Aristides, going into exile, are his spiritual progenitors, as Stonewall Jackson was of his spiritual kindred. You will find him wherever men are sacrificing life or the delights of life on the altar of Duty.

But the Pilgrim is of a gentler and a lovelier nature. He, too, if Duty or Honor call, is ready for the sacrifice. But his weapon is love and not hate. His spirit is the spirit of John, the beloved disciple, the spirit of Grace, Mercy, and Peace. His memory is as sweet and fragrant as the perfume of the little flower which gave its name to the ship which brought him over.

So, Mr. President, responding to your sentiment, I give you mine: South Carolina and Massachusetts, the Presbyterian and the Puritan, the Huguenot and the Pilgrim; however separated by distance or by difference, they will at last surely be drawn together by a common love of liberty and a common faith in God.

SAMUEL REYNOLDS HOLE

MY GARDEN

[Address by S. Reynolds Hole, Church of England clergyman, Dean of Rochester since 1887 (born in Caunton, England, December 5, 1819; ———), delivered at the annual festival of the Royal Gardeners' Benevolent Society, held in London, May 18, 1900. The Duke of Portland was in the chair.]

YOUR GRACE, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN:—I have passed eighty milestones on the journey of life, being now, as the old gardener described himself, an octo-geranium [laughter], and my route has gone up to the highest summits and to the lowest depths. I have dined in a royal palace with the best queen that ever sat upon a throne, and I have taken tea—they said it was tea—with paupers in cottages of mud. I have lived with peasants and with princes, with millionaires and mechanics. I have had many famous men for my friends—statesmen and judges, and generals, and admirals, authors and artists—and there is no greater artist than the man who beautifies the land on which he lives. [Cheers.] I have been intimate with all sorts and conditions of men. I have been a friend to famous men, and I have tried to be a friend to infamous men—for I have been in a thieves' kitchen. High and low, rich and poor, with all sorts and conditions of men I have lived my life.

I have had a large amount of work, and I have had a large amount of play. They are not incongruous; they are inseparable from success. I sat one night by the side of my friend Mr. Thackeray, at a "Punch" dinner, and opposite to us sat Tom Taylor, who had just brought out two dramas, one at St. James's and the other at the Hay-market Theatre, and he was in a silent and gloomy mood. Thackeray said to me, " All play and no work makes Tom a dull boy." [Laughter.] I have had a very varied experience of recreation, and I would rather speak of this to-night than of business and duty.

I took out a certificate for game when I was seventeen years of age, and I repeated that process for half a century. I have been very fond of all sorts of games, beginning with the grandest game of all, cricket. [Hear, hear.] I have seen Lillywhite bowling to Fuller Pilch. But all my life I have loved a garden. The instinct may be suppressed. It is too often suppressed by the cares and more exciting pleasures of this life, but it is born in us all. It takes us with delight to the banks on which the violets grow, to the woods of the primrose, to the old hedges which used to be, before modern farming began, bowered over with wild roses, and to the buttercups and cowslips of the mead; and I have found this—after fourscore years I maintain this—that there is no recreation which brings so much happiness and brightness into a man's life as the recreation of horticulture. [Cheers.]

The love of a garden, like love itself, like charity, never fails. The time comes when the horseman deviates from the stiff timber and the flowing brook and seeks peace and safety through the gate into the lane. [Laughter.] The time comes to the gunner when the erratic jacksnipe, the nimble cony, the driven partridge and pheasant elude his aim; the time comes when the batsman arrives too late, and is run out, panting and breathless; or when, missing a catch, he is insulted with a question having reference to the price of butter [laughter]; but the joys of horticulture never fail, from the time when the baby tries to grip the artificial flower from its nurse's bonnet to the time of the octo-geranium [laughter], until the time when a man stands before his friends, as now, with snow on his head but with summer always in his heart. [Cheers.] I stand here to return thanks for horticulture.

There is not a gardener here to-night who won't join in the general thanksgiving and for the special mercies which are vouchsafed to us of this generation. First let me speak of the grand additions which have been made to horticulture through the zeal and enterprise of the importer (it is impossible to mention that word without thinking of our friend Harry Veitch), and through the skill of the cultivators—the gardeners, the working gardeners, to whom we owe so much, and to whom we are invited to-night to give help in their time of need. On Wednesday next let every one go and see in the Temple Gardens the magnificent demonstrations of progress, from the orchids at five hundred pounds to the little rock-plants at sixpence. Do you know which is the most beautiful? —I don't.

Again, I think we are to be congratulated on the great improvement which has been made in our garden literature. There never was a time when there was such abundant and able information from our horticultural press. Never since the days of Hooker, Loudon, and Paxton have there been works more helpful to the gardener than "The Flower Garden" of William Robinson, "The History of Gardening," by Miss Amherst, and the fascinating works by Miss Jekyll on "Wood and Garden." I welcome the sentimental element which has been introduced into the works on gardening, that element which appeals to the intellect and to the imagination. I have known so many young persons, anxious for information about the garden, who have been deterred by the dullness and monotony of those books which are written to instruct them. I even venture to plead for occasional gleams of humor.

Half a century ago it seemed to me that the garden promoted the greatest joy and usefulness of my life, and I tried to communicate to others the happiness which I had found myself. I wrote accordingly to the "Gardeners' Chronicle" and to "The Florist," and although I was denounced as frivolous by a few stolid philosophers, I received such encouragement on the whole that I spread my wings and took a higher flight, and in a little book which I wrote about roses [cheers] I have, from that time to this, achieved the influence which I most desired to possess.

I think that we have great reason to be thankful, and to congratulate each other that not only has the love of gardening increased, but there is a far more refined ambition as to the arrangement of the garden. Some people say that it is a retrograde movement; but I say, when you go back to our old style, the English or the natural style, it may be retrograde, but it is the return of the vagabond to the right way. I do not depreciate for a moment the value of the introduction of half-hardy plants. I think there are places in which they are most appropriate. I do not fail to admire their combination with stonework around the palace, the castle, or other spacious mansion. These form a beautiful frame, but this arrangement is not a garden; a garden is a place of seclusion, of meditation and restful peace. A garden is a place in which you collect the most beautiful things that you can procure, and in which you arrange them to be as like nature as ever you can make them.

I will direct your attention to one point more. This horticulture, this beautiful blessing with which God has enriched your life and mine, should not be restricted to the rich or even to the middle classes, but it should be offered to the working man. [Cheers.] I rejoice in the efforts which are being made by the great landed proprietors and by the county councils to promote this object. I will only say of it, from long experience, that if you can once get a man to see that he can grow things pleasant to the eye and good for food, and at the same time teach, as the county councils in many instances are trying to teach, his wife how to cook them, you will have done more to keep that man from the public house than by any other process. [Hear, hear.] Your Grace, my lords, and gentlemen, I thank you for this expression of your sympathy. I knew that I should have it, for it never fails in our brotherhood, and in grateful acknowledgment I wish from my heart that you may have the blessing which has been given to me—the life, the happy life of a gardener. For—

He wanders away and away
  With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sings to him night and day
  The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seems long,
  Or his heart begins to fail,
She will sing a more wonderful song,
  Or tell a more marvelous tale.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

PRACTICAL ETHICS OF THE PHYSICIAN

[Address by Dr. O. W. Holmes, poet, essayist, novelist, Parkman Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University, 1847-82 (born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894), delivered in Boston, to the medical graduates of Harvard University, at the annual commencement, March 10, 1858.]

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:—It is my grateful duty to address you a few words in the name of the Medical Faculty, under the auspices of which you have just entered the Medical Profession. In their name I welcome you to the labors, the obligations, the honors, and the rewards which, if you are faithful, you may look for in your chosen calling. In their name I offer you the hand of fellowship, and call you henceforth brothers. These elder brethren of the same great family repeat to you the words of welcome. The wide community of practitioners receive you in full communion from this moment. You are enrolled hereafter on that long list of the Healers of men, which stretches back unbroken to the days of Heroes and Demigods, until its earliest traditions blend with the story of the brightest of the ancient Divinities.

Once *Medicinæ Doctor*, always *Doctor Medicinæ*. You can unfrock a clergyman and unwed a husband, but you can never put off the title you have just won. Trusting that you will always cling to it, as it will cling to you, I shall venture to offer a few hints which you may find of use in your professional career.

The first counsel I would offer is this: Form a distinct plan for life, including duties to fulfil, virtues to practice, powers to develop, knowledge to attain, graces to acquire. Circumstances may change your plan, experience may show that it requires modification, but start with it as complete as if the performance were sure to be the exact copy of the programme. If you reject this first piece of advice, I am afraid nothing else I can say will be of service. Some weakness of mind or of moral purpose can alone account for your trusting to impulse and circumstances. Nothing else goes on well without a plan; neither a game of chess, nor a campaign, nor a manufacturing or commercial enterprise, and do you think that you can play this game of life, that you can fight this desperate battle, that you can organize this mighty enterprise, without sitting down to count the cost and fix the principles of action by which you are to be governed?

It is not likely that any of you will deliberately lay down a course of action pointing to a low end, to be reached by ignoble means. But keep a few noble models before you. For faithful lifelong study of science you will find no better example than John Hunter, never satisfied until he had the pericardium of Nature open, and her heart throbbing naked in his hand. For calm, large, illuminated, philosophical intellect, hallowed by every exalted trait of character, you will look in vain for a more perfect pattern than Haller. But ask your seniors who is their living model, and if they all give you the same name, then ask them why he is thus honored, and their answers will go far toward furnishing the outline of that course I would hope you may lay down and follow.

Let us look, in the very brief space at our disposal, at some of those larger and lesser rules which might be supposed to enter as elements into the plan of a physician's life.

Duty draws the great circle which includes all else within it. Of your responsibility to the Head Physician of this vast planetary ambulance or traveling hospital which we call Earth, I need say little. We reach the Creator chiefly through his creatures. Whoso gave the cup of cold water to the disciple gave it to the Master; whoso received that Master received the Infinite Father who sent him. If performed in the right spirit, there is no higher worship than the unpurchased service of the medical priesthood. The sick man's faltered blessing reaches heaven through the battered roof of his hovel before the *Te Deum* that reverberates in vast cathedrals.

Your duty as physicians involves the practice of every virtue and the shunning of every vice. But there are certain virtues and graces of pre-eminent necessity to the physician, and certain vices and minor faults against which he must be particularly guarded.

And first, of *truth*. Lying is the great temptation to which physicians are exposed. Clergymen are expected to tell such portions of truth as they think will be useful. Their danger is the *suppressio veri*, rather than direct falsehood. Lawyers stand in professional and technical relations to veracity. Thus, the clerk swears a witness to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The lawyer is expected to get out of the witness not exactly the truth, but a portion of the truth, and nothing but the truth—which suits him. The fact that there are two lawyers pulling at the witness in different directions makes it little better; the horses pulled different ways in that horrid old punishment of tearing men to pieces; so much the worse for the man. But this is an understood thing, and we do not hesitate to believe a lawyer—outside of the court-room.

The physician, however, is not provided with a special license to say the thing which is not. He is expected to know the truth, and to be ready to tell it. Yet nothing is harder than for him always to do it. Whenever he makes an unnecessary visit, he tells a lie. Whenever he writes an unnecessary prescription, he tells a lie. It is audibly whispered that some of the "general practitioners," as they are called in England, who make their profit on the medicines they dispense, are apt to be too fond of giving those which can be charged at a pleasing figure in their accounts. It would be better if the patient were allowed a certain discount from his bill for every dose he took, just as children are compensated by their parents for swallowing hideous medicinal mixtures.

All false pretences whatsoever, acted or spoken; all superficial diagnoses, where the practitioner does not know that he knows, or, still worse, knows that he does not know; all unwarranted prognoses and promises of cure; all claiming for treatment that which may have been owing to Nature only; all shallow excuses for the results of bad practice, are lies and nothing else.

There is one safe rule which I will venture to lay down for your guide in every professional act involving the immediate relation with the object of your care; so plain that it may be sneered at as a truism, but so difficult to follow that he who has never broken it deserves canonizing better than many saints in the calendar: A physician's first duty is to his patient; his second only, to himself.

All quackery reverses this principle as its fundamental axiom. Every practitioner who reverses it is a quack. A man who follows it may be ignorant, but his ignorance will sometimes be safer than a selfish man's knowledge.

You will find that this principle will not only keep you in the great highway of truth, but that if it is ever a question whether you must leave that broad path, it will serve you as a guide. A lie is a deadly poison. You have no right to give it in large or small doses for any selfish purpose connected with your profession, any more than for other selfish objects. But as you administer arsenic or strychnia in certain cases, without blame; nay, as it may be your duty to give them to a patient; are there not also cases in which the moral poison of deceit is rightly employed for a patient's welfare? So many noble-hearted and conscientious persons have scruples about any infraction of the absolute rule of truth, that I am willing briefly to discuss and illustrate a question which will often be presented to you hereafter.

Truth in the abstract is perhaps made too much of as compared to certain other laws established by as high authority. If the Creator made the tree-toad so like the moss-covered bark to which it clings, and the larva of a sphinx so like the elm-leaf on which it lives, and that other larva so exquisitely like a broken twig, not only in color, but in the angle at which it stands from the branch to which it holds, with the obvious end of deceiving their natural enemies, are not these examples which man may follow? The Tibboo, when he sees his enemy in the distance, shrinks into a motionless heap, trusting that he may be taken for a lump of black basalt, such as is frequently met with in his native desert. The Australian, following the same instinct, crouches in such form that he may be taken for one of the burnt stumps common in his forest region. Are they not right in deceiving, or lying, to save their lives? or would a Christian missionary forbid their saving them by such a trick? If an English lady were chased by a gang of murdering and worse than murdering Sepoys, would she not have a right to cheat their pursuit by covering herself with leaves, so as to be taken for a heap of them? If you were starving on a wreck, would you die of hunger rather than cheat a fish out of the water by an artificial bait? If a schoolhouse were on fire, would you get the children quietly down stairs under any convenient pretence, or tell them the precise truth, and so have a rush and a score or two of them crushed to death in five minutes?

These extreme cases test the question of the absolute inviolability of truth. It seems to me that no one virtue can be allowed to exclude all others, with which in this mortal state it may sometimes stand in opposition. Absolute justice must be tempered by mercy; absolute truth by the law of self-preservation, by the harmless deceits of courtesy, by the excursions of the imaginative faculty, by the exigencies of human frailty, which cannot always bear the truth in health, still more in disease.

Truth is the breath of life to human society. It is the food of the immortal spirit. Yet a single word of it may kill a man as suddenly as a drop of prussic acid. An old gentleman was sitting at table when the news that Napoleon had returned from Elba was told him. He started up, repeated a line from a French play, which may be thus Englished:—

> The fatal secret is at length revealed,

and fell senseless in apoplexy. You remember the story of the old man who expired on hearing that his sons were crowned at the Olympic games. A worthy inhabitant of a village in New Hampshire fell dead on hearing that he was chosen town clerk.

I think the physician may, in extreme cases, deal with truth as he does with food, for the sake of his patient's welfare or existence. He may partly or wholly withhold it, or, under certain circumstances, medicate it with the deadly poison of honest fraud. He must often look the cheerfulness he cannot feel, and encourage the hope he cannot confidently share. He must sometimes conceal and sometimes disguise a truth which it would be perilous or fatal to speak out.

I will tell you two stories to fix these remarks in your memory. When I was a boy, a grim old doctor in a neighboring town was struck down and crushed by a loaded sledge. He got up, staggered a few paces, fell and died. He had been in attendance upon an ancient lady, a connection of my own, who at that moment was lying in a most critical condition. The news of the accident reached her, but not its fatal character. Presently the minister of the parish came in, and a brief conversation like this followed.—Is the Doctor badly hurt?—Yes, badly.—Does he suffer much?—He does not; he is easy.—And so the old gentlewoman blessed God and went off to sleep; to learn the whole story at a fitter and safer moment. I know the minister was a man of truth, and I think he showed himself in this instance a man of wisdom.

Of the great caution with which truth must often he handled, I cannot give you a better illustration than the following from my own experience. A young man, accompanied by his young wife, came from a distant place, and sent for me to see him at his hotel. He wanted his chest examined, he told me.—Did he wish to be informed of what I might discover?—He did.—I made the *ante-mortem* autopsy desired. Tubercles; cavities; disease in full blast; death waiting at the door. I did not say this, of course, but waited for his question.—Are there any tubercles?—he asked presently. Yes, there are.—There was silence for a brief space, and then, like Esau, he lifted up his voice and wept; he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and then the twain, husband and wife, with loud ululation and passionate wringing of hands, shrieked in wild chorus like the *keeners* of an Irish funeral, and would not be soothed or comforted. The fool! He had brought a letter from his physician, warning me not to give an opinion to the patient himself, but to write it to him, the medical adviser, and this letter *the patient had kept back;* determined to have my opinion from my own lips, not doubting that it would be favorable. In six weeks he was dead, and I never questioned that his own folly and my telling him the naked truth killed him before his time.

If the physician, then, is ever authorized to tamper with truth, for the good of those whose lives are entrusted to him, you see how his moral sense may become endangered. Plain speaking, with plenty of discreet silence, is the rule; but read the story of the wife of Cæcinna Pætus, with her sick husband and dead child, in the letters of Pliny the Younger (Lib. III, XVI), and that of good King David's faithful wife Michal, how she cheated Saul's cutthroats (I Samuel, XIX, 13), before you proclaim that homicide is always better than *vericide*.

If you can avoid this most easily besetting sin of falsehood, to which your profession offers such peculiar temptations, and for which it affords such facilities, I can hardly fear that the closely related virtues which cling to truth, honesty and fidelity to those who trust you, will be wanting to your character.

That you must be temperate, so that you can be masters of your faculties at all times; that you must be pure, so that you shall pass the sacred barriers of the family circle, open to you as to none other of all the outside world, without polluting its sanctuary by your presence, it is, I think, needless for me to urge.

Charity is the eminent virtue of the medical profession. Show me the garret or the cellar which its messengers do not penetrate; tell me of the pestilence which its heroes have not braved in their errands of mercy; name to me the young practitioner who is not ready to be the servant of servants in the cause of humanity, or the old one whose counsel is not ready for him in his perplexities, and I will expatiate upon the claims of a virtue which I am content to leave you to learn from those who have gone before you, and whose footprints you will find in the path to every haunt of stricken humanity.

But there are lesser virtues, with their corresponding failings, which will bear a few words of counsel.

First, then, of that honorable reserve with reference to the history of his patients, which should belong to every practitioner. No high-minded or even well-bred man can ever forget it; yet men who might be supposed both high-minded and well-bred have been known habitually to violate its sacred law. As a breach of trust, it demands the sternest sentence which can be pronounced on the offence of a faithless agent. As a mark of vanity and egotism, there is nothing more characteristic than to be always babbling about one's patients, and nothing brings a man an ampler return of contempt among his fellows. But as this kind of talk is often intended to prove a man's respectability by showing that he attends rich or great people, and as this implies that a medical man needs some contact of the kind to give him position, it breaks the next rule I shall give you, and must be stigmatized as *lese-majesty* toward the Divine Art of Healing.

This next rule I proclaim in no hesitating accents: *Respect your own profession!* If Sir Astley Cooper was ever called to let off the impure ichor from the bloated limbs of George the Fourth, it was the King that was honored by the visit, and not the Surgeon. If you do not feel as you cross the millionaire's threshold that your Art is nobler than his palace, the footman that lets you in is your fitting companion, and not his master. Respect your profession, and you will not chatter about your "patrons," thinking to gild yourselves by rubbing against wealth and splendor. Be a little proud—it will not hurt you; and remember that it depends on how the profession bears itself whether its members are the peers of the highest, or the barely tolerated operatives of society, like those Egyptian dissectors, hired to use their ignoble implements, and then chased from the house where they had exercised their craft, followed by curses and volleys of stones. The Father of your Art treated with a Monarch as his equal. But the Barber-Surgeons' Hall is still standing in London. You may hold yourselves fit for the palaces of princes, or you may creep back to the Hall of the Barber-Surgeons, just as you like.

Richard Wiseman, who believed that a rotten old king, with the *corona Veneris* encircling his forehead with its copper diadem, could cure scrofula by laying his finger on its subject—Richard Wiseman, one of the lights of the profession in his time, spoke about giving his patients over to his "servants" to be dressed after an operation. We do not count the young physician or the medical student as of menial condition, though in the noble humility of science to which all things are clean, or of that "entire affection" which, as Spenser tells us, "hateth nicer hands," they stoop to offices which the white-gloved waiter would shrink from performing. It is not here, certainly, where John Brooks—not without urgent solicitation from lips which still retain their impassioned energy—was taken from his quiet country rides, to hold the helm of our Imperial State; not here, where Joseph Warren left the bedside of his patients to fall on the smoking breastwork of yonder summit, dragging with him, as he fell, the curtain that hung before the grandest drama ever acted on the stage of time—not *here* that the Healer of men is to be looked down upon from any pedestal of power or opulence!

If you respect your profession as you ought, you will respect all honorable practitioners in this honored calling. And respecting them and yourselves, you will beware of all degrading jealousies and despise every unfair art which may promise to raise you at the expense of a rival. How hard it is not to undervalue those who are hotly competing with us for the prizes of life! In every great crisis our instincts are apt suddenly to rise upon us, and in these exciting struggles we are liable to be seized by that passion which led the fiery race-horse, in the height of a desperate contest, to catch his rival with his teeth as he passed, and hold him back from the goal by which a few strides would have borne him. But for the condemnation of this sin I must turn you over to the tenth commandment, which, in its last general clause, unquestionably contains this special rule for physicians—*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's patients.*

You can hardly cultivate any sturdy root of virtue but it will bear the leaves and flowers of some natural grace or other. If you are always fair to your professional brethren, you will almost of necessity encourage those habits of courtesy in your intercourse with them which are the breathing organs and the blossoms of the virtue from which they spring.

And now let me add various suggestions relating to matters of conduct which I cannot but think may influence your course, and contribute to your success and happiness. I will state them more or less concisely as they seem to require, but I shall utter them magisterially, for the place in which I stand allows me to speak with a certain authority.

Avoid all *habits* that tend to make you unwilling to go whenever you are wanted at any time. No over-feeding or drinking or narcotic must fasten a ball and chain to your ankle. *Semper paratus* is the only motto for a physician!

The necessity of *punctuality* is generally well understood by the profession in cities. In the country it is not unusual to observe a kind of testudineous torpor of motion, common to both man and beast, and which can hardly fail to reach the medical practitioner. Punctuality is so important, in consultations especially, to the patient as well as the practitioner, that nothing can excuse the want of it —not even having nothing to do—for the busiest people, as everybody knows, are the most punctual. There is another precept which I borrow from my wise friend and venerated instructor, the Emeritus Professor of Theory and Practice; and you may be very sure that he never laid down a rule he did not keep himself. Endeavor always to make your visit to a patient at the same regular time, when he expects you. You will save him a great deal of fretting, and occasionally prevent him sending for your rival when he has got tired of waiting for you.

Your conduct in the sick-room, in conversation with the patient or his friends, is a matter of very great importance to their welfare and to your own reputation. You remember the ancient surgical precept—*Tuto, cito, jucunde.* I will venture to write a parallel precept under it, for the manner in which a medical practitioner shall operate with his tongue; a much more dangerous instrument than the scalpel or the bistoury. *Breviter, sauviter, caute.* Say not too much, speak it gently, and guard it cautiously. Always remember that words used before patients or their friends are like coppers given to children; you think little of them, but the children count them over and over, make all conceivable imaginary uses of them, and very likely change them into something or other which makes them sick, and causes you to be sent for to clean out the stomach you have so unwittingly filled with trash; a task not so easy as it was to give them the means of filling it.

The forming of a diagnosis, the utterance of a prognosis, and the laying down of a plan of treatment, all demand certain particular cautions. You must learn them by your mistakes, it may be feared, but there are a few hints which you may not be the worse for hearing.

Sooner or later, everybody is tripped up in forming a diagnosis. I saw Velpeau tie one of the carotid arteries for a supposed aneurism, which was only a little harmless tumor, and kill his patient. Mr. Dease, of Dublin, was more fortunate in a case which he boldly declared an abscess, while others thought it an aneurism. He thrust a lancet into it and proved himself in the right. Soon after, he made a similar diagnosis. He thrust in his lancet as before, and out gushed the patient's blood and his life with it. The next morning Mr. Dease was found dead and floating in his own blood. He had divided the femoral artery. The same caution that the surgeon must exercise in his examination of external diseases, the physician must carry into all his physical explorations. If the one can be cheated by an external swelling, the other may be deceived by an internal disease. Be very careful; be very slow; be very modest in the presence of Nature. One special caution let me add. If you are ever so accurate in your physical explorations, do not rely too much upon your results. Given fifty men with a certain fixed amount of organic disease, twenty may die, twenty may linger indefinitely, and ten may never know they have anything the matter with them. I think you will pardon my saying that I have known something of the arts of direct exploration, though I wrote a youthful essay on them, which, of course, is liable to be considered a presumption to the contrary. I would not, therefore, undervalue them, but I will say that a diagnosis which maps out the physical condition ever so accurately, is, in a large proportion of cases, of less consequence than the opinion of a sensible man of experience, founded on the history of the disease, though he has never seen the patient.

And this leads me to speak of prognosis and its fallacies. I have doomed people, and seen others doom them, over and over again, on the strength of physical signs, and they have lived in the most contumacious and scientifically unjustifiable manner as long as they liked, and some of them are living still. I see two men in the street, very often, who were both as good as dead in the opinion of all who saw them in their extremity. People will insist on living, sometimes, though manifestly *moribund*. In Dr. Elder's life of Kane, you will find a case of this sort, told by Dr. Kane himself. The captain of a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew mutinied, and he gave up dying for the present to take care of them. An old lady in this city, near her end, got a little vexed about a proposed change in her will; made up her mind not to die just then; ordered a coach; was driven twenty miles to the house of a relative, and lived four years longer. Cotton Mather tells some good stories which he picked up in his experience, or out of his books, showing the *unstable equilibrium* of prognosis. Simon Stone was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to cut his head off. He got well, however, and was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time. Jabez Musgrove was shot with a bullet that went in at his ear and came out at his eye on the other side. A couple of bullets went through his body also. Jabez got well, however, and lived many years. *Per contra*, Colonel Rossiter, cracking a plumstone with his teeth, broke a tooth and lost his life. We have seen physicians dying, like Spigelius, from a scratch; and a man who had had a crowbar shot through his head alive and well. These extreme cases are warnings. But you can never be too cautious in your prognosis, in view of the great uncertainty of the course of any disease not long watched, and the many unexpected turns it may take.

I think I am not the first to utter the following caution: Beware how you take away hope from any human being. Nothing is clearer than that the merciful Creator intends to blind most people as they pass down into the dark valley. Without very good reasons, temporal or spiritual, we should not interfere with his kind arrangements. It is the height of cruelty and the extreme of impertinence to tell your patient he must die, except you are sure that he wishes to know it, or that there is some particular cause for his knowing it. I should be especially unwilling to tell a child that it could not recover; if the theologians think it necessary, let them take the responsibility. God leads it by the hand to the edge of the precipice in happy unconsciousness, and I would not open its eyes to what he wisely conceals.

Having settled the cautious course to be pursued in deciding what a disease is, and what its course is to be; having considered how much of your knowledge or belief is to be told, and to whom it is to be imparted, the whole question of treatment remains to be reduced to system.

It is not a pleasant thing to find that one has killed a patient by a slip of the pen. I am afraid our barbarous method of writing prescriptions in what is sometimes fancifully called Latin, and with the old astrological sign of Jupiter at the head of them to bring good luck, may have helped to swell the list of casualties. We understand why plants and minerals should have technical names, but I am much disposed to think that good plain English, written out at full length, is good enough for anybody's use. Why should I employ the language of Celsus? He commonly used none but his own. However, if we must use a dead language, and symbols that are not only dead, but damned, by all sound theology, let us be very careful in forming those medical quavers and semiquavers that stand for ounces and drachms, and all our other enlightened hieroglyphics. One other rule I may venture to give, forced upon me by my own experience. After writing a recipe, make it an invariable rule to read it over, not mechanically, but with all your faculties wide awake. One sometimes writes a prescription as if his hand were guided by a medium—automatically, as the hind legs of a water-beetle strike out in the water after they are separated from the rest of him. If all of you will follow the rule I have given, sooner or later some one among you will very probably find himself the author of a homicidal document, which but for this precaution might have carried out its intentions.

With regard to the exhibition of drugs as a part of your medical treatment, the golden rule is, *be sparing*. Many remedies you give would make a well person so ill that he would send for you at once if he had taken one of your doses accidentally. It is not quite fair to give such things to a sick man, unless it is clear that they will do more good than the very considerable harm you know they will cause. Be very gracious with children especially. I have seen old men shiver at the recollection of the rhubarb and jalap of infancy. You may depend upon it that half the success of Homœopathy is due to the sweet peace it has brought into the nursery. Between the gurgling down of loathsome mixtures and the saccharine deliquescence of a minute globule, what tender mother could for a moment hesitate?

Let me add one other hint which I believe will approve itself on trial. After proper experience of the most approved forms of remedies, or of such as you shall yourselves select and combine, make out your own brief list of real every-day prescriptions, and do not fall into the habit of those extemporaneous fancy-combinations, which amuse the physician more than they profit the patient. Once more: if you must give a medicine, do it in a manly way, and not in half doses, hacking but not chopping at the stem of the deadly fruited tree you would bring down. Remember this, too, that although remedies may often be combined advantageously, the difficulty of estimating the effects of a prescription is as the square of the number of its ingredients. The deeper you wade in polypharmacy, the less you see of the ground on which you stand.

It is time to bring these hurried and crowded remarks to a close. Reject what in them is false, examine what is doubtful, remember what is true; and so, God bless you, Gentlemen, and Farewell!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

MEMORIAL DAY

[Address by O. W. Holmes, Jr., Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts (born in Boston, Mass., March 8, 1841; ———), delivered in Keene, N. H., May 30, 1884, before John Sedgwick Post No. 4, Grand Army of the Republic.]

COMRADES:—Not long ago I heard a young man ask why people still kept up Memorial Day, and it set me thinking of the answer. Not the answer that you and I should give to each other—not the expression of those feelings that, so long as you and I live, will make this day sacred to memories of love and grief and heroic youth—but an answer which should command the assent of those who do not share our memories, and in which we of the North and our brethren of the South could join in perfect accord.

So far as this last is concerned, to be sure, there is no trouble. The soldiers who were doing their best to kill one another felt less of personal hostility, I am very certain, than some who were not imperiled by their mutual endeavors. I have heard more than one of those who had been gallant and distinguished officers on the Confederate side say that they had had no such feeling. I know that I and those whom I knew best had not. We believed that it was most desirable that the North should win; we believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble; we, or many of us at least, also believed that the conflict was inevitable, and that slavery had lasted long enough. But we equally believed that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that were the opposite of ours, and we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief. The experience of battle soon taught its lesson even to those who came into the field more bitterly disposed. You could not stand up day after day in those indecisive contests where overwhelming victory was impossible because neither side would run as they ought when beaten, without getting at last something of the same brotherhood for the enemy that the north pole of a magnet has for the south—each working in an opposite sense to the other, but each unable to get along without the other. As it was then, it is now. The soldiers of the war need no explanations; they can join in commemorating a soldier's death with feelings not different in kind, whether he fell toward them or by their side.

But Memorial Day may and ought to have a meaning also for those who do not share our memories. When men have instinctively agreed to celebrate an anniversary, it will be found that there is some thought or feeling behind it which is too large to be dependent upon associations alone. The Fourth of July, for instance, has still its serious aspect, although we no longer should think of rejoicing like children that we have escaped from an outgrown control, although we have achieved not only our national but our moral independence and know it far too profoundly to make a talk about it, and although an Englishman can join in the celebration without a scruple. For, stripped of the temporary associations which gave rise to it, it is now the moment when by common consent we pause to become conscious of our national life and to rejoice in it, to recall what our country has done for each of us, and to ask ourselves what we can do for our country in return.

So to the indifferent inquirer who asks why Memorial Day is still kept up we may answer, It celebrates and solemnly reaffirms from year to year a national act of enthusiasm and faith. It embodies in the most impressive form our belief that to act with enthusiasm and faith is the condition of acting greatly. To fight out a war, you must believe something and want something with all your might. So must you do to carry anything else to an end worth reaching. More than that, you must be willing to commit yourself to a course, perhaps a long and hard one, without being able to foresee exactly where you will come out. All that is required of you is that you should go somewhither as hard as ever you can. The rest belongs to fate. One may fall—at the beginning of the charge or at the top of the earthworks; but in no other way can he reach the rewards of victory.

When it was felt so deeply as it was on both sides that a man ought to take part in the war unless some conscientious scruple or strong practical reason made it impossible, was that feeling simply the requirement of a local majority that their neighbors should agree with them? I think not: I think the feeling was right—in the South as in the North. I think that, as life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived.

If this be so, the use of this day is obvious. It is true that I cannot argue a man into a desire. If he says to me, Why should I wish to know the secrets of philosophy? Why seek to decipher the hidden laws of creation that are graven upon the tablets of the rocks, or to unravel the history of civilization that is woven in the tissue of our jurisprudence, or to do any great work, either of speculation or of practical affairs? I cannot answer him; or at least my answer is as little worth making for any effect it will have upon his wishes as if he asked why should I eat this, or drink that. You must begin by wanting to. But although desire cannot be imparted by argument, it can be by contagion. Feeling begets feeling, and great feeling begets great feeling. We can hardly share the emotions that make this day to us the most sacred day of the year, and embody them in ceremonial pomp, without in some degree imparting them to those who come after us. I believe from the bottom of my heart that our memorial halls and statues and tablets, the tattered flags of our regiments gathered in the State-houses, and this day with its funeral march and decorated graves, are worth more to our young men by way of chastening and inspiration than the monuments of another hundred years of peaceful life could be.

But even if I am wrong, even if those who come after us are to forget all that we hold dear, and the future is to teach and kindle its children in ways as yet unrevealed, it is enough for us that to us this day is dear and sacred.

Accidents may call up the events of the war. You see a battery of guns go by at a trot, and for a moment you are back at White Oak Swamp, or Antietam, or on the Jerusalem Road. You hear a few shots fired in the distance, and for an instant your heart stops as you say to yourself, The skirmishers are at it, and listen for the long roll of fire from the main line. You meet an old comrade after many years of absence; he recalls the moment when you were nearly surrounded by the enemy, and again there comes up to you that swift and cunning thinking on which once hung life or freedom—Shall I stand the best chance if I try the pistol or the sabre on that man who means to stop me? Will he get his carbine free before I reach him, or can I kill him first? These and the thousand other events we have known are called up, I say, by accident, and, apart from accident, they lie forgotten.

But as surely as this day comes round we are in the presence of the dead. For one hour, twice a year at least—at the regimental dinner, where the ghosts sit at table more numerous than the living, and on this day when we decorate their graves—the dead come back and live with us.

I see them now, more than I can number, as once I saw them on this earth. They are the same bright figures, or their counterparts, that come also before your eyes; and when I speak of those who were my brothers, the same words describe yours.

I see a fair-haired lad, a lieutenant, and a captain on whom life had begun somewhat to tell, but still young, sitting by the long mess-table in camp before the regiment left the State, and wondering how many of those who gathered in our tent could hope to see the end of what was then beginning. For neither of them was that destiny reserved. I remember, as I awoke from my first long stupor in the hospital after the battle of Ball's Bluff, I heard the doctor say, "He was a beautiful boy," and I knew that one of those two speakers was no more. The other, after passing harmless through all the previous battles, went into Fredericksburg with strange premonition of the end, and there met his fate. . . . . .

I see another youthful lieutenant as I saw him in the Seven Days, when I looked down the line at Glendale. The officers were at the head of their companies. The advance was beginning. We caught each other's eye and saluted. When next I looked, he was gone.

I see the brother of the last—the flame of genius and daring in his face—as he rode before us into the wood of Antietam, out of which came only dead and deadly wounded men. So, a little later, he rode to his death at the head of his cavalry in the Valley.

In the portraits of some of those who fell in the civil wars of England, Vandyke has fixed on canvas the type of those who stand before my memory. Young and gracious figures, somewhat remote and proud, but with a melancholy and sweet kindness. There is upon their faces the shadow of approaching fate, and the glory of generous acceptance of it. I may say of them, as I once heard it said of two Frenchmen, relics of the *ancien régime*, "They were very gentle. They cared nothing for their lives." High breeding, romantic chivalry—we who have seen these men can never believe that the power of money or the enervation of pleasure has put an end to them. We know that life may still be lifted into poetry and lit with spiritual charm.

But the men not less, perhaps even more, characteristic of New England, were the Puritans of our day. For the Puritan still lives in New England, thank God! and will live there so long as New England lives and keeps her old renown. New England is not dead yet. She still is mother of a race of conquerors,—stern men, little given to the expression of their feelings, sometimes careless of the graces, but fertile, tenacious, and knowing only duty. Each of you, as I do, thinks of a hundred such that he has known. I see one—grandson of a hard rider of the Revolution and bearer of his historic name—who was with us at Fair Oaks, and afterwards for five days and nights in front of the enemy the only sleep that he would take was what he could snatch sitting erect in his uniform and resting his back against a hut. He fell at Gettysburg.

His brother, a surgeon, who rode, as our surgeons so often did, wherever the troops would go, I saw kneeling in ministration to a wounded man just in rear of our line at Antietam, his horse's bridle round his arm,—the next moment his ministrations were ended. His senior associate survived all the wounds and perils of the war, but, not yet through with duty as he understood it, fell in helping the helpless poor who were dying of cholera in a Western city.

I see another quiet figure, of virtuous life and silent ways, not much heard of until our left was turned at Petersburg. He was in command of the regiment as he saw our comrades driven in. He threw back his left wing, and the advancing tide of defeat was shattered against his iron wall. He saved an army corps from disaster, and then a round shot ended all for him.

There is one who on this day is always present to my mind. He entered the army at nineteen, a second lieutenant. In the Wilderness, already at the head of his regiment, he fell, using the moment that was left him of life to give all his little fortune to his soldiers. I saw him in camp, on the march, in action. I crossed debatable land with him when we were rejoining the army together. I observed him in every kind of duty, and never in all the time that I knew him did I see him fail to choose that alternative of conduct which was most disagreeable to himself. He was indeed a Puritan in all his virtues, without the Puritan austerity; for, when duty was at an end, he who had been the master and leader became the chosen companion in every pleasure that a man might honestly enjoy. In action he was sublime. His few surviving companions will never forget the awful spectacle of his advance alone with his company in the streets of Fredericksburg. In less than sixty seconds he would become the focus of a hidden and annihilating fire from a semicircle of houses. His first platoon had vanished under it in an instant, ten men falling dead by his side. He had quietly turned back to where the other half of his company was waiting, had given the order, "Second platoon, forward!" and was again moving on, in obedience to superior command, to certain and useless death, when the order he was obeying was countermanded. The end was distant only a few seconds; but if you had seen him with his indifferent carriage, and sword swinging from his finger like a cane, you never would have suspected that he was doing more than conducting a company drill on the camp parade ground. He was little more than a boy, but the grizzled corps commanders knew and admired him; and for us, who not only admired, but loved, his death seemed to end a portion of our life also.

There is one grave and commanding presence that you all would recognize, for his life has become a part of our common history. Who does not remember the leader of the assault at the mine of Petersburg? The solitary horseman in front of Port Hudson, whom a foeman worthy of him bade his soldiers spare, from love and admiration of such gallant bearing? Who does not still hear the echo of those eloquent lips after the war, teaching reconciliation and peace? I may not do more than allude to his death, fit ending of his life. All that the world has a right to know has been told by a beloved friend in a book wherein friendship has found no need to exaggerate facts that speak for themselves. I knew him, and I may even say I knew him well; yet, until that book appeared, I had not known the governing motive of his soul. I had admired him as a hero. When I read, I learned to revere him as a saint. His strength was not in honor alone, but in religion; and those who do not share his creed must see that it was on the wings of religious faith that he mounted above even valiant deeds into an empyrean of ideal life.

I have spoken of some of the men who were near to me among others very near and dear, not because their lives have become historic, but because their lives are the type of what every soldier has known and seen in his own company. In the great democracy of self-devotion private and general stand side by side. Unmarshaled save by their own deeds, the armies of the dead sweep before us, "wearing their wounds like stars." It is not because the men whom I have mentioned were my friends that I have spoken of them, but, I repeat, because they are types. I speak of those whom I have seen. But you all have known such; you, too, remember!

It is not of the dead alone that we think on this day. There are those still living whose sex forbade them to offer their lives, but who gave instead their happiness. Which of us has not been lifted above himself by the sight of one of those lovely, lonely women, around whom the wand of sorrow has traced its excluding circle—set apart, even when surrounded by loving friends who would fain bring back joy to their lives? I think of one whom the poor of a great city know as their benefactress and friend. I think of one who has lived not less greatly in the midst of her children, to whom she has taught such lessons as may not be heard elsewhere from mortal lips. The story of these and of their sisters we must pass in reverent silence. All that may be said has been said by one of their own sex:—

> "But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
> And even despair was powerless to destroy;
> Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
> Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.
>
> "Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
> Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine—
> Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
> Down to that tomb already more than mine."

Comrades, some of the associations of this day are not only triumphant, but joyful. Not all of those with whom we once stood shoulder to shoulder—not all of those whom we once loved and revered—are gone. On this day we still meet our companions in the freezing winter bivouacs and in those dreadful summer marches where every faculty of the soul seemed to depart one after another, leaving only a dumb animal power to set the teeth and to persist—a blind belief that somewhere and at last there was rest and water. On this day, at least, we still meet and rejoice in the closest tie which is possible between men—a tie which suffering has made indissoluble for better, for worse.

When we meet thus, when we do honor to the dead in terms that must sometimes embrace the living, we do not deceive ourselves. We attribute no special merit to a man for having served when all were serving. We know that, if the armies of our war did anything worth remembering, the credit belongs not mainly to the individuals who did it, but to average human nature. We also know very well that we cannot live in associations with the past alone, and we admit that, if we would be worthy of the past, we must find new fields for action or thought, and make for ourselves new careers.

But, nevertheless, the generation that carried on the war has been set apart by its experience. Through our great good fortune, in our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing. While we are permitted to scorn nothing but indifference, and do not pretend to undervalue the worldly rewards of ambition, we have seen with our own eyes, beyond and above the gold-fields, the snowy heights of honor, and it is for us to bear the report to those who come after us. But, above all, we have learned that whether a man accepts from Fortune her spade, and will look downward and dig, or from Aspiration her ax and cord, and will scale the ice, the one and only success which it is his to command is to bring to his work a mighty heart.

Such hearts—ah me, how many!—were stilled twenty years ago; and to us who remain behind is left this day of memories. Every year—in the full tide of spring, at the height of the symphony of flowers and love and life,—there comes a pause, and through the silence we hear the lonely pipe of death. Year after year lovers wandering under the apple boughs and through the clover and deep grass are surprised with sudden tears as they see black veiled figures stealing through the morning to a soldier's grave. . Year after year the comrades of the dead follow, with public honor, procession and commemorative flags and funeral march—honor and grief from us who stand almost alone, and have seen the best and noblest of our generation pass away.

But grief is not the end of all. I seem to hear the funeral march become a pæan. I see beyond the forest the moving banners of a hidden column. Our dead brothers still live for us, and bid us think of life, not death—of life to which in their youth they lent the passion and glory of the spring. As I listen, the great chorus of life and joy begins again, and amid the awful orchestra of seen and unseen powers and destinies of good and evil our trumpets sound once more a note of daring, hope, and will.

THE USE OF LAW SCHOOLS

[Oration by Judge Holmes, delivered before the Harvard Law School Association, at Cambridge, Mass., November 5, 1886, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University.]

It is not wonderful that the graduates of the Law School of Harvard College should wish to keep alive their connection with it. About three-quarters of a century ago it began with a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for its Royall Professor. A little later, one of the most illustrious judges who ever sat on the United States Supreme Bench—Mr. Justice Story—accepted a professorship in it created for him by Nathan Dane. And from that time to this it has had the services of great and famous lawyers; it has been the source of a large part of the most important legal literature which the country has produced; it has furnished a world-renowned model in its modes of instruction; and it has had among its students future chief justices and justices, and leaders of State bars and of the National bar too numerous for me to thrill you with the mention of their names.

It has not taught great lawyers only. Many who have won fame in other fields began their studies here. Sumner and Phillips were among the Bachelors of 1834. The orator [James Russell Lowell] whom we shall hear in a day or two appears in the list of 1840 alongside of William Story, of the Chief Justice of this State [Walbridge Abner Field], and of one of the Associate Justices, who is himself not less known as a soldier and as an orator than he is as a judge. [Charles Devens.] Perhaps, without revealing family secrets, I may whisper that next Monday's poet [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes] also tasted our masculine diet before seeking more easily digested, if not more nutritious, food elsewhere. Enough. Of course we are proud of the Harvard Law School. Of course we love every limb of Harvard College. Of course we rejoice to manifest our brotherhood by the symbol of this Association.

I will say no more for the reasons of our coming together. But by your leave I will say a few words about the use and meaning of law schools, especially of our law school, and about its methods of instruction, as they appear to one who has had some occasion to consider them.

A law school does not undertake to teach success. That combination of tact and will which gives a man immediate prominence among his fellows comes from nature, not from instruction; and if it can be helped at all by advice, such advice is not offered here. It might be expected that I should say, by way of natural antithesis, that what a law school does undertake to teach is law. But I am not ready to say even that, without a qualification. It seems to me that nearly all the education which men can get from others is moral, not intellectual. The main part of intellectual education is not the acquisition of facts, but learning how to make facts live. Culture, in the sense of fruitless knowledge, I for one abhor. The mark of a master is, that facts which before lay scattered in an inorganic mass, when he shoots through them the magnetic current of his thought, leap into an organic order, and live and bear fruit. But you cannot make a master by teaching. He makes himself by aid of his natural gifts.

Education, other than self-education, lies mainly in the shaping of men's interests and aims. If you convince a man that another way of looking at things is more profound, another form of pleasure more subtile than that to which he has been accustomed—if you make him really see it—the very nature of man is such that he will desire the profounder thought and the subtiler joy. So I say the business of a law school is not sufficiently described when you merely say that it is to teach law, or to make lawyers. It is to teach law in the grand manner, and to make great lawyers.

Our country needs such teaching very much. I think we should all agree that the passion for equality has passed far beyond the political or even the social sphere. We are not only unwilling to admit that any class of society is better than that in which we move, but our customary attitude towards every one in authority of any kind is that he is only the lucky recipient of honor or salary above the average, which any average man might as well receive as he. When the effervescence of democratic negation extends its workings beyond the abolition of external distinctions of rank to spiritual things—when the passion for equality is not content with founding social intercourse upon universal human sympathy, and a community of interests in which all may share, but attacks the lines of Nature which establish orders and degrees among the souls of men—they are not only wrong, but ignobly wrong. Modesty and reverence are no less virtues of freemen than the democratic feeling which will submit neither to arrogance nor to servility.

To inculcate those virtues, to correct the ignoble excess of a noble feeling to which I have referred, I know of no teachers so powerful and persuasive as the little army of specialists. They carry no banners, they beat no drums; but where they are, men learn that bustle and push are not the equals of quiet genius and serene mastery. They compel others who need their help, or who are enlightened by their teaching, to obedience and respect. They set the example themselves; for they furnish in the intellectual world a perfect type of the union of democracy with discipline. They bow to no one who seeks to impose his authority by foreign aid; they hold that science like courage is never beyond the necessity of proof, but must always be ready to prove itself against all challengers. But to one who has shown himself a master, they pay the proud reverence of men who know what valiant combat means, and who reserve the right of combat against their leader even, if he should seem to waver in the service of Truth, their only queen.

In the army of which I speak, the lawyers are not the least important corps. For all lawyers are specialists. Not in the narrow sense in which we sometimes use the word in the profession—of persons who confine themselves to a particular branch of practice, such as conveyancing or patents—but specialists who have taken all law to be their province; specialists because they have undertaken to master a special branch of human knowledge—a branch, I may add, which is more immediately connected with all the highest interests of man than any other which deals with practical affairs.

Lawyers, too, were among the first specialists to be needed and to appear in America. And I believe it would be hard to exaggerate the goodness of their influence in favor of sane and orderly thinking. But lawyers feel the spirit of the times like other people. They, like others, are forever trying to discover cheap and agreeable substitutes for real things. I fear that the bar has done its full share to exalt that most hateful of American words and ideals, "smartness," as against dignity of moral feeling and profundity of knowledge. It is from within the bar, not from outside, that I have heard the new gospel that learning is out of date, and that the man for the times is no longer the thinker and the scholar, but the smart man, unencumbered with other artillery than the latest edition of the Digest and the latest revision of the Statutes.

The aim of a law school should be, the aim of the Harvard Law School has been, not to make men smart, but to make them wise in their calling,—to start them on a road which will lead them to the abode of the masters. A law school should be at once the workshop and the nursery of specialists in the sense which I have explained. It should obtain for teachers men in each generation who are producing the best work of that generation. Teaching should not stop, but rather should foster, production. The "enthusiasm of the lecture-room," the contagious interest of companionship, should make the students partners in their teachers' work. The ferment of genius in its creative moment is quickly imparted. If a man is great, he makes others believe in greatness; he makes them incapable of mean ideals and easy self-satisfaction. His pupils will accept no substitute for realities; but at the same time they learn that the only coin with which realities can be bought is Life.

Our School has been such a workshop and such a nursery as I describe. What men it has turned out I have hinted already, and do not need to say; what works it has produced is known to all the world. From ardent cooperation of student and teacher have sprung Greenleaf on Evidence, and Stearns on Real Actions, and Story's epoch-making Commentaries, and Parsons on Contracts, and Washburn on Real Property; and, marking a later epoch, Langdell on Contracts and on Equity Pleading, and Ames on Bills and Notes, and Gray on Perpetuities, and I hope we may soon add Thayer on Evidence. You will notice that these books are very different in character from one another, but you will notice also how many of them have this in common,—that they have marked and largely made an epoch.

There are plenty of men nowadays of not a hundredth part of Story's power who could write as good statements of the law as his, or better. And when some mediocre fluent book has been printed, how often have we heard it proclaimed, "Lo, here is a greater than Story!" But if you consider the state of legal literature when Story began to write, and from what wells of learning the discursive streams of his speech were fed, I think you will be inclined to agree with me that he has done more than any other English-speaking man in this century to make the law luminous and easy to understand.

But Story's simple philosophizing has ceased to satisfy men's minds. I think it might be said with safety, that no man of his or of the succeeding generation could have stated the law in a form that deserved to abide, because neither his nor the succeeding generation possessed or could have possessed the historical knowledge, had made or could have made the analyses of principles, which are necessary before the cardinal doctrines of the law can be known and understood in their precise contours and in their innermost meanings.

The new work is now being done. Under the influence of Germany, science is gradually drawing legal history into its sphere. The facts are being scrutinized by eyes microscopic in intensity and panoramic in scope. At the same time, under the influence of our revived interest in philosophical speculation, a thousand heads are analyzing and generalizing the rules of law and the grounds on which they stand. The law has got to be stated over again; and I venture to say that in fifty years we shall have it in a form of which no man could have dreamed fifty years ago. And now I venture to add my hope and my belief, that, when the day comes which I predict, the Professors of the Harvard Law School will be found to have had a hand in the change not less important than that which Story has had in determining the form of the text-books of the last half-century.

Corresponding to the change which I say is taking place, there has been another change in the mode of teaching. How far the correspondence is conscious, I do not stop to inquire. For whatever reason, the Professors of this School have said to themselves more definitely than ever before, We will not be contented to send forth students with nothing but a rag-bag full of general principles—a throng of glittering generalities, like a swarm of little bodiless cherubs fluttering at the top of one of Correggio's pictures. They have said that to make a general principle worth anything you must give it a body; you must show in what way and how far it would be applied actually in an actual system; you must show how it has gradually emerged as the felt reconciliation of concrete instances no one of which established it in terms. Finally, you must show its historic relations to other principles, often of very different date and origin, and thus set it in the perspective without which its proportions will never be truly judged.

In pursuance of these views there have been substituted for text-books more and more, so far as practicable, those books of cases which were received at first by many with a somewhat contemptuous smile and pitying contrast of the good old days, but which now, after fifteen years, bid fair to revolutionize the teaching both of this country and of England.

I pause for a moment to say what I hope it is scarcely necessary for me to say—that in thus giving in my adhesion to the present methods of instruction I am not wanting in grateful and appreciative recollection (alas! it can be only recollection now) of the earlier teachers under whom I studied. In my day the Dean of this School was Professor Parker, the ex-Chief Justice of New Hampshire, who I think was one of the greatest of American judges, and who showed in the chair the same qualities that had made him famous on the bench. His associates were Parsons, almost if not quite a man of genius, and gifted with a power of impressive statement which I do not know that I have ever seen equalled; and Washburn, who taught us all to realize the meaning of the phrase which I already have quoted from Vangerow, the "enthusiasm of the lecture-room." He did more for me than the learning of Coke and the logic of Fearne could have done without his kindly ardor.

To return, and to say a word more about the theory on which these books of cases are used. It long has seemed to me a striking circumstance, that the ablest of the agitators for codification, Sir James Stephen, and the originator of the present mode of teaching, Mr. Langdell, start from the same premises to reach seemingly opposite conclusions. The number of legal principles is small, says in effect Sir James Stephen, therefore codify them; the number of legal principles is small, says Mr. Langdell, therefore they may be taught through the cases which have developed and established them. Well, I think there is much force in Sir James Stephen's argument, if you can find competent men and get them to undertake the task; and at any rate I am not now going to express an opinion that he is wrong. But I am certain from my own experience that Mr. Langdell is right; I am certain that when your object is not to make a bouquet of the law for the public, nor to prune and graft it by legislation, but to plant its roots where they will grow, in minds devoted henceforth to that one end, there is no way to be compared to Mr. Langdell's way. Why, look at it simply in the light of human nature. Does not a man remember a concrete instance more vividly than a general principle? And is not a principle more exactly and intimately grasped as the unexpressed major premise of the half-dozen examples which mark its extent and its limits than it can be in any abstract form of words? Expressed or unexpressed, is it not better known when you have studied its embryology and the lines of its growth than when you merely see it lying dead before you on the printed page?

I have referred to my own experience. During the short time that I had the honor of teaching in the School, it fell to me, among other things, to instruct the first-year men in Torts. With some misgivings I plunged a class of beginners straight into Mr. Ames's collection of cases, and we began to discuss them together in Mr. Langdell's method. The result was better than I even hoped it would be. After a week or two, when the first confusing novelty was over, I found that my class examined the questions proposed with an accuracy of view which they never could have learned from text-books, and which often exceeded that to be found in the text-books. I at least, if no one else, gained a good deal from our daily encounters.

My experience as a judge has confirmed the belief I formed as a professor. Of course a young man cannot try or argue a case as well as one who has had years of experience. Most of you also would probably agree with me that no teaching which a man receives from others at all approaches in importance what he does for himself, and that one who simply has been a docile pupil has got but a very little way. But I do think that in the thoroughness of their training, and in the systematic character of their knowledge, the young men of the present day start better equipped when they begin their practical experience than it was possible for their predecessors to have been. And although no school can boast a monopoly of promising young men, Cambridge, of course, has its full proportion of them at our bar; and I do think that the methods of teaching here bear fruits in their work.

I sometimes hear a wish expressed by the impatient, that the teaching here should be more practical. I remember that a very wise and able man said to a friend of mine when he was beginning his professional life, "Don't know too much law," and I think we all can imagine cases where the warning would be useful. But a far more useful thing is what was said to me as a student by one no less wise and able—afterwards my partner and always my friend—when I was talking as young men do about seeing practice, and all the other things which seemed practical to my inexperience, "The business of a lawyer is to know law." The Professors of this Law School mean to make their students know law. They think the most practical teaching is that which takes their students to the bottom of what they seek to know. They therefore mean to make them master the common law and equity as working systems, and think that when that is accomplished they will have no trouble with the improvements of the last half-century. I believe they are entirely right, not only in the end they aim at, but in the way they take to reach that end.

Yes, this School has been, is, and I hope long will be, a center where great lawyers perfect their achievements, and from which young men, even more inspired by their example than instructed by their teaching, go forth in their turn, not to imitate what their masters have done, but to live their own lives more freely for the ferment imparted to them here. The men trained in this School may not always be the most knowing in the ways of getting on. The noblest of them must often feel that they are committed to lives of proud dependence—the dependence of men who command no factitious aids to success, but rely upon unadvertised knowledge and silent devotion; dependence upon finding an appreciation which they cannot seek, but dependence proud in the conviction that the knowledge to which their lives are consecrated is of things which it concerns the world to know. It is the dependence of abstract thought, of science, of beauty, of poetry and art, of every flower of civilization, upon finding a soil generous enough to support it. If it does not, it must die. But the world needs the flower more than the flower needs life.

I said that a Law School ought to teach law in the grand manner; that it had something more to do than simply to teach law. I think we may claim for our School that it has not been wanting in greatness. I once heard a Russian say that in the middle class of Russia there were many specialists; in the upper class there were civilized men. Perhaps in America, for reasons which I have mentioned, we need specialists even more than we do civilized men. Civilized men who are nothing else are a little apt to think that they cannot breathe the American atmosphere. But if a man is a specialist, it is most desirable that he should also be civilized; that he should have laid in the outline of the other sciences, as well as the light and shade of his own; that he should be reasonable, and see things in their proportion. Nay, more, that he should be passionate, as well as reasonable,—that he should be able not only to explain, but to feel; that the ardors of intellectual pursuit should be relieved by the charms of art, should be succeeded by the joy of life become an end in itself.

At Harvard College is realized in some degree the palpitating manifoldness of a truly civilized life. Its aspirations are concealed because they are chastened and instructed; but I believe in my soul that they are not the less noble that they are silent. The golden light of the University is not confined to the undergraduate department; it is shed over all the schools. He who has once seen it becomes other than he was, forevermore. I have said that the best part of our education is moral. It is the crowning glory of this Law School that it has kindled in many a heart an inextinguishable fire.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO

VOLTAIRE

[Address by Victor Hugo, author, poet, and publicist (born in Besançon, France, February 26, 1802; died in Paris, May 22, 1885), delivered in Paris, May 30, 1878, on the one hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was present, tells us that the oration was delivered from notes, written in an immense hand on sheets twice as large as foolscap, from which Hugo, then seventy-six years of age, though looking ten years younger, read without glasses. "He used much gesture, and in impassioned moments waved his arm above his head, the fingers apart and trembling with emotion. Sometimes he clapped one hand to his head as if to tear out some of his white hairs, though this hardly seemed, at the moment, melodramatic. . . . His delivery was as characteristic as his literary style, and quite in keeping with it, being a series of brilliant detached points. . . . Never was there a more powerful picture than his sketch of 'that frightful international exposition called a field of battle.'"]

A hundred years to-day a man died. He died immortal. He departed laden with years, laden with works, laden with the most illustrious and the most fearful of responsibilities, the responsibility of the human conscience informed and rectified. He went cursed and blessed, cursed by the past, blessed by the future; and these are the two superb forms of glory. On his death-bed he had, on the one hand, the acclaim of contemporaries and of posterity; on the other, that triumph of hooting and of hate which the implacable past bestows upon those who have combatted it. He was more than a man; he was an age. He had exercised a function and fulfilled a mission. He had been evidently chosen for the work which he had done by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws of nature.

The eighty-four years which this man lived span the interval between the Monarchy at its apogee and the Revolution at its dawn. When he was born, Louis XIV still reigned; when he died, Louis XVI already wore the crown; so that his cradle saw the last rays of the great throne, and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss.

Before going further, let us come to an understanding upon the word abyss. There are good abysses: such are the abysses in which evil is engulfed.

Since I have interrupted myself, allow me to complete my thought. No word imprudent or unsound will be pronounced here. We are here to perform an act of civilization. We are here to make affirmation of progress, to pay respect to philosophers for the benefits of philosophy, to bring to the Eighteenth century the testimony of the Nineteenth, to honor magnanimous combatants and good servants, to felicitate the noble effort of people, industry, science, the valiant march in advance, the toil to cement human concord; in one word, to glorify peace, that sublime, universal desire. Peace is the virtue of civilization; war is its crime. We are here, at this grand moment, in this solemn hour, to bow religiously before the moral law, and to say to the world, which hears France, this: There is only one power, conscience in the service of justice; and there is only one glory, genius in the service of truth. That said, I continue.

Before the Revolution the social structure was this:—

At the base, the people;

Above the people, religion represented by the clergy;

By the side of religion, justice represented by the magistracy.

And, at that period of human society, what was the people? It was ignorance. What was religion? It was intolerance. And what was justice? It was injustice. Am I going too far in my words? Judge.

I will confine myself to the citation of two facts, but decisive.

At Toulouse, October 13, 1761, there was found in the lower story of a house a young man hanged. The crowd gathered, the clergy fulminated, the magistracy investigated. It was a suicide; they made of it an assassination. In what interest? In the interest of religion. And who was accused? The father. He was a Huguenot, and he wished to hinder his son from becoming a Catholic. There was here a moral monstrosity and a material impossibility; no matter! This father had killed his son; this old man had hanged this young man. Justice travailed, and this was the result. In the month of March, 1762, a man with white hair, Jean Calas, was conducted to a public place, stripped naked, stretched upon a wheel, the members bound upon it, the head hanging. Three men are there upon a scaffold, a magistrate, named David, charged to superintend the punishment, a priest to hold the crucifix, and the executioner with a bar of iron in his hand. The patient, stupefied and terrible, regards not the priest, and looks at the executioner. The executioner lifts the bar of iron, and breaks one of his arms. The victim groans and swoons. The magistrate comes forward; they make the condemned inhale salts; he returns to life. Then another stroke of the bar; another groan. Calas loses consciousness; they revive him and the executioner begins again; and, as each limb before being broken in two places receives two blows, that makes eight punishments. After the eighth swooning the priest offers him the crucifix to kiss; Calas turns away his head, and the executioner gives him the *coup de grâce;* that is to say, crushes in his chest with the thick end of the bar of iron. So died Jean Calas.

That lasted two hours. After his death the evidence of the suicide came to light. But an assassination had been committed. By whom? By the judges.

Another fact. After the old man, the young man. Three years later, in 1765, at Abbeville, the day after a night of storm and high wind, there was found upon the pavement of a bridge an old crucifix of worm-eaten wood, which for three centuries had been fastened to the parapet. Who had thrown down this crucifix? Who committed this sacrilege? It is not known. Perhaps a passer-by. Perhaps the wind. Who is the guilty one? The Bishop of Amiens launches a *monitoire*. Note what a *monitoire* was: it was an order to all the faithful, on pain of hell, to declare what they knew or believed they knew of such or such a fact; a murderous injunction, when addressed by fanaticism to ignorance. The *monitoire* of the Bishop of Amiens does its work; the town gossip assumes the character of the crime charged. Justice discovers, or believes it discovers, that on the night when the crucifix was thrown down, two men, two officers, one named La Barre, the other D'Etallonde, passed over the bridge of Abbeville, that they were drunk, and that they sang a guard-room song.

The tribunal was the Seneschalcy of Abbeville. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville was equivalent to the court of the Capitouls of Toulouse. It was not less just. Two orders for arrest were issued. D'Etallonde escaped, La Barre was taken. Him they delivered to judicial examination. He denied having crossed the bridge; he confessed to having sung the song. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville condemned him; he appealed to the Parliament of Paris. He was conducted to Paris; the sentence was found good and confirmed. He was conducted back to Abbeville in chains. I abridge. The monstrous hour arrives. They begin by subjecting the Chevalier de La Barre to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to make him reveal his accomplices. Accomplices in what? In having crossed a bridge and sung a song. During the torture one of his knees was broken; his confessor, on hearing the bones crack, fainted away. The next day, June 5, 1766, La Barre was drawn to the great square of Abbeville, where flamed a penitential fire; the sentence was read to La Barre; then they cut off one of his hands; then they tore out his tongue with iron pincers; then, in mercy, his head was cut off and thrown into the fire. So died the Chevalier de La Barre. He was nineteen years of age.

Then, O Voltaire! thou didst utter a cry of horror, and it will be thine eternal glory!

Then didst thou enter upon the appalling trial of the past; thou didst plead, against tyrants and monsters, the cause of the human race, and thou didst gain it. Great man, blessed be thou forever!

The frightful things which I have recalled were accomplished in the midst of a polite society; its life was gay and light; people went and came; they looked neither above nor below themselves; their indifference had become carelessness; graceful poets, Saint Aulaire, Boufflers, Gentil-Bernard, composed pretty verses; the court was all festival; Versailles was brilliant; Paris ignored what was passing; and then it was that, through religious ferocity, the judges made an old man die upon the wheel, and the priests tore out a child's tongue for a song.

In the presence of this society, frivolous and dismal, Voltaire alone, having before his eyes those united forces, the court, the nobility, capital; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so severe to subjects, so docile to the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling upon the people before the king; that clergy, vile *mélange* of hypocrisy and fanaticism; Voltaire alone, I repeat, declared war against that coalition of all the social iniquities, against that enormous and terrible world, and he accepted battle with it. And what was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the power of the thunderbolt—a pen.

With that weapon he fought; with that weapon he conquered.

Let us salute that memory.

Voltaire conquered; Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero. He was a great mind and an immense heart.

He conquered the old code and the old dogma. He conquered the feudal lord, the Gothic judge, the Roman priest. He raised the populace to the dignity of people. He taught, pacificated, and civilized. He fought for Sirven and Montbailly, as for Calas and La Barre; he accepted all the menaces, all the outrages, all the persecutions, calumny, and exile. He was indefatigable and immovable. He conquered violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth.

I have just pronounced the word *smile*. I pause at it. Smile! It is Voltaire.

Let us say it, pacification is the great side of the philosopher: in Voltaire the equilibrium always re-establishes itself at last. Whatever may be his just wrath, it passes, and the irritated Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire calmed. Then in that profound eye the smile appears.

That smile is wisdom. That smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. That smile sometimes becomes laughter, but the philosophic sadness tempers it. Toward the strong it is mockery; toward the weak it is a caress. It disquiets the oppressor, and reassures the oppressed. Against the great it is raillery; for the little it is pity. Ah, let us be moved by that smile! It had in it the rays of the dawn. It illuminated the true, the just, the good, and what there is of worthy in the useful. It lighted up the interior of superstitions. Those ugly things it is salutary to see, he has shown. Luminous, that smile was fruitful also. The new society, the desire for equality and concession and that beginning of fraternity which called itself tolerance, reciprocal good-will, the just accord of men and right, reason recognized as the supreme law, the annihilation of prejudices and prescribed opinions, the serenity of souls, the spirit of indulgence and of pardon, harmony, peace—behold what has come from that great smile!

On the day—very near, without any doubt—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, when the amnesty will be proclaimed, I affirm it! up there in the stars Voltaire will smile.

Between two servants of humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation.

To combat Pharisaism; to unmask imposture; to overthrow tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions; to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it, that is to say, to replace the false by the true; to attack a ferocious magistracy, a sanguinary priesthood; to take a whip and drive the money-changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, the poor, the suffering, the overwhelmed, to struggle for the persecuted and oppressed—that was the war of Jesus Christ! And who waged that war? It was Voltaire.

The completion of the evangelical work is the philosophical work; the spirit of mercy began, the spirit of tolerance continued. Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: Jesus wept; Voltaire smiled. Of that divine tear and that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization.

Did Voltaire always smile? No. He was often indignant. You remarked it in my first words.

Certainly measure, reserve, proportion are reason's supreme law. We can say that moderation is the very respiration of the philosopher. The effort of the wise man ought to be to condense into a sort of serene certainty all the approximations of which philosophy is composed. But at certain moments the passion for the true rises powerful and violent, and it is within its right in so doing, like the stormy winds which purify. Never, I insist upon it, will any wise man shake those two august supports of social labor, justice and hope; and all will respect the judge if he is embodied justice, and all will venerate the priest if he represents hope. But if the magistracy calls itself torture, if the Church calls itself Inquisition, then Humanity looks them in the face, and says to the judge: I will none of thy law! and says to the priest: I will none of thy dogma! I will none of thy fire upon the earth and thy hell in the future! Then philosophy rises in wrath, and arraigns the judge before justice, and the priest before God!

That is what Voltaire did. It was grand.

What Voltaire was, I have said; what his age was, I am about to say.

Great men rarely come alone; large trees seem larger when they dominate a forest; there they are at home. There was a forest of minds around Voltaire; that forest was the Eighteenth century. Among those minds there were summits, Montesquieu, Buffon, Beaumarchais, and among others, two, the highest after Voltaire—Rousseau and Diderot. Those thinkers taught men to reason; reasoning well leads to acting well; justness in the mind becomes justice in the heart. Those toilers for progress labored usefully. Buffon founded naturalism; Beaumarchais discovered, outside of Molière, a kind of comedy till then almost unknown, the social comedy; Montesquieu made in law some excavations so profound that he succeeded in exhuming the right. As to Rousseau, as to Diderot, let us pronounce those two names apart; Diderot, a vast intelligence, inquisitive, a tender heart, a thirst for justice, wished to give certain notions as the foundation of true ideas, and created the encyclopædia. Rousseau rendered to woman an admirable service, completing the mother by the nurse, placing near one another those two majesties of the cradle. Rousseau, a writer, eloquent and pathetic, a profound oratorical dreamer, often divined and proclaimed political truth; his ideal borders upon the real; he had the glory of being the first man in France who called himself citizen. The civic fibre vibrates in Rousseau; that which vibrates in Voltaire is the universal fibre. One can say that in the fruitful Eighteenth century, Rousseau represented the people; Voltaire, still more vast, represented Man. Those powerful writers disappeared, but they left us their soul, the Revolution.

Yes, the French Revolution was their soul. It was their radiant manifestation. It came from them; we find them everywhere in that blest and superb catastrophe, which formed the conclusion of the past and the opening of the future. In that clear light, which is peculiar to revolutions, and which beyond causes permits us to perceive effects, and beyond the first plan the second, we see behind Danton Diderot, behind Robespierre Rousseau, and behind Mirabeau Voltaire. These formed those.

To sum up epochs, by giving them the names of men, to name ages, to make of them in some sort human personages, has only been done by three peoples, Greece, Italy, France. We say, the Age of Pericles, the Age of Augustus, the Age of Leo X, the Age of Louis XIV, the Age of Voltaire. These appellations have a great significance. This privilege of giving names to periods belonging exclusively to Greece, to Italy, and to France, is the highest mark of civilization. Until Voltaire, they were the names of the chiefs of states; Voltaire is more than the chief of a state; he is a chief of ideas; with Voltaire a new cycle begins. We feel that henceforth the supreme governmental power is to be thought. Civilization obeyed force; it will obey the ideal. It was the sceptre and the sword broken, to be replaced by the ray of light; that is to say, authority transfigured into liberty. Henceforth, no other sovereignty than the law for the people, and the conscience for the individual. For each of us, the two aspects of progress separate themselves clearly, and they are these: to exercise one's right; that is to say, to be a man; to perform one's duty; that is to say, to be a citizen.

Such is the signification of that word, the Age of Voltaire; such is the meaning of that august event, the French Revolution.

The two memorable centuries which preceded the Eighteenth, prepared for it; Rabelais warned royalty in "Gargantua," and Molière warned the Church in "Tartuffe." Hatred of force and respect for right are visible in those two illustrious spirits.

Whoever says to-day might makes right performs an act of the Middle Ages, and speaks to men three hundred years behind their time.

The Nineteenth century glorifies the Eighteenth century. The Eighteenth proposed, the Nineteenth concludes. And my last word will be the declaration, tranquil, but inflexible, of progress.

The time has come. The right has found its formula: human federation.

To-day, force is called violence, and begins to be judged; war is arraigned. Civilization, upon the complaint of the human race, orders the trial, and draws up the great criminal indictment of conquerors and captains. This witness, History, is summoned. The reality appears. The factitious brilliancy is dissipated. In many cases, the hero is a species of assassin. The peoples begin to comprehend that increasing the magnitude of a crime cannot be its diminution; that, if to kill is a crime, to kill much cannot be an extenuating circumstance; that, if to steal is a shame, to invade cannot be a glory; that *Te Deums* do not count for much in this matter; that homicide is homicide; that bloodshed is bloodshed; that it serves nothing to call one's self Cæsar or Napoleon; and that in the eyes of the eternal God, the figure of a murderer is not changed because, instead of a gallows-cap, there is placed upon his head an emperor's crown.

Ah! let us proclaim absolute truths. Let us dishonor war. No; glorious war does not exist. No; it is not good, and it is not useful, to make corpses. No; it cannot be that life travails for death. No; O mothers who surround me, it cannot be that war, the robber, should continue to take from you your children. No; it cannot be that women should bear children in pain, that men should be born, that people should plow and sow, that the farmer should fertilize the fields, and the workmen enrich the city, that industry should produce marvels, that genius should produce prodigies, that the vast human activity should, in presence of the starry sky, multiply efforts and creations, all to result in that frightful international exposition which is called a field of battle!

The true field of battle, behold it here! It is this rendezvous [at the Exposition, then open] of the masterpieces of human labor which Paris offers the world at this moment. The true victory is the victory of Paris.

Alas! we cannot hide it from ourselves that the present hour, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still some mournful aspects; there are still clouds upon the horizon; the tragedy of the peoples is not finished; war, wicked war, is still there, and it has the audacity to lift its head in the midst of this august festival of peace. Princes, for two years past, obstinately adhere to a fatal misunderstanding; their discord forms an obstacle to our concord, and they are ill-inspired to condemn us to the statement of such a contrast.

Let this contrast lead us back to Voltaire. In the presence of menacing possibilities, let us be more pacific than ever. Let us turn toward that great death, toward that great life, toward that great spirit. Let us bend before the venerated sepulcher. Let us take counsel of him whose life, useful to men, was extinguished a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us take counsel of the other powerful thinkers, the auxiliaries of this glorious Voltaire—of Jean Jacques, of Diderot, of Montesquieu. Let us give the word to those great voices. Let us stop the shedding of human blood. Enough! enough! despots. Ah! barbarism persists; very well, let civilization be indignant. Let the Eighteenth century come to the help of the Nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of the true; let us invoke those illustrious shades; let them, before monarchies meditating war, proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to liberty, the sovereignty of reason, the holiness of labor, the blessedness of peace; and since night issues from the thrones, let light come from the tombs.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

EULOGY ON BENJAMIN HILL

[Address by John J. Ingalls, lawyer, journalist, United States Senator from Kansas (born in Middleton, Mass., December 29, 1833; died in Las Vegas, N. M., August 16, 1900), delivered in the United States Senate, January 23, 1882.]

Mr. President:—Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country. Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death, he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum, whether his dextrous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel, whether he yet remembers us as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question, for which the centuries have given no answer: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Every man is the center of a circle, whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it, he perishes; and if immortality is a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Of all the dead whose obsequies we have paused to solemnize in this Chamber, I recall no one whose untimely fate seems so lamentable, and yet so rich in prophecy, as that of Senator Hill. He had reached the meridian of his years. He stood upon the high plateau of middle life, in that serene atmosphere where temptation no longer assails, where the clamorous passions no more distract, and where the conditions are most favorable for noble and enduring achievement. His upward path had been through stormy adversity and contention, such as infrequently fall to the lot of men. Though not without the tendency to meditation, revery, and introspection which accompanies genius, his temperament was palestric. He was competitive and unpeaceful. He was born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually pugnacious and combative, so that he was impelled to defend any position that might be assailed, or to attack any position that might be intrenched, not because the defense or assault was essential, but because the positions were maintained, and those who held them became, by that fact alone, his adversaries.

This tendency of his nature made his orbit erratic. He was meteoric, rather than planetary, and flashed with irregular splendor, rather than shone with steady and penetrating rays. His advocacy of any cause was fearless to the verge of temerity. He appeared to be indifferent to applause or censure, for their own sake. He accepted intrepidly any conclusions that he reached, without inquiring whether they were politic or expedient.

To such a spirit, partisanship was unavoidable, but with Senator Hill, it did not degenerate into bigotry. He was capable of broad generosity, and extended to his opponents the same unreserved candor which he demanded for himself. His oratory was impetuous, and devoid of artifice. He was not a posturer or phrase-monger. He was too intense, too earnest, to employ the cheap and paltry decorations of discourse. He never reconnoitered a hostile position, nor approached it by stealthy parallels. He could not lay siege to an enemy, nor beleaguer him, nor open trenches, and sap and mine. His method was the charge and the onset. He was the Murat of senatorial debate. Not many men of this generation have been better equipped for parliamentary warfare than he, with his commanding presence, his sinewy diction, his confidence, and imperturbable self-control.

But in the maturity of his powers and his fame, with unmeasured opportunities for achievement apparently before him, with great designs unaccomplished, surrounded by the proud and affectionate solicitude of a great constituency, the pallid messenger with the inverted torch beckoned him to depart. There are few scenes in history more tragic than that protracted combat with death. No man had greater inducements to live. But in the long struggle against the inexorable advances of an insidious and mortal malady, he did not falter nor repine. He retreated with the aspect of a victor, and though he succumbed, he seemed to conquer. His sun went down at noon, but it sank amid the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn.

With more than a hero's courage, with more than a martyr's fortitude, he waited the approach of the inevitable hour, and went to the undiscovered country.

SIR HENRY IRVING

THE CHARACTER OF MACBETH

[Address by Sir Henry Irving (born Henry Brodribb, in Keinton, near Glastonbury, England, February 6, 1838; ——), delivered before the students of Columbia University, New York City, November 20, 1895. The large hall of the Library was cleared for the occasion and a temporary platform erected on one side, against a background of palms. The speaker stood at a reading-desk decorated with palms. He was conducted to the platform by the President, Seth Low, and briefly introduced, Mr. Low saying that "all English-speaking people had long claimed the actor for their own before the sovereign of England had given them the right to call him with pleasant familiarity, 'Sir Henry.'" The students then welcomed him with the college cheer. At the close of the address Sir Henry was conducted through the hall by Mr. Low, while the students kept up a continuous cheering.]

My Friends:—I value very much the honor of appearing before the scholars and students of this great university to-day, and I have thought that the best subject on which I might address you would be one bearing on my own art. For this reason I have chosen "The Character of Macbeth."

The generally received opinion regarding Macbeth has been that of a good man who has gone wrong under the influence of a wicked and dominant wife. This tradition has been in force for many years and was mainly due to the powerful rendering of the character of Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Siddons, whose personality lent its view of an essentially powerful and dominant woman; and as the play was not given as often as might have been expected, the tradition flourished without challenge of any kind save now and then some scholarly comment which practically never reached the masses.

Now, I should like to-day to examine briefly the proposition. I think we shall find that Shakespeare has in his text given Macbeth as one of the most bloody-minded, hypocritical villains in all his long gallery of portraits of men instinct with the virtues and vices of their kind. It is in the very text that, before the opening of the play—before the curtain rises upon it—Macbeth had not only thought of murdering Duncan, but had even broached the subject to his wife, and that this vague possibility became a resolute intention under stress of unexpected developments; that although Macbeth played with the subject and even cultivated assiduously a keen sense of the horrors of his crimes, his resolution never really slackened. Thus we find that the very first suggestion of murder comes from him on the occasion of his meeting with the witches:—

> "Why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair . . . ?
> . . . .
> My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical" . . .

Up to this moment no other suggestion of murder has been made by anybody—even the witches—and there does not seem even the active cause for it which later appears. The prognostications of the witches are on purely natural lines and it needs positively no effort of imagination and only a very small exercise of the logic of cause and effect to understand that any gipsy might have made a guess at the prophecy of the weird sisters, even without the special gift of invisibility and corporal transference, which these ladies seem to have had in common with the modern Mahatma of esoteric Buddhism. They hail him under three titles—Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and King that shall be. Now, regarding the first of these, the new title was manifestly in Macbeth's own mind:—

> "By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis ;"

with regard to the second, he was returning from having conquered in battle the Thane of Cawdor, who, leagued with his country's enemies, had been fighting against his King, and it was but natural to suppose that, on his attainder, his estates and honors would be forfeited and as usual bestowed upon his victor. With regard to the third, it was so apparent a possibility that even Banquo, the loyal soldier, whose loyalty is all through the play held up in starlike purity, did not show any surprise at it:—

> "Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
> Things that do sound so fair?"

Even the acceptance of the thought—not even to build upon it—did not in itself imply any murderous intent on the part of Macbeth. History, as told by the chronicler Holinshed, gives all the necessary facts, and these were before Shakespeare when he wrote and embodied them in his work. There are, I believe, many who think that Macbeth was an ordinary villain, a mere noble or chieftain—one of many of the same kind—who under the influence of an ambitious wife coveted the crown, and got it by the simple process of killing the owner and taking it for himself. Crowns are not to be treated in the simple manner of property in the typical melodrama in which the legal canon is: "When a man dies, his property goes to the nearest villain." At the time of the opening of the play, Macbeth was the next heir to the crown, and it was only human that he should dream of natural possibilities of succession. It is true that Duncan's sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, stood between him and succession so long as the King lived, but then these were both minors and as such unable to succeed if not of age to bear arms. This point is of importance as we shall see presently. When Duncan hailed Macbeth as "Cousin," it was not merely a vague designation of kinship; the two men were first cousins, each being the only son of one of the coheiresses of King Malcolm (the predecessor of Duncan), who was the common grandfather of them both. The full relationship is thus told by the chronicler Holinshed:—

"After Malcolme succeeded Duncane, sonne of his daughter Beatrice; for Malcolme had two daughters, the one of which was this

Beatrice being given in marriage unto one Abbanath Crinen, a man of great nobility, a thane of the isles and west parts of Scotland, bare of that marriage the aforesaid Duncane. The other called Doada, was married unto Cinell, a thane of Glammis, by whom she had issue one Makbeth, a violent gentleman and one that, if he had not been somewhat cruell of nature, might have been thought most worthy the government of a realm."

Thus it is that we understand Macbeth's utterance:—

> "By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;"

he was simply speaking of his own father. Thus too, we can see that while it was only natural for Macbeth to dream of succession to the Kingship of Scotland, there was no need for any unnatural crime to achieve such possibility. Why then, was it that the presage of the witches created such a tumult in the mind of the victorious Thane? Because he had long before discussed with his wife the question of the murder of the King. When Duncan went to Macbeth's castle, he (Macbeth) begins to play with his conscience after his habit as a cat does with a mouse; thinks that he has made up his mind definitely to commit murder. He tells his wife that he will not go on with the project, to which she replies:—

> "What beast was't, then,
> That made you break this enterprise to me?
> . . . .
> Nor time, nor place,
> Did then adhere; and yet you would make both;
> They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
> Does unmake you."

Is there any possibility of mistaking the significance of this passage? Here it is definitely stated that before the present time the subject of the murder had been broached and that it was Macbeth who had broached it. Is there any evidence here of a good man gone wrong under the influence of a wicked wife? Let us see how far recorded history bears out the view—and Shakespeare had his Holinshed before him. Holinshed says:—

"The same night (that of the day of seeing the witches and in sequence before his coming to his own castle) at supper Banquho pested with him: 'Now, Makbeth, thou'st obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, their remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third sister said should come to pass.' Whereupon Makbeth revolved the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain the kingdom."

It is quite possible that Macbeth led his wife to believe that she was leading him on. It was part of his nature to work her moral downfall in such a way. We see a similar instance of his hypocrisy in the scene in the First Act when the witch salutes him with the new-given title of the "Thane of Cawdor." He answers:—

"The Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman."

It was true that the Thane of Cawdor lived, but his "prosperity" was a little doubtful. He had been conquered in battle fighting against his King and country, and by the very man who spoke of him as prosperous. His conqueror had handed him over to the officers of the King, well knowing that his days were numbered and his "prosperity" was nil. There was short shrift for unsuccessful rebels in the Eleventh century! It was in fact the conscious exercise of this hypocritical spirit which marked the "essential difference" of Macbeth's character. His hypocrisy runs throughout the play. There is no stronger instance of it than when in the presence of his wife he pathetically pictures the aspect of the murdered King and the innocent attendants whose faces he and his "dearest partner of greatness" had smeared with blood. This is certainly a little too much for the lady—for she faints and is carried away. He was a poet with his brain—the greatest poet that Shakespeare has ever drawn—and a villain with his heart, and the mere appreciation of his own wickedness gives irony to his grim humor and zest to his crime. He loved throughout to paint the man and his deeds in the blackest pigments and by the exercise of his wickedness shows deliberation of an intellectual voluptuary. All through the play his darkest deeds are heralded by high thoughts told in the most glorious word-painting, so that after a little the reader or the hearer comes to understand that the excellence of the poetic thought is but a suggestion of the measure of the wickedness that is to follow. Indeed it is the hypocritical idea set forth by Mr. Lewis Carroll, in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," when that skilled laborer was dealing with the oysters:—

> "With sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size;
> Holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes."

When the murder of Duncan is at hand, for the King is now his guest, he says:—

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly: if th' assassination
> Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
> With his surcease, success; that but this blow
> Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
> But here, upon this bank and shoal of time—
> We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases
> We still have judgment here; that we but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
> First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
> Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
> Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
> Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off;
> And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
> Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, hors'd
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
> That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
> To prick the sides of my intent; but only
> Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
> And falls on th' other."—

I should like to call your attention to the beautiful simile of the naked new-born babe—perhaps the most helpless thing on earth—which has frequently been quoted as a proof of the struggle in Macbeth's mind. It is simply a proof of Macbeth's poetic imaginings, which run on throughout the play on every possible occasion. I can see the tears trickling down Macbeth's cheeks as in the image of pity for Duncan he pictures the new-born babe tossed about by tempestuous wind; but when Lady Macbeth suggests how the murder of Duncan can be accomplished without any fear of discovery, every thought of pity vanishes. Macbeth, the poet—the man of sentiment and sensibility and not of feeling—was the Macbeth that Shakespeare drew. And when he is actually on his way to the room where Duncan sleeps, he thus plays with his own guilt in poetic phrase:—

> "Now o'er the one half world
> Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
> The curtained sleep: witchcraft celebrates
> Pale Hecate's off'rings; and wither'd murther,
> Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
> Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
> Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
> Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
> Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
> And take the present horror from the time,
> Which now suits with it."

You see he revels in the enjoyment of his fervid and poetic imagery. Again, when he has arranged the murder of Banquo and Fleance, he says to his wife:—

> "Ere the bat hath flown
> His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
> The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
> Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
> A deed of dreadful note.
> What's to be done?
> Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
> Till thou applaud the deed."

Now, to return for a while to the First Act. We have seen that Macbeth had, even before the opening of the play, a vague purpose, for he says in his rapt soliloquy after he met with the witches;—

"Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair . . . ?
. . . .
My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical" . . .
. . . .
"If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir."

Here we get a clue to that vague side of his character spoken of by his wife:—

"What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

If chance is to do the dirty work for him, all well and good; but it is of the essence of evil natures that they cannot wait and must do their own dirty work; and of evil prophecy that it doubts its own fulfilment. After his meeting with the weird sisters he goes away almost content to see what will happen. Here again we may note how Shakespeare has taken his hint from history, for Holinshed says:—

"But he yet bethought within himselfe that he must tarry a time, which he divines he may therefore (by divine providence), as it came to passe in his former pereferment."

What does happen is the very spur needed to his wicked intent. The King, in his full-hearted generosity, flushed as he is in the full tide of warlike and political success, gives away great rewards:—

"Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers."

Among other things he gives that which does not belong to him, for he makes his eldest son Prince of Cumberland, thus naming him to the succession of his throne, for at this time, according to Steevens, Cumberland was in the position of a fief held by Scotland from England, and the heir to the monarchy had generally the title of Prince of Cumberland. On this episode of history Holinshed writes:—

> King Duncane, having two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcolme, Prince of Cumberland, as it were, thereby appointing him as successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease, Makbeth sore troubled herewith for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where by the old laws of the realm the ordinance was that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take charge upon himselfe he that was next of bloud unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to doo. (As he tooke the matter, for that Duncane did what in him lay, to defraud him of all manner of title and claime which he might in time to come pretend unto the crowne.)

This setting forth of the historical fact and condition is only a more detailed statement than is made in the action of the piece as set down by Shakespeare; but the great master of the stage knew that here came the opportunity for the actor's art—words were but the skeleton which the player had to clothe with flesh so that he could breathe into it the fire of life. At the close of Duncan's speech, Macbeth having expressed his intention of being the King's avant-courier adds in an aside:—

"The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

It should always be borne in mind that this point is the pivotal one in the action of the play, the position of affairs, as in the development of the story that Macbeth has his former inchoate intention of murder crystallized into immediate and determined resolve to do the deed, for he realizes that the King's unconstitutional action will day by day raise an ever-heightening barrier between him and the throne. Up to this moment there was, constitutionally, in the present and in the immediate future, but one life between him and the golden circlet; now there are two and possibly three, for what was done in the case of Malcolm, may yet be done in the case of Donalbain, and so Macbeth who is all resolute when his mind is made up for action, has already decided that the overleaping of the barrier must be done this very night. When the murder is accomplished, Macbeth is spared the further exercise of his grief, for Malcolm and Donalbain, who suspect him as the author, run away to seek shelter out of Scotland, and he has only to blacken their characters by pointing to their flight as an evidence of their guilt, and he at once steps into his place as King of Scotland.

There is one other light upon the character of Macbeth which Mr. George Fletcher has pointed out—the view taken of the usurper by the weird sisters and their mistress. In the fifth scene of the Third Act Hecate takes the witches to task for their presumption in their dealing with Macbeth:—

"How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;

. . . .

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you."

Here we have it on high authority, for it is a supernatural being who speaks, that Macbeth is "spiteful and wrathful," and also "a wayward son." To what paternity he is attributed it is not set forth, but in Wintown's Legendary "Cronykel" it is laid down that the actual father of Macbeth was none other than the devil himself, who had, in the shape of a "fayr man," made love to his mother. We must of course take things only for what they are worth, but they most certainly must be considered, for Shakespeare had them within his observation, and throughout the play there are distinct evidences of his study of the Chronicles. For instance, the whole episode of the murder is taken from an earlier passage of Holinshed's actual words, "so faire a day," coming from the same source, with the manifest opposition of foul and fair united in a breath; and, in fact, Shakespeare everywhere, after his usual manner in dramatizing a story, has availed himself of every word and every suggestion which can add local color, vraisemblance, and living interest to his work. In one point I wish no one to mistake me—that is, as to Macbeth's bravery. Of this there can be no doubt, either historically or in Shakespeare's play. Indeed, Shakespeare insists throughout on this great manly quality, and at the very outset of the tragedy twice puts into the mouths of other characters speeches couching their declarations in poetic form. Thus the bleeding sergeant says, "Brave Macbeth (well he deserves the name)." The next witness to the valor of the Thane is given by Rosse, who designates him by the majestic figure, "that Bellona's bridegroom." It is to his moral qualities which I refer when I dub him villain. He bears witness himself at the close of the Third Act when he announces his fixed intention on a general career of selfish crime, and this to the wife whose hands have touched the crown, and whose heart has by now felt the vanity of the empty circlet:—

> "For mine own good,
> All causes shall give way: I am in blood
> Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
> Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
> Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned."

How any student, whether he be of the stage or not, can take the above passages and, reading them in any light or form, can torture out a meaning of Macbeth's native nobility or honor, I am truly at a loss to conceive. Grapes do not grow on thorns or figs on thistles, and how any one can believe that a wish for and an intent to murder—and for mere gain, though that gain be to hasten a crown—can find lodgment in a noble breast, I know not. Let it be sufficient that Macbeth—hypocrite, murderer, traitor, regicide—threw over his many crimes the glamour of his own self-torturing thought. He was a Celt in every phase of his life; his Celtic fervor was manifest. It is not needed that we who are students in our various ways of an author's meaning, should make so little of him as to lose his main purpose in the misty beauty of his poetic words.

We are sometimes told that Shakespeare did not intend to make Macbeth a psychological study; he did make him so, and it is sufficient that we find his intent in the result, for Shakespeare was not only the greatest dramatist and the great poet of all time, but he was also a psychologist of every phase of human character and human thought, and the accomplished and perfect master of every trick and turn of human thought from the loftiest to the basest.

Lavater says that a man can only be a perfect physiognomist who has all the good qualities, for even the best of men has in him enough of the old Adam to enable him to think evil, whereas the evil man cannot think the highest good. The wide range of Shakespeare's intellectual sympathies fixes his high place even by this rule of judgment. The poetic mind on which the presages and suggestions of supernatural things could work; a nature sensitive, intellectual emotion, so that one can imagine him even in his contemplation of coming crimes weeping for the pain of the destined victim; self-torturing, self-examination, playing with conscience, so that action and reaction of poetic thought might send emotional waves through the brain while the resolution was as grimly fixed as steel and the heart as cold as ice; a poet supreme in the power of words, with vivid imagination and glowing sympathy of intellect; a villain, cold-blooded, selfish, remorseless, with the true villain's nerve and callousness when pressed to evil work, and the physical heroism of those who are born to kill; a moral nature with only sufficient weakness to quail (?) momentarily before superstitious terrors; a man of sentiment and not of feeling—such was the mighty dramatic character which Shakespeare gave to the world in Macbeth.

WASHINGTON IRVING

LANDING AT NEW YORK

[Address by Washington Irving, author, historian (born in New York, April 3, 1783; died at "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, N. Y., November 28, 1859), delivered at a reception given him in New York, May 30, 1832, by his early friends and townsmen on his return from Europe, after an absence of seventeen years. The festival took place at the city hall. Chancellor Kent, the eminent jurist, presided, and proposed the toast which evoked this address: "Our Illustrious Guest, thrice welcome to his native land!" It was among the very few addresses, if not the only extended address that Mr. Irving ever delivered.]

I find myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration, by others, who, though personally new to me, I recognize as the sons of the patriarchs of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I have been led, at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumors and suggestions had reached me that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country. Gentlemen, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were groundless. [Cheers.]

Never certainly did a man return to his native place after so long an absence under happier auspices. On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though perhaps it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast, I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighborhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city extending itself over heights I had left covered with green forests. [Brooklyn and Gowanus.]

But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent, where I behold a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbor, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me: This was "my own, my native land." [Applause.]

It has been asked, Can I be content to live in this country? Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomier climes to one of sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these to a country where all is life and animation; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city of which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny and his ambition—if possible, to found a name? [Applause.] I am asked how long I mean to remain here. They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, "As long as I live."

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD

WHITTINGTON CLUB

[Address by Douglas Jerrold, dramatist, journalist, humorist (born in London, January 3, 1803; died there, June 8, 1857), delivered before the Whittington Club, London, at a soirée to celebrate its inception, on February 29, 1847. This was an institution of Jerrold's own creating, and he was called to the chair as its first President.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The post of danger, it has been said, is the post of honor. I was never more alive to the truth of the saying than at the present moment. For whilst, from a consciousness of inability duly to perform the duty to which you have called me, I feel my danger, I must, nevertheless, acknowledge the honor even of the post itself. But it is the spirit of hope that has called us together on the present most interesting occasion, and in that spirit I will endeavor to perform the task, not rendered particularly facile to me by frequent practice.

It is my duty, then, as briefly as I may, to dwell upon the purpose that brings us together this evening, and, as simply as lies within my power, to explain the various objects of our young institution—the infant Whittington. And even now it must be considered a most promising child—a child that has already got upon its feet; and though not yet eight months old—not eight months, ladies—is even now insisting on running alone. But, gentlemen, while you rejoice at the energy of this very forward child, I beseech you to have a proper humility, as becomes our sex in all such cases, and take none of the credit to yourselves.

Indeed, no man can have the face to do so, looking at the fair faces before him; for therein he cannot but acknowledge the countenance that has made the institution what it really is. The great spirit of our day is the associative spirit. Men have gradually recognized the great social truth, vital in the old fable of the bundle of sticks; and have begun to make out of what would otherwise be individual weakness, combined strength; and so small sticks, combining themselves together, obtain at once the strength of clubs. Now, we propose, nay, we have carried out such a combination, with this happy difference—that whereas such clubs have hitherto been composed of sticks of husbands and single sticks alone—we, for the first time, intend to grace them with those human flowers that give to human life its best worth and sweetness.

I think I recollect the little copy-book text that says: "Imitate your betters." Now, I have a dark suspicion that, though this word "betters" was in that text of early morality or copy-book text, it nevertheless signified richer. Well, in this—by no means obsolete—sense, we have, by the formation of the Whittington Club, only imitated our betters. We have paid them the respectful homage of following their example. The gold sticks and silver sticks, and chamberlain's rods, and black rods of high society, have bound themselves together for mutual advantage and mutual enjoyment; and why not the humble wands of life? If we have clubs composed, I may say, of canes with gold heads—or, if not always with gold heads, at least with plenty of gold about them—if we have clubs of nobles, wherefore not clubs of clerks? For my own part, there are lions and tigers, even in the highest heraldry, for which I have certainly no more respect than for the cat, the legendary cat, of Richard Whittington. Nevertheless, the proposed institution of our club has, in two or three quarters, been criticised as an impertinence—as almost a revolutionary movement, disrespectful to the vested interests of worshipful society. It has really been inferred that the social advantages contemplated by our institution would be vulgarized by being made cheap. These pensive prophets seem to consider the refinements of life to be like the diamonds—rarity making their only worth; and with these people, multiply the diamonds, ten thousandfold, and for such reason, with them, they would no longer be considered fit even for a gentleman.

These folks have only sympathies with the past. They love to contemplate the world with their heads over their shoulders, turned as far backward as anatomy will permit to them that surpassing luxury. Nevertheless, there is a tenderness at times, in the regret of these folks, for vested interests—a tenderness that makes it touching. Tell them, for instance, that this city of London is about to be veined with the electric telegraph; that wires vibrating with the pulse of human thought are about to be made messengers 'twixt man and man, and these people "beating their pensive bosoms," will say, "Yes, it is all very well," —with these whispering wires—this electric telegraph; "but if wires are to run upon messages, what—what is to become of the vested interests of the ticket porters?" Why with these people the rising sun itself should be to them no other than a young fiery revolutionist, for he comes upon the world trampling over the vested interests —that is, the darkness of the last night. However, to briefly scan the various purposes of our institution, we intend to use two club-houses—two to begin with—whose members may obtain meals and refreshments at the lowest remunerating prices. Well, surely men threaten no danger to the state by dining. On the contrary, the greater danger sometimes is when men can get no dinner. In the most troublous times, knives are never to be made so harmless as when coupled with forks. Hence I do not see why the mutton-chop of a duke at the Western Athenæum might not be imagined to hold a very affable colloquy with the chop of a clerk, cooked at the Whittington. We next propose to have a library and a reading-room. We intend to place the spirits of the wise upon our shelves—and when did evil ever come of wisdom?

It is true our books may not be as richly burnished as the books of Western clubs—our library may not have the same delicious odor of Russian leather—in a word, our books may not have as good coats on their backs; but it will be our own fault if they have not the same ennobling spirit in their utterances. It is also proposed to give lectures in the various branches of literature, science, and art. Well, I believe I am not called upon to say anything in advance of this intention.

There was a time, indeed, when lectures addressed to the popular mind were condemned as only ministering to popular dissatisfaction. The lecturer was looked upon as a meek Guy Fawkes dressed for an evening part; and his lectures, like Acre's letter, were pronounced "to smell woundily of gunpowder." This is past. Literature, science, and art are now open sources; the padlocks are taken from the wells—come and drink! Languages, mathematics, music, painting, will be taught in the classes—in classes that I hope will, like the gourd, come up in their fulness in a night. Occasional entertainments, combining the attraction of music and conversation, will be given—such attractions being enhanced by the presence of ladies.

And here I approach what I consider to be the most admirable, as it is the most novel, feature of the institution—the admission of females to all its privileges. I think the Whittington Club will enjoy the rare distinction of being the only club in London popular among its fair inhabitants. I know that this rule—the admission of ladies—has been made the subject of somewhat melancholy mirth. The female names already numbered best rebuke the scoffers; for have we not Mary Howitt—a name musical to the world's ear—a name fraught with memories of the gentlest and tenderest emotions of the human heart, voiced by the sweetest verse? Have we not, too, Mary Cowden Clarke, whose wonderful book, the "Concordance to Shakespeare," is a votive lamp lighted at the shrine of the poet—a lamp that will burn as long as Shakespeare's name is worshipped by the nations?

But I feel it would be more than discourtesy to such names, further to notice the wit made easy of those who sneer at the principle which admits ladies as members of the Whittington Club. "To employers and employed alike," says the prospectus, "the Whittington Club appeals with confidence for support."

Certainly to employers the institution offers the exercise of a great social duty, namely, to assist in a work that shall still tend to dignify the employed with a sense of self-respect—at all times the surest guarantee of honest performance 'twixt man and man. Nevertheless, whilst all such aid on the part of the richer members of the community must be cordially acknowledged by the less rich, the institution must depend, for a flourishing vitality, upon the energy of the employed themselves. Without that the institution cannot permanently succeed; and, further, it will not deserve success.

Yes, I am sure you feel this truth—a truth that, it is manifest, has been widely acknowledged, from the fact that, at the present moment, the Whittington Club numbers upwards of a thousand names, and the list is daily, hourly, lengthening.

May the spirit of Whittington wait on the good work! Yet, of Whittington, our patron—as I think we may venture to call him—how little do we truly know, and yet how much in that little! We see him, the child hero of our infancy, on Highgate stone—the orphan buffeted by the cruelty of the world—cruelty that is ever three parts ignorance—homeless, friendless, hopeless. He is then, in his little self, one of the saddest sights of earth—an orphan only looked upon by misery! And the legend tells us—and I am sure that there are none of us here who, if we could, would disbelieve it—the legend tells us that suddenly Bow bells rang out from London—from London, that stony-hearted mistress, that with threats and stripes, had sent the little wanderer forth. A voice flew from the far-off steeple—flew over field and meadow—sang to the little outcast boy a song of hope.

Childish fancy dreamt the words, but hope supplied the music—"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!" And the little hero rose and retraced his steps, with new strength, and hope, mysterious, in his little breast—returned to the city—drudged and drudged—and we know the golden end. In due time Bow bells were truest prophets. Such is the legend that delights us in childhood; but as we grow to maturity we see in the story something more than a tale. Yes, we recognize, in the career of Richard Whittington, that Saxon energy which has made the City of London what it is; we see and feel in it that commercial glory that wins the noblest conquest for the family of man; for the victories are bloodless. And therefore am I truly glad that our club carries the name—that when the idea of this institution rose in my mind, rose instantly with it—the name of Whittington. And I cannot think it otherwise than a good omen that one of our houses already taken—the house in Gresham street—is a part of the estate of the little Highgate day-dreamer. Yes, we are, so to speak, tenants of Richard Whittington. And in conclusion, let us hope that as, in the olden time, voices from Bow steeple called the hopeless wanderer to a long career of usefulness and fame, so may voices from this present meeting find their way to the hearts of many thousands of our mercantile and commercial brethren, crying to them: "Join us—join us, Whittingtons!"

DAVID STARR JORDAN

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

[Address of David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University since 1891 (born in Gainesville, N. Y., January 19, 1851; ———), delivered in 1895, at Pasadena, Cal.]

The subject of the higher training of young women may resolve itself into three questions:—

1. Shall a girl receive a college education?
2. Shall she receive the same kind of a college education as a boy?
3. Shall she be educated in the same college?

As to the first question: It must depend on the character of the girl. Precisely so with the boy. What we should do with either depends on his or her possibilities. No parents should let either boy or girl enter life with any less preparation than the best they can give. It is true that many college graduates, boys and girls alike, do not amount to much after the schools have done the best they can. It is true, as I have elsewhere insisted, that "you cannot fasten a two-thousand-dollar education to a fifty-cent boy"—or girl either. It is also true that higher education is not alone a question of preparing great men for great things. It must prepare even little men for greater things than they would otherwise have found possible. And so it is with the education of women. The needs of the times are imperative. The highest product of social evolution is the growth of the civilized home—the home that only a wise, cultivated, and high-minded woman can make. To furnish such women is one of the worthiest functions of higher education. No young woman capable of becoming such should be condemned

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to anything lower. Even with those who are in appearance too dull or too vacillating to reach any high ideal of wisdom, this may be said—it does no harm to try. A few hundred dollars is not much to spend on an experiment of such moment. Four of the best years of one's life spent in the company of noble thoughts and high ideals cannot fail to leave their impress. To be wise, and at the same time womanly, is to wield a tremendous influence, which may be felt for good in the lives of generations to come. It is not forms of government by which men are made or unmade. It is the character and influence of their mothers and their wives. The higher education of women means more for the future than all conceivable legislative reforms. And its influence does not stop with the home. It means higher standards of manhood, greater thoroughness of training, and the coming of better men. Therefore, let us educate our girls as well as our boys. A generous education should be the birthright of every daughter of the Republic as well as of every son.

2. Shall we give our girls the same education as our boys? Yes, and no. If we mean by the *same* an equal degree of breadth and thoroughness, and equal fitness for high thinking and wise acting, yes, let it be the same. If we mean this: Shall we reach this end by exactly the *same* course of studies? then my answer must be, No. For the same course of study will not yield the same results with different persons. The ordinary "college course" which has been handed down from generation to generation is purely conventional. It is a result of a series of compromises in trying to fit the traditional education of clergymen and gentlemen to the needs of men of a different social era. The old college course met the needs of nobody, and therefore was adapted to all alike. The great educational awakening of the last twenty years in America has lain in breaking the bonds of this old system. The essence of the new education is individualism. Its purpose is to give to each young man that training which will make a man of *him*. Not the training which a century or two ago helped to civilize the mass of boys of that time, but that which will civilize this particular boy. One reason why the college students of 1895 are ten to one in number as compared with those of 1875, is that the college

training now given is valuable to ten times as many men as could be reached or helped by the narrow courses of twenty years ago.

In the university of to-day the largest liberty of choice in study is given to the student. The professor advises, the student chooses, and the flexibility of the courses makes it possible for every form of talent to receive proper culture. Because the college of to-day helps ten times as many men as that of yesterday could hope to reach, it is ten times as valuable. This difference lies in the development of special lines of work and in the growth of the elective power. The power of choice carries the duty of choosing rightly. The ability to choose has made a man out of the college boy and transferred college work from an alternation of tasks and play to its proper relation to the business of life. Meanwhile the old ideals have not risen in value. If our colleges were to go back to the cut-straw of medievalism, to their work of twenty years ago, their professors would speak to empty benches. In those colleges which still cling to these traditions the benches are empty to-day—or filled with idlers, which to a college is a fate worse than death.

The best education for a young woman is surely not that which has proved unfit for the young man. She is an individual as well as he, and her work gains as much as his by relating it to her life. But an institution which meets the varied needs of varied men can also meet the varied needs of the varied women. The intellectual needs of the two classes are not very different in many important respects. The special or professional needs, so far as they are different, will bring their own satisfaction. Those who have had to do with the higher training of women know that the severest demands can be met by them as well as by men. There is no demand for easy or "goody-goody" courses of study for women except as this demand has been encouraged by men. In this matter the supply has always preceded the demand.

There are, of course, certain average differences between men and women as students. Women have often greater sympathy or greater readiness of memory or apprehension, greater fondness for technique. In the languages and literature, often in mathematics and history, they are found to excel. They lack, on the whole, originality. They are not attracted by unsolved problems, and in the inductive or "inexact" sciences, they seldom take the lead. The "motor" side of their minds and natures is not strongly developed. They do not work for results as much as for the pleasure of study. In the traditional courses of study—traditional for men—they are often very successful. Not that these courses have a fitness for women, but that women are more docile and less critical as to the purposes of education. And to all these statements there are many exceptions. In this, however, those who have taught both men and women must agree; the training of women is just as serious and just as important as the training of men, and no training is adequate for either which falls short of the best.

3. Shall women be taught in the same classes as men? This is partly a matter of taste. It does no harm whatever to either men or women to meet those of the other sex in the same classrooms. But if they prefer not to do so, let them do otherwise. Considerable has been said for and against the union in one institution of technical schools and schools of liberal arts. The technical quality is emphasized by its separation from general culture. But I believe better men are made where the two are not separated. The culture studies and their students gain from the feeling of reality and utility cultivated by technical work. The technical students gain from association with men and influences of which the aggregate tendency is toward greater breadth of sympathy and a higher point of view.

A woman's college is more or less distinctly a technical school. In most cases, its purpose is distinctly stated to be such. It is a school of training for the profession of womanhood. It encourages womanliness of thought as more or less different from the plain thinking which is called manly. The brightest work in women's colleges is often accompanied by a nervous strain, as though its doer were fearful of falling short of some outside standard. The best work of men is natural, is unconscious, the normal result of the contact of the mind with the problem in question.

In this direction, I think, lies the strongest argument for coeducation. This argument is especially cogent in institutions in which the individuality of the student is recognized and respected. In such schools each man, by his relation to action and realities, becomes a teacher of women in these regards, as, in other ways, each cultivated woman is a teacher of men.

In woman's education, as planned for women alone, the tendency is toward the study of beauty and order. Literature and language take precedence over science. Expression is valued more highly than action. In carrying this to an extreme, the necessary relation of thought to action becomes obscured. The scholarship developed is ineffective, because it is not related to success. The educated woman is likely to master technique, rather than art; method, rather than substance. She may know a good deal, but she can do nothing. Often her views of life must undergo painful changes before she can find her place in the world.

In schools for men alone, the reverse often obtains. The sense of reality obscures the elements of beauty and fitness. It is of great advantage to both men and women to meet on a plane of equality in education. Women are brought into contact with men who can do things—men in whom the sense of reality is strong, and who have definite views in life. This influence affects them for good. It turns them away from sentimentalism. It is opposed to the unwholesome state of mind called "monogamic marriage." It gives tone to their religious thoughts and impulses. Above all, it tends to encourage action as governed by ideals, as opposed to that resting on caprice. It gives them better standards of what is possible and impossible when the responsibility for action is thrown upon them.

In like manner, the association with wise, sane, and healthy women has its value for young men. This value has never been fully realized, even by the strongest advocates of coeducation. It raises their ideal of womanhood, and the highest manhood must be associated with such an ideal. This fact shows itself in many ways; but to point out its existence must suffice for the present paper.

At the present time, the demand for the higher education of woman is met in three different ways:—

1. In separate colleges for women, with courses of study more or less parallel with those given in colleges for men. In some of these the teachers are all women, in some mostly men, and in others a more or less equal division obtains. In nearly all of these institutions those old traditions of education and discipline are more prevalent than in colleges for men, and nearly all retain some trace of religious or denominational control. In all, the *Zeitgeist* is producing more or less commotion, and the changes in their evolution are running parallel with those in colleges for men.

2. In annexes for women to colleges for men. In these, part of the instruction given to the men is repeated for the women, though in different classes or rooms, and there is more or less opportunity to use the same libraries and museums. In some other institutions, the relations are closer, the privileges of study being similar, the difference being mainly in the rules of conduct by which the young women are hedged in, the young men making their own.

It seems to me that the annex system cannot be a permanent one. The annex student does not get the best of the institution, and the best is none too good for her. Sooner or later she will demand it, or go where the best can be found. The best students will cease to go to the annex. The institution must then admit women on equal terms, or not admit them at all. There is certainly no educational reason why a woman should prefer the annex of one institution when another equally good throws its doors wide open for her.

3. The third system is that of coeducation. In this system young men and young women are admitted to the same classes, subjected to the same requirements, and governed by the same rules. This system is now fully established in the State institutions of the North and West, and in most other colleges in the same region. Its effectiveness has long since passed beyond question among those familiar with its operation. Other things being equal, the young men are more earnest, better in manners and morals, and in all ways more civilized than under monastic conditions. The women do more work in a more natural way, with better perspective and with saner incentives than when isolated from the influence and so-

ciety of men. There is less of silliness and folly where a man is not a novelty. In coeducational institutions of high standards, frivolous conduct or scandals of any form are unknown. The responsibility for decorum is thrown from the school to the woman, and the woman rises to the responsibility. Many professors have entered Western colleges with strong prejudices against coeducation. These prejudices have never endured the test of experience. What is well done has a tonic effect on the mind and character. The college girl has long since ceased to expect any particular leniency because she is a girl. She stands or falls with the character of her work.

It is not true that the character of college work has been in any way lowered by coeducation. The reverse is decidedly the case. It is true that untimely zeal of one sort or another has filled the West with a host of so-called colleges. It is true that most of these are weak and doing poor work in poor ways. It is true that most of these are coeducational. It is also true that the great majority of their students are not of college grade at all. In such schools, low standards rule, both as to scholarship and as to manners. The student fresh from the country, with no preparatory training, will bring the manners of his home. These are not always good manners, as manners are judged. But none of these defects are derived from coeducation; nor are any of these conditions in any way made worse by it.

A final question: Does not coeducation lead to marriage? Most certainly it does; and this fact need not be and cannot be denied. But such marriages are not usually premature. It is certainly true that no better marriages can be made than those founded on common interests and intellectual friendships.

A college man who has known college women is not drawn to those of lower ideals and inferior training. His choice is likely to be led toward the best he has known. A college woman is not led by propinquity to accept the attentions of inferior men.

I have before me the statistics of the faculty of a university open to both sexes alike. Of the eighty professors and instructors, twenty-seven men and women are still unmarried. Of the remaining fifty-three, twenty-one have taken the Bachelor's degree in coeducational institutions, and have married college associates; twelve, mostly from colleges not coeducational, have married women from other colleges, and in twenty cases the wives are not college graduates.

It will be seen, then, that nearly all those who are graduates of coeducational colleges have married college friends. In most cases college men have chosen college women; and in all cases both men and women are thoroughly satisfied with the outcome of coeducation. It is part of the legitimate function of higher education to prepare women, as well as men, for happy and successful lives.

An Eastern professor, lately visiting a Western State university, asked one of the seniors what he thought of the question of coeducation.

"I beg your pardon," said the student; "what question do you mean?"

"Why coeducation," said the professor; "the education of women in colleges for men."

"Oh," said the student, "coeducation is not a question here."

And he was right. Coeducation is never a question where it has been fairly tried.

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT

THE GLORIES OF DULUTH

[Remarks by J. Proctor Knott, Member of Congress, 1867-1883, dean of the law faculty of Centre College, Danville, Ky., since 1894 (born in Washington, now Marion, County, Kentucky, August 29, 1830; ———), delivered in the House of Representatives, January 27, 1871, on the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad Bill.]

Mr. Speaker:—If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth—friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving my personal honor, or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill, not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of private friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of this House—myself not excepted—notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

Now, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railway, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. It is true they may afford some trifling advantages to local traffic, and they may even in time become the channels of a more extended commerce. Yet I have never been thoroughly satisfied either of the necessity or expediency of projects promising such meagre results to the great body of our people. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill I never entertained the shadow of a doubt.

Years ago, when I first heard there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the River St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Government—and perhaps not then. I had an abiding presentiment that some day or other the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and "without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.

These impressions, derived simply and solely from the "eternal fitness of things," were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over this morning the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion, as I find it reported in last Friday's "Globe." I will ask the indulgence of the House while I read a few short passages, which are sufficient, in my judgment, to place the merits of the great enterprise contemplated in the measure now under discussion beyond all possible controversy.

The honorable gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Wilson], who, I believe, is managing this bill, in speaking of the character of the country through which this railroad is to pass, says this:—

> "We want to have the timber brought to us as cheaply as possible. Now, if you tie up the lands in this way so that no title can be obtained to them—for no settler will go on these lands, for he cannot make a living—you deprive us of the benefit of that timber."

Now, sir, I would not have it by any means inferred from this that the gentleman from Minnesota would insinuate that the people out in his section desire this timber merely for the purpose of fencing up their farms so that their stock may not wander off and die of starvation among the bleak hills of the St. Croix. I read it for no such purpose, sir, and make no such comment on it myself. In corroboration of this statement of the gentleman from Minnesota, I find this testimony given by the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn]. Speaking of these same lands he says:—

> "Under the bill, as amended by my friend from Minnesota, nine-tenths of the land is open to actual settlers at $2.50 per acre; the remaining one-tenth is pine-timbered land that is not fit for settlement, and never will be settled upon; but the timber will be cut off. I admit that it is the most valuable portion of the grant, for most of the grant is not valuable. It is quite valueless; and if you put in this amendment of the gentleman from Indiana you may as well just kill the bill, for no man and no company will take the grant and build the road."

I simply pause here to ask some gentleman better versed in the science of mathematics than I am to tell me if the timbered lands are in fact the most valuable portion of that section of the country, and they would be entirely valueless without the timber that is on them, what the remainder of the land is worth which has no timber on it at all.

But further on I find a most entertaining and instructive interchange of views between the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Rogers], the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn], and the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters], upon the subject of pine lands generally, which I will tax the patience of the House to read:—

> Mr. Rogers—Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question?
>
> Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—Certainly.
>
> Mr. Rogers—Are these pine lands entirely worthless except for timber?
>
> Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—They are generally worthless for any other purpose. I am perfectly familiar with that subject. These lands are not valuable for purposes of settlement.
>
> Mr. Farnsworth—They will be after the timber is taken off.
>
> Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—No, sir.
>
> Mr. Rogers—I want to know the character of these pine lands.
>
> Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—They are generally sandy, barren lands. My friend from the Green Bay district [Mr. Sawyer] is himself perfectly familiar with this question, and he will bear me out in what I say, that these pine-timber lands are not adapted to settlement.
>
> Mr. Rogers—The pine lands to which I am accustomed are generally very good. What I want to know is, what is the difference between our pine lands and your pine lands.
>
> Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—The pine timber of Wisconsin generally grows upon barren, sandy land. The gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters], who is familiar with pine lands, will, I have no doubt, say that pine timber grows generally upon the most barren lands.
>
> Mr. Peters—As a general thing, pine lands are not worth much for cultivation.

And further on I find this pregnant question, the joint production of the two gentlemen from Wisconsin:—

> Mr. Paine—Does my friend from Indiana suppose that in any event settlers will occupy and cultivate these pine lands?
>
> Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—Particularly without a railroad?

Yes, sir, "particularly without a railroad." It will be asked after awhile, I am afraid, if settlers will go anywhere unless the Government builds a railroad for them to go on.

I desire to call attention to only one more statement, which I think sufficient to settle the question. It is one made by the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Paine], who says:—

> "These lands will be abandoned for the present. It may be that at some remote period there will spring up in that region a new kind of agriculture which will cause a demand for these particular lands; and they may then come into use and be valuable for agricultural purposes. But I know, and I cannot help thinking that my friend from Indiana understands that for the present, and for many years to come, these pine lands can have no possible value other than that arising from the pine timber which stands on them."

Now, sir, who, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent, and able-bodied witnesses, who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and upon the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence and hatching out the damnable heresy of Secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"?

Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow, with its concomitant amendments to the Constitution: the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth articles. The sixteenth, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day after day, beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride a-straddle, and do everything else the men do. But above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a single moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of a foreign war, with all our ports blockaded, all our cities in a state of siege, the gaunt spectre of famine brooding like a hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted, and our famishing armies withering away in the field, a helpless prey to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen, and we without any railroad communications whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix!

Ah, sir, I can very well understand why my amiable friends from Pennsylvania [Mr. Myers, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. O'Neill] should have been so earnest in their support of this bill the other day, and if their honorable colleague, my friend Mr. Randall, will pardon the remark, I will say I considered his criticism of their action on that occasion as, not only unjust, but ungenerous. I knew they were looking forward with the far-reaching ken of enlightened statesmanship to the pitiable condition in which Philadelphia will be left unless speedily supplied with railroad connection in some way or other with this garden spot of the universe. And besides, sir, this discussion has relieved my mind of a mystery that has weighed upon it like an incubus for years. I could never understand before why there was so much excitement during the last Congress over the acquisition of Alta Vela. I could never understand why it was that some of our ablest statesmen and most disinterested patriots should entertain such dark forebodings of the untold calamities that were to befall our beloved country unless we should take immediate possession of that desirable island. But I see now that they were laboring under the mistaken impression that the Government would need the guano to manure the public lands on the St. Croix.

Now, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced, I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draftsmen of this bill. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draftsmen of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I suppose was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand;—if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered: "Where is Duluth?"

But thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening of Paradise. There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word, "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth, not only in the center of the map, but represented in the center of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike, in their tremendous sweep, the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is, perhaps, one of the most primordial mysteries that the most skilful paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is pre-eminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior; but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more in-tangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are ever flitting in the form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary settler as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon; or whether it is a real, *bona fide*, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smokestack off a locomotive. But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly halfway between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one, or basked in the golden sunlight of the other, may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. In fact, sir, since I have seen this map, I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody:—

> "Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
> Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
> Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the times of the earth and the lines of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie?"

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it, sir! [pointing to the map]. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold; immeasurable veins of silver; impenetrable depths of boundless forest; vast coal-measures; wide, extended plains of richest pasturage—all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth.

Look at it, sir! [again pointing to the map]. Do not you see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there whether it would or not? And here, sir [still pointing to the map], I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the smallpox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war, especially for any valiant lieutenant-general whose—

"Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting has gone rusty,
And eats into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack."

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind—a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fibre quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane, the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall open their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have ever overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians!

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands." [Here the hammer fell. Many cries: "Go on! Go on!" No objection being heard, the speaker was permitted to continue.]

I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "wheat fields" represented on this map in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe [pointing to the map] are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth; and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stockyards of Duluth!

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic Representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who is in favor of "women's rights" should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted, and in the second place these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

CHARLES SUMNER

[Eulogy by Lucius Q. C. Lamar, lawyer, United States Senator from Mississippi, cabinet officer, Supreme Court justice (born in Jasper County, Georgia, September 1, 1825; died in Macon, Georgia, January 23, 1893), delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., April 28, 1874, on the death of Charles Sumner.]

Mr. Speaker:—In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of the people whose representatives are here assembled.

Strange as, in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honor to his memory. Not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest of the lights which have illustrated the councils of the Government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn"; not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance in a single instance a matter of indifference, but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career; traits which made him for a long period to a large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not the less the cause that now unites all these parties, ever so widely differing, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains.

It is of these high moral qualities I wish to speak; for these have been the traits which in after years, as I have considered the acts and utterances of this remarkable man, fastened most strongly my attention, and impressed themselves most forcibly upon my imagination, my sensibilities, my heart. I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. I say nothing of his vast and varied stores of historical knowledge, or of the wide extent of his reading in the elegant literature of the ancient and modern time, or of his wonderful power of retaining what he had read, or of his readiness in drawing upon these fertile resources to illustrate his own arguments. I say nothing of his eloquence as an orator, of his skill as a logician, or of his powers of fascination in the unrestrained freedom of the social circle, which last it was my misfortune not to have experienced. These, indeed, were the qualities which gave him eminence not only in our country, but throughout the world, and which have made the name of Charles Sumner an integral part of our nation's glory. They were the qualities which gave to those moral traits of which I have spoken the power to impress themselves upon the history of the age and of civilization itself, and without which those traits, however intensely developed, would have exerted no influence beyond the personal circle immediately surrounding their possessor. More eloquent tongues than mine will do them justice. Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious Senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own State and her sister States of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation, and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition; that the bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the Republic, and by the ablest statesmen who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society itself or even to civilization; or, finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the Republic. Weighty as these conditions might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it.

But here let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitement of the struggle between the sections —now past—I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect—I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity. For though he raised his voice, as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, in behalf of amnesty to the vanquished, and though he stood forward, ready to welcome back as brothers, and to re-establish in their rights as citizens, those whose valor had nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved; yet he always insisted that the most ample protection and the largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow citizens of the South by far the larger portion, even those who most heartily acquiesced in and desired the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investing, in a single day, and without any preliminary tutelage, so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of freemen and voters, he would tolerate no half-way measures upon a point to him so vital.

Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction, he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically upon the administration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last any and every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guarantees for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether his measures to secure this result showed him to be a practical statesman or a theoretical enthusiast, is a question on which any decision we may pronounce to-day must await the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South during the last two years of his life, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those toward whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South—though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people of the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends—to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched the heart of the South, and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifice endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defence of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementoes of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor.

Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak, not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune, and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly and without premonition a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fulness of my heart while there was yet time. How often it is that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved, in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered, frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken, and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentment remain unrepaired!

Charles Sumner, in life, believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and the South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment—or if it is not, ought it not to be—of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common Government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart, as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer of human sorrow, this great pleader for the exercise of human charity and tenderness, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart?

Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed, not merely in public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these, my Southern brothers, whose hearts are so unfolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all, and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result, with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnificent emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist, and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

[Address of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States (born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809; died in Washington, April 14, 1865), delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., November 19, 1863.]

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

[Address of Mr. Lincoln, delivered from the steps of the Capitol in Washington, March 4, 1865, on the occasion of his second inauguration as President of the United States.]

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest, which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Photogravure after a photograph from life

HENRY CABOT LODGE

USES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF LEISURE

[Address by Henry Cabot Lodge, historical and biographical writer, United States Senator from Massachusetts since 1893 (born in Boston, Mass., May 12, 1850; ———), delivered to the students of Harvard College, March 23, 1886.]

I remember hearing Mr. Lowell say in his most charming way, some years since, of his friend Edmund Quincy, that "early in life Mr. Quincy devoted himself to the arduous profession of gentleman, and certainly in the practice of it he achieved as great success as is possible in a country where we have business in the blood, and where leisure is looked down upon as the larceny of time that belongs to other people."

The theory of life in vogue in the United States, and especially in New England, when Mr. Quincy was young, and indeed, until within a few years, was in some ways a very peculiar one. It was firmly believed that any young man who did not have some regular occupation involving money-getting was doomed to perdition. Literature was barely tolerated; the learned professions, of course, passed muster; but business was much preferred. Any one who did not conform his life to the habits of a trading community was assumed to be totally idle, and in consequence thereof to be drawing his amusement from the source pointed out by Dr. Watts.

What a fine refutation to this doctrine is the life of Mr. Quincy himself! A graceful writer of some very charming stories with the perfume of the Eighteenth century sweet upon them, the author of one of the very best of American biographies, he holds a secure and honorable

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place in our literature. An early Abolitionist, he put his name, his talents, and his character at the service of a despised cause, and never in the hour of its triumph asked or wished reward. By his brilliant correspondence in the New York "Tribune," covering many years, and by his witty and effective speech, he helped to fight the anti-slavery battle. No account of our literature is complete without him, and no history of the great movement which resulted in the abolition of slavery can be written without ample mention of his name and services. The busy money-getters, the worthy citizens who shrugged their shoulders and disapproved him and his ways, are forgotten, but the gentleman of leisure is remembered, and holds an honorable place in the literature and the history of his country. It is a noble record of well-doing, one that any man might be content to leave as a heritage to his children. What, then, was the secret? He used his leisure, that was all. Leisure well employed is of high worth. Leisure unemployed is mere idleness and helpless drifting along the stream of life. The disapprobation of men of leisure which was common in New England in Mr. Quincy's youth erred only because it was narrow, and could not believe that a man was usefully employed unless he worked in a few well-recognized and accepted ways.

It is easy enough to show the error of the old doctrine, and yet it would be quite as great an error to condemn it. Like most Puritan theories, it has at bottom a sound and vital principle, and the danger to-day of forgetting that underlying principle of action is far greater than of our being warped by its too rigid application. A mere idler is a very poor creature. Leisure is nothing in itself. It is only an opportunity, and, like other opportunities, if wasted or abused, it is harmful and often fatal.

The increase of wealth in this country and the multiplication of great fortunes has produced a corresponding increase in the number of young men who, fortunately or unfortunately, are in fact or in prospect the heirs of large estates. Money in itself is worthless, and gets value only through its purchasing power. When its real purpose is misunderstood it is a perilous possession, and the stern necessity of earning a living has proved a strong safeguard and help to many men. Given the command of time and of one's own life, and there is nothing so easy as to let years slip by in indecision and infirmity of purpose until it is too late. The worst outcome, of course, is when a man uses his great opportunity for nothing but selfish and sensual gratification, with no result but evil to himself and to others. Far better than this cumberer of the ground is the man who, if he does not use his intellectual powers, at least employs his physical gifts in some way. A taste, an amusement, a pursuit of any kind, even if only for amusement's sake, is infinitely better than nothing, or than mere sensual enjoyment. It is manly and wholesome to ride boldly and well, to be a good shot, a successful yachtsman, an intelligent and enterprising traveler. These things are good in themselves, and it may be fairly said that the bold rider, the good shot, the skilful seaman, if he loves these sports for their own sake, has in him, in all probability, the stuff of which a soldier or sailor may be made in the hour of the country's need.

Then, again, there are the men of leisure who devote themselves to some intellectual pursuit, but without any idea of earning money or of any practical result. Such men sometimes do valuable work, but they nevertheless remain amateurs all their lives. They may be credited with an honest effort for something better than idleness or physical amusement, sometimes with fruitful work, but there the commendation ceases. The first thing for a man of leisure to do, who really wishes to count in his day and generation, is to avoid being an amateur. In other words, the first thing necessary is to acquire the habit of real work, and this can be done well only by working to obtain money, reputation, or some other solid value. You can only find out if your work is really worth doing, is in truth current gold, by bringing it to the touchstone of competition and an open market.

The essential thing at the start is the habit of thinking and working. The subject of work or thought is not essential, for, the habit once attained, a man will soon find that for which he is best fitted. Even at this very first step we are likely to be met with objections, and perhaps it is as well to clear them from the path at once.

There is one theory which says that life at best is short and evil; that we are not responsible for it, and that as at our utmost we can effect so little, the correct course is to get as much pleasure out of existence as possible. Accepting this statement, the next proposition is that work or labor is an evil, and should be dispensed with. There is a conclusive answer to this doctrine, even if we take pleasure only as a test, for there is no man so discontented as the idle man, and unless he is witless, the older he grows the more bitter and unhappy he becomes. The only charm of a holiday comes from working before and after it. Your idle man has no holidays; nothing but "the set gray life and apathetic end." It is not easy at the outset to labor with no taskmaster except one's own determination, but the effort grows steadily and rapidly less, so that in a very short time work becomes a necessity, and brings more solid and lasting pleasure and more interest than anything else human ingenuity can devise for our diversion.

The next question is as to the particular work to which a man of leisure can best devote his time and his energies. I have known men who, without any spur from necessity, have addressed themselves to the professions or to business, and have earned there both money and distinction. It is needless to say that these men deserve the very highest credit and the entire respect of all who know them. At the same time, while we may not criticise such men, it is impossible to doubt that they might be more effective in other fields than those which are primarily and essentially money-getting.

It is better for the man of leisure in learning to work and think, or when he has acquired that most precious education, to turn to the fields where men are needed who can labor, without pecuniary profit, for the public benefit. This is not only proper abstractly, but it is a duty and an obligation. Every gentleman pays his debts just as he tells the truth and keeps faith. We all owe a debt to our country, and none so large a debt as the man of leisure. That those who have gone before him have been enabled to accumulate property and leave it to him in secure enjoyment, is due to the wise laws and solid institutions of his State and country, and to the sound and honest character of the American people. That we have a country at all is due to those who fought for her. To them we owe a debt we can only try to pay by devotion to the country that we enjoy and which they saved.

The modes of working for the public are many. The first which suggests itself is literature, but there, as everywhere else, the essential preliminary is to learn to work practically. No man ought to begin by publishing at his own expense. It is far better to try at the doors of the newspapers, the magazines, or the publishers, until you can command a market for your writings, for the only sure way to make a writer that I know is to have him enter the field of competition. When he can hold his own with other men, then it will be time to publish, if he chooses, at his own expense, work of value to the world, but which the world could get in no other way.

There is a still larger opportunity in the directions of public education and public charities. In all these there is a vast and growing demand for intelligent work, and for the most part it is only possible to men who can command their own time. A man can win wide reputation in these departments, and render incalculable service to his fellow men.

It only remains now to speak of politics. Let every man give of his leisure, be it more or less, to politics; for it is simply good citizenship to do so. Discard at the outset the wretched habit which is far too prevalent in this country, and particularly, I am sorry to say, among highly educated persons, of regarding all men who are much in politics with suspicion, and of using the word "politician" as an uncomplimentary epithet, and usually with a sneer. You neither help nor hurt the politician by so doing, but you hurt your country and lower her reputation. There is nothing, indeed, which does more to injure politics and the public business than to assume that a man who enters them is in some way lowered by so doing. The calling ought to be and is an honorable one, and we should all seek to honor and elevate, not to decry it. Politics is a wide field, but it is a very practical one, and the amateur is not only singularly out of place there, but is especially apt to do harm by mistaken efforts to do good. Take hold of politics as you would of any other business, honorably and respectably, but take hold hard. Go to the polls, for example, and work for the man whom you want to see elected, and get your friends to do the same. If you prefer to reach political questions by voice or pen, do it in these ways, but let me suggest that you first inform yourself about politics and politicians, for politics and public questions are exceedingly difficult, and educated men are sometimes as marvelously ignorant upon these subjects as they are ready in judgment and condemnation concerning them.

There is only one other point that I will touch upon as to politics. Work for the highest and best measures always. When the question is between right and wrong, work for what you believe to be right without yielding a jot. In such questions no compromise is possible. Fortunately for us, however, great moral questions like slavery are extremely rare in politics. Most public questions, grave and important as many of them are, are not moral questions at all, and form no part of the everlasting conflict between good and evil, between right and wrong. Do not fall into the cant of treating public questions as moral questions when they are not so. There is a temptation to a certain class of minds to do this, because, the morality of the question being granted and they being in the right themselves, it is then possible to look down upon their opponents and call their enemies wicked. This is cant of the worst kind. All cant and hypocrisy are mean and noxious, and none more so than the political varieties.

Stand for the right, then, against the wrong always, but where there is no moral question involved do not, by insisting on the unattainable, lose everything. Because, for example, the civil service act of 1883 falls far short of perfection and completeness, should we therefore reject it? That would be folly. Let us take it as a first great step toward our goal of removing routine offices from politics. The political history of the English-speaking race is in truth a history of legislative compromises. When compromises have not been made with wrong, they have been the stepping-stones in the great march of our civilization. They mark the line between the people who are ever moving forward to higher things and those who, insisting on the highest at once, never advance, but stand shrieking with helpless confusion, always in one place.

I have touched very cursorily and unsatisfactorily on some of the fields of public usefulness open to men whose time is at their own disposal, and open in some measure to others as well. In conclusion, I want to say a word on two points which seem to me of great importance, and which apply to all alike. Be in sympathy with your age and country. It is easier to get out of sympathy with the movements of the time than you think. What every man must work with and understand are the forces about him. If he does not, his usefulness is crippled. To be out of sympathy with your country and with American ideas is a grievous fault, to be shunned at all hazards. If a man fails to respect himself no one will respect him, and if he does not love and honor his country he will deserve nothing but contempt. The most utterly despicable of all things is the Anglomania which prevails in certain quarters. It should be impossible here, for no men who have been brought up beneath the shadows of Memorial Hall, and who have felt the influence that descends from its silent tablets, ought to be anything but ardent Americans. All I would say is, make your Americanism and your patriotism living and active forces in your daily life.

The other point which I wish to make is in regard to a danger which I think is in some measure peculiar to Harvard. I mean the tendency to be merely negative and critical. This arises, in part at least, from a dread of becoming ridiculous by over-enthusiasm, and from the feeling that it is " in better form " to be exceedingly quiet and reticent. But it will not do to confine one's self in life to the purely critical attitude, for it leads to nothing. It may be able to destroy, it can never create. It frequently makes a man sour, envious, and spiteful; it never makes him helpful, generous, brave, and the doer of great deeds. Moreover, if a man contents himself with criticism and negation, he is likely to become not only narrow and arrogant, but ineffective. To be well balanced and efficient we must see the good as well as the evil in both men and things. It is comparatively easy to stand by and criticise the men who are struggling, for instance, in the stream of politics, but a far better thing is to plunge in yourself and try to do something, and to bring some definite thing to pass. If you attain to nothing more you will at least be a wiser and better critic, and therefore far more weighty and influential, because more sympathetic and more intelligent.

Let me illustrate once more, by an example, what I mean by positiveness and enthusiasm and by disregard of self and of the weak dread of being ridiculous. You have all, no doubt, read the novels and sketches of Mr. Cable. You know that he is one of the most charming of our younger writers. Mr. Cable has lately turned aside to enter another field, and to do what in him lies to right what he believed to be a wrong. I suppose that every one who listens to me has read the two essays entitled "The Freedman's Case in Equity" and "The Silent South." The modest volume which contains them is, I believe, an epoch-making book. Not now, perhaps, but in the days that are yet to be. These essays are written of course admirably, with literary skill and great force. The words, however, are not so much; the great fact is the man who uttered them. It is the act that will live, and which is destined to mark a stage in our national development. Mr. Cable is the grandson and son of a slaveholder. He was a soldier in the Confederate army. He is a Southerner through and through, with all the traditions and prejudices of the South. He saw before him a despised race just released from slavery; he saw that the condition of that race presented a mighty problem, vital to the welfare of a large part of our common country. He believed that this problem was one which legislation could not reach, but which public opinion in the South could alone deal with. He studied the question, and came to the conclusion that the treatment of the negro was neither right nor honest. How easy it was to remain silent! He had everything to gain and nothing to lose by silence, and he thereupon spoke out. He faced hostility, ostracism almost, at the South, and indifference at the North. He was assailed, abused, and sneered at, but he has never been answered, and he never will be answered until he obtains from the tribunal to which he appealed, from Southern opinion itself, the inevitable verdict that he is right and that the wrong shall be redressed.

It was a great and noble act. It was positive and not negative. Mr. Cable will be remembered for those essays while we have a history, and long after the very names of those who stood coldly by and criticised him have been forgotten.

It is by such men that the work of the world is done, and every man can do his part, be it great or small, if he rests on the same everlasting principle. The terrors, the mistakes, the failures, the ridicule, will be forgotten, but the central, animating thought, manly, robust, and generous, will survive. Be in sympathy with your time and your country. Be positive, not negative. Live the life of your time, if you would live at all. These are generalities, I know, but they mean everything to me because they define a mental and moral attitude which is essential to virility and well-doing. Let that attitude be right, and the man upon whom fortune has betsowed the gift of leisure will become, as he ought, one of the most useful and one of the busiest of men. If he is this, the rest will care for itself.

> "In light things
> Prove thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,
> Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks,
> Whence come great nature's captains. And high deeds
> Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
> But the pell-mell of men."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

WASHINGTON IRVING

[Address by Henry W. Longfellow, poet (born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807; died in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882), delivered in Boston, December 15, 1859, at a memorial meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society called for the purpose of taking action on the death of Washington Irving.]

Every reader has his first book. I mean to say, one book among all others, which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me this first book was the "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving. I was a schoolboy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever-increasing wonder and delight; spellbound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie, nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of the titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of the style.

How many delightful books the same author has given us, written before and since—volumes of history and fiction, most of which illustrate his native land, and some of which illumine it, and make the Hudson, I will not say as classic, but as romantic as the Rhine! Yet still the charm of the "Sketch Book" remains unbroken; the old fascination still lingers about it; and whenever I open its pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth.

Many years afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain, and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and, what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self—

> "And rustling hears in every breeze,
> The laurels of Miltiades."

At this time Mr. Irving was at Madrid, engaged upon his "Life of Columbus"; and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labor, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. "Sit down," he would say; "I will talk with you in a moment, but I must first finish this sentence."

One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards, he said: "Yes, I am always at my work as early as six." Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil; and have recalled those striking words of Dante:—

> "Seggendo in piuma,
> In fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre:
> Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma,
> Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia,
> Qual fumo in aere, od in acqua la schiuma."

> "Seated upon down,
> Or in his bed, man cometh not to fame,
> Withouten which, whoso his life consumes,
> Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave,
> As smoke in air, and in the water foam."

Remembering these things, I esteem it a great though a melancholy privilege to lay upon his hearse the passing tribute of these resolutions:—

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore the death of our friend and associate, Washington Irving, we rejoice in the completeness of his life and labors, which, closing together, have left behind them so sweet a fame, and a memory so precious.

Resolved, That we feel a just pride in his renown as an author, not forgetting that, to his other claims upon our gratitude, he adds also that of having been the first to win for our country an honorable name and position in the History of Letters.

Resolved, That we hold in affectionate remembrance the noble example of his long literary career, extending through half a century of unremitted labors, graced with all the amenities of authorship, and marred by none of its discords and contentions.

Resolved, That as members of this Historical Society, we regard with especial honor and admiration his Lives of Columbus, the Discoverer, and of Washington, the Father of our Country.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DEMOCRACY

[Address by James Russell Lowell, poet, critic, Minister to England 1880-1885 (born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there, August 12, 1891), delivered at Birmingham, England, October 6, 1884, on assuming the Presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.]

He must be a born leader or misleader of men, or must have been sent into the world unfurnished with that modulating and restraining balance-wheel which we call a sense of humor, who, in old age, has as strong a confidence in his opinions and in the necessity of bringing the universe into conformity with them as he had in youth. In a world the very condition of whose being is that it should be in perpetual flux, where all seems mirage, and the one abiding thing is the effort to distinguish realities from appearances, the elderly man must be indeed of a singularly tough and valid fibre who is certain that he has any clarified residuum of experience, any assured verdict of reflection, that deserves to be called an opinion, or who, even if he had, feels that he is justified in holding mankind by the button while he is expounding it. And in a world of daily—nay, almost hourly—journalism, where every clever man, every man who thinks himself clever, or whom anybody else thinks clever, is called upon to deliver his judgment point-blank and at the word of command on every conceivable subject of human thought, or, on what sometimes seems to him very much the same thing, on every inconceivable display of human want of thought, there is such a spendthrift waste of all those commonplaces which furnish the permitted staple of public discourse that there is little chance of beguiling a new tune out of the one-stringed instrument on which we have been thrumming so long.

In this desperate necessity one is often tempted to think that, if all the words of the dictionary were tumbled down in a heap and then all those fortuitous juxtapositions and combinations that made tolerable sense were picked out and pieced together, we might find among them some poignant suggestions towards novelty of thought or expression. But, alas! it is only the great poets who seem to have this unsolicited profusion of unexpected and incalculable phrase, this infinite variety of topic. For everybody else everything has been said before, and said over again after. He who has read his Aristotle will be apt to think that observation has on most points of general applicability said its last word, and he who has mounted the tower of Plato to look abroad from it will never hope to climb another with so lofty a vantage of speculation. Where it is so simple if not so easy a thing to hold one's peace, why add to the general confusion of tongues?

There is something disheartening, too, in being expected to fill up not less than a certain measure of time, as if the mind were an hour-glass, that need only be shaken and set on one end or the other, as the case may be, to run its allotted sixty minutes with decorous exactitude. I recollect being once told by the late eminent naturalist Agassiz that when he was to deliver his first lecture as professor (at Zürich, I believe) he had grave doubts of his ability to occupy the prescribed three-quarters of an hour. He was speaking without notes, and glancing anxiously from time to time at the watch that lay before him on the desk. "When I had spoken a half hour," he said, "I had told them everything I knew in the world, everything! Then I began to repeat myself," he added, roguishly, "and I have done nothing else ever since." Beneath the humorous exaggeration of the story I seemed to see the face of a very serious and improving moral. And yet if one were to say only what he had to say and then stopped, his audience would feel defrauded of their honest measure. Let us take courage by the example of the French, whose exportation of Bordeaux wines increases as the area of their land in vineyards is diminished.

To me, somewhat hopelessly revolving these things, the undelaying year has rolled round, and I find myself called upon to say something in this place, where so many wiser men have spoken before me. Precluded in my quality of national guest, by motives of taste and discretion, from dealing with any question of immediate and domestic concern, it seemed to me wisest, or at any rate most prudent, to choose a topic of comparatively abstract interest, and to ask your indulgence for a few somewhat generalized remarks on a matter concerning which I had some experimental knowledge, derived from the use of such eyes and ears as Nature had been pleased to endow me withal, and such report as I had been able to win from them. The subject which most readily suggested itself was the spirit and the working of those conceptions of life and polity which are lumped together whether for reproach or commendation under the name of Democracy.

By temperament and education of a conservative turn, I saw the last years of that quaint Arcadia which French travelers saw with delighted amazement a century ago, and have watched the change (to me a sad one) from an agricultural to a proletary population. The testimony of Balaam should carry some conviction. I have grown to manhood and am now growing old with the growth of this system of government in my native land, have watched its advances, or what some would call its encroachments, gradual and irresistible as those of a glacier, have been an ear-witness to the forebodings of wise and good and timid men, and have lived to see those forebodings belied by the course of events, which is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets. I recollect hearing a sagacious old gentleman say in 1840 that the doing away with the property qualification for suffrage twenty years before had been the ruin of the State of Massachusetts; that it had put public credit and private estate alike at the mercy of demagogues. I lived to see that Commonwealth twenty odd years later paying the interest on her bonds in gold, though it cost her sometimes nearly three for one to keep her faith, and that while suffering an unparalleled drain of men and treasure in helping to sustain the unity and self-respect of the nation.

I hear America sometimes playfully accused of sending you all your storms, and am in the habit of parrying the charge by alleging that we are enabled to do this because, in virtue of our protective system, we can afford to make better bad weather than anybody else. And what wiser use could we make of it than to export it in return for the paupers which some European countries are good enough to send over to us who have not attained to the same skill in the manufacture of them? But bad weather is not the worst thing that is laid at our door. A French gentleman, not long ago, forgetting Burke's monition of how unwise it is to draw an indictment against a whole people, has charged us with the responsibility of whatever he finds disagreeable in the morals or manners of his countrymen. If M. Zola or some other competent witness would only go into the box and tell us what those morals and manners were before our example corrupted them! But I confess that I find little to interest and less to edify me in these international bandyings of "You're another."

I shall address myself to a single point only in the long list of offences of which we are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest. It is that we are infecting the Old World with what seems to be thought the entirely new disease of Democracy. It is generally people who are in what are called easy circumstances who can afford the leisure to treat themselves to a handsome complaint, and these experience an immediate alleviation when once they have found a sonorous Greek name to abuse it by. There is something consolatory also, something flattering to their sense of personal dignity, and to that conceit of singularity which is the natural recoil from our uneasy consciousness of being commonplace, in thinking ourselves victims of a malady by which no one had ever suffered before. Accordingly they find it simpler to class under one comprehensive heading whatever they find offensive to their nerves, their tastes, their interests, or what they suppose to be their opinions, and christen it Democracy, much as physicians label every obscure disease gout, or as cross-grained fellows lay their ill-temper to the weather.

But is it really a new ailment, and, if it be, is America answerable for it? Even if she were, would it account for the phylloxera, and hoof-and-mouth disease, and bad harvests, and bad English, and the German bands, and the Boers, and all the other discomforts with which these later days have vexed the souls of them that go in chariots? Yet I have seen the evil example of Democracy in America cited as the source and origin of things quite as heterogeneous and quite as little connected with it by any sequence of cause and effect. Surely this ferment is nothing new. It has been at work for centuries, and we are more conscious of it only because in this age of publicity, where the newspapers offer a rostrum to whoever has a grievance, or fancies that he has, the bubbles and scum thrown up by it are more noticeable on the surface than in those dumb ages when there was a cover of silence and suppression on the caldron.

Nor was it among the people that subversive or mistaken doctrines had their rise. A Father of the Church said that property was theft many centuries before Proudhon was born. Bourdaloue reaffirmed it. Montesquieu was the inventor of national workshops, and of the theory that the State owed every man a living. Nay, was not the Church herself the first organized Democracy? A few centuries ago the chief end of man was to keep his soul alive, and then the little kernel of leaven that sets the gases at work was religious, and produced the Reformation. Even in that, far-sighted persons like the Emperor Charles V saw the germ of political and social revolution. Now that the chief end of man seems to have become the keeping of the body alive, and as comfortably alive as possible, the leaven also has become wholly political and social. Formerly the immense majority of men—our brothers—knew only their sufferings, their wants, and their desires. They are beginning now to know their opportunity and their power. All persons who see deeper than their plates are rather inclined to thank God for it than to bewail it, for the sores of Lazarus have a poison in them against which Dives has no antidote.

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. Every successive swarm that has gone out from this *officina gentium* has, when left to its own instincts—may I not call them hereditary instincts?—assumed a more or less thoroughly democratic form. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British Constitution, under whatever disguises of prudence or decorum, is essentially democratic. People are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable, for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sanitary precautions have been neglected. " For this effect defective comes by cause," as Polonius said long ago. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what are called the Rights of Man become turbulent and dangerous. It is then only that they syllogize unwelcome truths.

Had the governing classes in France during the last century paid as much heed to their proper business as to their pleasures or manners, the guillotine need never have severed that spinal marrow of orderly and secular tradition through which in a normally constituted state the brain sympathizes with the extremities and sends will and impulsion thither. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy tales are made out of the dreams of the poor. No; the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. This sentiment is merely an expression of the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control, and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift —what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things—has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they cannot prevent. Some people advise us to put on the brakes, as if the movement of which we are conscious were that of a railway train running down an incline. But a metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home and embed it in the memory.

Our disquiet comes of what nurses and other experienced persons call growing-pains, and need not seriously alarm us. They are what every generation before us—certainly every generation since the invention of printing —has gone through with more or less good fortune. To the door of every generation there comes a knocking, and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold. The porter always grumbles and is slow to open—" Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?" he mutters. Not a change for the better in our human housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it—have not prophesied with the alderman that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade unions—at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured "Ichabod." But the trade unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation.

One of the most curious of these frenzies of exclusion was that against the emancipation of the Jews. All share in the government of the world was denied for centuries to perhaps the ablest, certainly the most tenacious, race that had ever lived in it—the race to whom we owed our religion and the purest spiritual stimulus and consolation to be found in all literature—a race in which ability seems as natural and hereditary as the curve of their noses. We drove them into a corner, but they had their revenge, as the wronged are always sure to have it sooner or later. They made their corner the counter and banking-house of the world, and thence they rule it and us with the ignobler sceptre of finance.

We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition, as if that made matters clearer; but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would show us an age of stagnation. The question for us, as it has been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points are right so that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial "r." A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficent ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school for manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjuncts and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct—to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen of the charges lies in the habit it has of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the Powers that Be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the powers that be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with spectres and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people, by the people, for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.'" And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaladeen tells us that "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within 'Who is there?' and he answered 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee'; and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked 'Who is there?' and he said 'It is thyself'; and the door was opened to him."

But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal. It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of a democracy strictly defined, for in such all the citizens decide directly upon every question of public concern in a general assembly. An example still survives in the tiny Swiss canton of Appenzell. But this immediate intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy; it is not necessary, nor indeed, in most cases, practicable. Democracies to which

Mr. Lincoln's definition would fairly enough apply have existed, and now exist, in which, though the supreme authority reside in the people, yet they can act only indirectly on the national policy. This generation has seen a democracy with an imperial figurehead, and in all that have ever existed the body politic has never embraced all the inhabitants included within its territory, the right to share in the direction of affairs has been confined to citizens, and citizenship has been further restricted by various limitations, sometimes of property, sometimes of nativity, and always of age and sex.

The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in theory, and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a new suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed. The day of sentiment was over, and no dithyrambic affirmations or fine-drawn analyses of the Rights of Man would serve their present turn. This was a practical question, and they addressed themselves to it as men of knowledge and judgment should. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to the new conditions of American life, and they solved it with singular discretion. They put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim. With few exceptions they probably admitted the logic of the then accepted syllogism—democracy, anarchy, despotism. But this formula was framed upon the experience of small cities shut up to stew within their narrow walls, where the number of citizens made but an inconsiderable fraction of the inhabitants, where every passion was reverberated from house to house and from man to man with gathering rumor till every impulse became gregarious and therefore inconsiderate, and every popular assembly needed but an infusion of eloquent sophistry to turn it into a mob, all the more dangerous because sanctified with the formality of law.

Fortunately their case was wholly different. They were to legislate for a widely-scattered population and for States already practiced in the discipline of a partial independence. They had an unequalled opportunity and enormous advantages. The material they had to work upon was already democratical by instinct and habitude. It was tempered to their hands by more than a century's schooling in self-government. They had but to give permanent and conservative form to a ductile mass. In giving impulse and direction to their new institutions, especially in supplying them with checks and balances, they had a great help and safeguard in their federal organization. The different, sometimes conflicting, interests and social systems of the several States made existence as a Union and coalescence into a nation conditional on a constant practice of moderation and compromise. The very elements of disintegration were the best guides in political training. Their children learned the lesson of compromise only too well, and it was the application of it to a question of fundamental morals that cost us our civil war. We learned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella but a poor roof; that it is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.

Has not the trial of democracy in America proved, on the whole, successful? If it had not, would the Old World be vexed with any fears of its proving contagious? This trial would have been less severe could it have been made with a people homogeneous in race, language, and traditions, whereas the United States have been called on to absorb and assimilate enormous masses of foreign population, heterogeneous in all these respects, and drawn mainly from that class which might fairly say that the world was not their friend, nor the world's law. The previous condition too often justified the traditional Irishman, who, landing in New York and asked what his politics were, inquired if there was a Government there, and on being told that there was, retorted, "Thin I'm agin it!" We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens, who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defence of a country and of institutions which they know to be worth dying for.

The exceptions have been (and they are lamentable exceptions) where these hordes of ignorance and poverty have coagulated in great cities. But the social system is yet to seek which has not to look the same terrible wolf in the eyes. On the other hand, at this very moment Irish peasants are buying up the worn-out farms of Massachusetts, and making them productive again by the same virtues of industry and thrift that once made them profitable to the English ancestors of the men who are deserting them. To have achieved even these prosaic results (if you choose to call them so), and that out of materials the most discordant—I might say the most recalcitrant—argues a certain beneficent virtue in the system that could do it, and is not to be accounted for by mere luck. Carlyle said scornfully that America meant only roast turkey every day for everybody. He forgot that States, as Bacon said of wars, go on their bellies. As for the security of property, it should be tolerably well secured in a country where every other man hopes to be rich, even though the only property qualification be the ownership of two hands that add to the general wealth. Is it not the best security for anything to interest the largest possible number of persons in its preservation and the smallest in its division?

In point of fact, far-seeing men count the increasing power of wealth and its combinations as one of the chief dangers with which the institutions of the United States are threatened in the not distant future. The right of individual property is no doubt the very corner-stone of civilization as hitherto understood, but I am a little impatient of being told that property is entitled to exceptional consideration because it bears all the burdens of the State.

It bears those, indeed, which can most easily be borne, but poverty pays with its person the chief expenses of war, pestilence, and famine. Wealth should not forget this, for poverty is beginning to think of it now and then. Let me not be misunderstood. I see as clearly as any man possibly can, and rate as highly, the value of wealth, and of hereditary wealth, as the security of refinement, the feeder of all those arts that ennoble and beautify life, and as making a country worth living in. Many an ancestral hall here in England has been a nursery of that culture which has been of example and benefit to all.

I should not think of coming before you to defend or to criticise any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race, with signal services to humanity and culture. There is not one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, such as the world has never seen, except in that white-haired king of Browning's, who

"Lived long ago
In the morning of the world,
When Earth was nearer Heaven than now."

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet, if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble a good while before it found the chance for a convincing reply.

As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an Impartial Observer, a numerical preponderance seems, on the whole, as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised, but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.

The arguments against universal suffrage are equally unanswerable. "What," we exclaim, "shall Tom, Dick, and Harry have as much weight in the scale as I?" Of course, nothing could be more absurd. And yet universal suffrage has not been the instrument of greater unwisdom than contrivances of a more select description. Assemblies could be mentioned composed entirely of Masters of Arts and Doctors in Divinity which have sometimes shown traces of human passion or prejudice in their votes. The democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one, "Is it wise to give every man the ballot?" but rather the practical one, "Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer?" It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads. At any rate this is the dilemma to which the drift of opinion has been for some time sweeping us, and in politics a dilemma is a more unmanageable thing to hold by the horns than a wolf by the ears.

It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed, and there may be some truth in this, for I have observed that what men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it? Men who have a voice in public affairs are at once affiliated with one or other of the great parties between which society is divided, merge their individual hopes and opinions in its safer, because more generalized, hopes and opinions, are disciplined by its tactics, and acquire, to a certain degree, the orderly qualities of an army. They no longer belong to a class, but to a body corporate. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain, that, under whatever method of helping things to go wrong man's wit can contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will be found to govern in the end, and that the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those wiser than they. Universal suffrage has in the United States sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform, and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular government. One of these has been the substitution in many of the States of popular election for official selection in the choice of judges. The same system applied to military officers was the source of much evil during our Civil War, and, I believe, had to be abandoned. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run.

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so, society could not hold together. Perhaps the best forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most overbearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Piccadilly at the height of the Season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere, but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it, and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshipper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion.

But is it democracies alone that fall into these errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson, the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the savior of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austerely genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so to justify them in respecting others.

Such a result is quite possible under other conditions than those of an avowedly democratical Constitution. For I take it that the real essence of democracy was fairly enough defined by the First Napoleon when he said that the French Revolution meant "*la carriere ouverte aux talents*"—a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind. I should be inclined to paraphrase this by calling democracy that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it. If a man can climb, and feels himself encouraged to climb, from a coalpit to the highest position for which he is fitted, he can well afford to be indifferent what name is given to the government under which he lives. The Bailli of Mirabeau, uncle of the more famous tribune of that name, wrote in 1771: "The English are, in my opinion, a hundred times more agitated and more unfortunate than the very Algerines themselves, because they do not know and will not know till the destruction of their over-swollen power, which I believe very near, whether they are monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, and wish to play the part of all three." England has not been obliging enough to fulfil the Bailli's prophecy, and perhaps it was this very carelessness about the name, and concern about the substance of popular government, this skill in getting the best out of things as they are, in utilizing all the motives which influence men, and in giving one direction to many impulses, that has been a principal factor of her greatness and power.

Perhaps it is fortunate to have an unwritten Constitution, for men are prone to be tinkering the work of their own hands, whereas they are more willing to let time and circumstance mend or modify what time and circumstance have made. All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate.

What is really ominous of danger to the existing order of things is not democracy (which, properly understood, is a conservative force), but the Socialism which may find a fulcrum in it. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men—and a very sagacious person has said that "where two men ride of a horse one must ride behind"—we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous. It is all very well to pooh-pooh Mr. George and to prove him mistaken in his political economy. But he is right in his impelling motive; right, also, I am convinced, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy; and in thinking man to be of more concern and more convincing than the longest columns of figures in the world. For unless you include human nature in your addition, your total is sure to be wrong and your deductions from it fallacious. Communism means barbarism, but Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction.

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure, outside of human nature itself. The rule will always hold good that you must

> Be your own palace or the world's your gaol.

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the smallpox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has outlived much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

FREE LIBRARIES

[Address of Sir John Lubbock, M. P. for London University since 1880, banker, writer on scientific subjects (born in London April 30, 1834; ——), delivered at the opening of a free library at Rotherhithe, England, in 1890.]

No one now denies the advantage of free libraries. The only objection ever raised to them now is on the score of expense. But we do not grudge the cost of schools, and the free library is the school for the grown-up. Moreover, I doubt whether either the one or the other is really an expense.

A great part, at any rate, of what we spend in books we save in prisons and police. Only a fraction of the crime of the country rises from deliberate wickedness or irresistible temptation; the great sources of crime are drink and ignorance. There is a general impression that our schools are very expensive, and that the cost is increasing; I think, however, it may be shown that ignorance, in reality, costs more than knowledge. What are the facts? The annual cost of elementary schools in England and Wales amounts in round numbers to £8,500,000, but out of this sum parents provided £1,860,000 and subscriptions amounted to £746,000, leaving something under £6,000,000 as contributed from rates and taxes. To this must be added: Science and Art Department, £500,000; Museums, etc., £250,000, and Public Libraries, £150,000—say altogether £7,000,000.

Now let us look at pauperism. The nominal poor-rate includes several other matters, but the part devoted to the maintenance of the poor is not less than £8,500,000. The cost of police, prisons, and criminals amounts to over £4,000,000. The police, of course, perform various useful functions besides protecting us against criminals. On the other hand, the cost of the criminal population is not to be measured by the mere cost of police and prisons, and the real expense to the country far exceeds that sum.

Now let us consider what our expenditure in these directions might have been if it had not been for our expenditure on education. First, let me take the criminal statistics. Up to 1877 the number of prisoners showed a tendency to increase. In that year the average number was 20,800. Since then it has steadily decreased, and now is only 14,700. It has, therefore, diminished in round numbers by one-third. But we must remember that the population has been steadily increasing. Since 1870 it has increased by one-third. If our criminals had increased in the same proportion, they would have been 28,000 instead of 14,000, or just double. In that case, then, our expenditure on police and prisons would have been at least £8,000,000. In juvenile crime the decrease is even more satisfactory. In 1856 the number of young persons committed for indictable offences was 14,000; in 1866 it had fallen to 10,000; in 1876 to 7,000; in 1881 to 6,000, and the last figures I have seen put the number at 5,100!

Turning to the poor-rate statistics, we find that in 1870 the number of paupers to every thousand of the population was over 47. It had been as high as 52. Since then it has steadily fallen to 22 as an average, and in a parenthesis I may say I am proud to find that in the metropolis we are substantially below the average. The proportion, therefore, is less than half of what it used to be. Supposing it had remained as it was our expenditure would have been £16,000,000 instead of £8,000,000, or £8,000,000 more than the present amount.

Of course I am aware that various allowances would have to be made, and that these figures cannot claim any scientific accuracy, but I believe that the additions would be larger than the deductions, and I am convinced that the £7,000,000 of public funds spent annually on education save us a much larger sum in other ways.

I have dwelt on this because the question of expense is the one argument generally used against public libraries. But I need hardly assert that I should be one of the last to look on this as a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. I doubt very much, therefore, whether free libraries really cost the ratepayers anything; whether they do not save more than the penny rate. But how small a part is this of the benefit they confer! I have put it first as an answer to the objection of expense, but it is not of course the real argument to my mind in favor of establishing free libraries.

It is because public libraries add so greatly to the happiness of the poor that I rejoice at their establishment. There is but little amusement in the lives of the very poor. I have been good-humoredly laughed at more than once for having expressed the opinion that in the next generation the great readers would be our artisans and mechanics. But is not the continued increase in free libraries an argument in support of my contention? Before a free library can be started a free popular vote must be taken, and we know that the clergy and lawyers, the doctors and the mercantile men form but a small fraction of the voters. The free libraries are called into being by the artisan and the small shopkeeper, and it is by them that they are mainly used.

Books are peculiarly necessary to a workingman in our towns. Their life is one of much monotony. The savage has a far more varied existence. He must watch the habits of the game which he hunts, their migrations and feeding-grounds; he must know where and how to fish; every month brings him some change of occupation and of food. He must prepare his weapons and build his own house. Even the lighting of a fire, so easy now, is to him a matter of labor and knack. The agricultural laborer turns his hand to many things. He plows and sows, mows, and reaps. He plants at one season, and uses the bill-hook and the ax at another. He looks after the sheep, and pigs, and cows. To hold the plow, to lay a fence or tie up a sheaf is by no means so easy as it looks. It is said of Wordsworth that a stranger having on one occasion asked to see his study, the maid said: "This is master's room, but he studies in the fields." The agricultural laborer learns a great deal in the fields. He knows much more than we give him credit for, only it is field-learning, not book-learning—and none the worse for that.

But the man who works in the shop or manufactory has a much more monotonous existence. He is confined, perhaps, to one process or even one part of a process, from year's end to year's end. He acquires, no doubt, a skill little short of miraculous, but on the other hand very narrow. If he is not himself to become a mere animated machine, he must generally obtain, and in some cases he can only obtain, the necessary variety and interest from the use of books. There is happily now some tendency to shorten the hours of labor, except, indeed, in shops, and, what is less satisfactory, there are times when work is slack. But the hours of leisure should not be hours of idleness; leisure is one of the greatest blessings, idleness one of the greatest curses—one is the source of happiness, the other of misery. Suppose the poor man has for a few days no work, what is he to do? How is he to employ his time? If he has access to a free library, it need no longer be lost.

The reasons for educating our children apply equally to the grown-up. It has been said somewhat cynically, that we must educate our masters; but this does not apply to children only. We have now all over the country good elementary schools. We do our best to educate our children. We teach them to read, and try to give them a love of reading. Why do we do this? Because we believe that no one can study without being better for it, that it tends to make the man the better workman, and the workman a better man. The free library is the school for the grown-up. There is a story that King Alfred when a child once set his heart on a book. "He shall have the book," said his mother, "when he can read it"; and by that title Alfred won it. Our children have learned to read; have they not also the same title to books?

Many of those who are not Socialists in the ordinary sense, would be so if they thought Socialism would have the effect which its advocates anticipate. It is because we do not believe that Socialism in that sense would promote "the greatest good of the greatest number" that we are not Socialists. But the difficulties we feel do not apply to books. It is said that a poor woman, on seeing the sea for the first time, was delighted. "It was grand," she said, "to see something of which there was enough for everybody." Well, there are books enough for every one, and the best books are the cheapest. For the price of a little beer or tobacco we can buy Shakespeare or Milton; in fact, almost as many books as a man can read with profit in a year.

This applies to few other things. We who are engaged in "the puzzle of business" seem always to wish for rather more than we have. But in books fortune showers on us more than we can possibly use.

Some of the wisest of our fellow-creatures have told us that they owed their happiest hours to books. Happy indeed is the man who knows really how to read; he can find comfort, counsel, and companionship in his books. As long ago as the Fourteenth century Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, said: "The library, therefore, of wisdom is more precious than of riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever, therefore, acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, and happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books."

We are beginning to realize that education should last through life, that the education of our children should not be a mere matter of grammar and of words, but should include some training of the hand and eye; so, on the other hand, the life of the grown-up man and woman should not be altogether devoted to work with the hands, to the pursuit of money, but they should devote some time to the acquisition of knowledge and the improvement of their minds. It has indeed been well said that if a man has not the elements of happiness in himself not all the beauty and variety, the pleasures and interest, of the world can give it to him. "To one man," says Schopenhauer, "the world is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning."

We are trying here in this country to make ours a real civilization. A Swiss statesman once said that many of their children were born to a life of poverty, but they were determined that it should not be one of ignorance also. There are many whose very birth is a sentence of hard labor for life. But that does not apply to the poor only. How many rich people there are whose very money makes them miserable—in whose life there is no rest, no calm, no peace. We cannot in this world avoid sufferings, but if we would, we might rise above them; no one was ever made truly miserable, except by himself. Pietro de Medici is said to have once employed the great Michelangelo to make a statue out of snow. That was a stupid waste of precious time. But if Michelangelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow and even worse, in making idols out of mire.

No doubt there are many questions which books cannot settle. The Greeks tried to determine many questions by verbal argument which can, in reality, be determined by observation only. There is for instance, an essay in Plutarch's works on the question "Which came first, the bird or the egg?" and one reason for deciding that the hen preceded the egg is that every one calls it "a hen's egg" and no one speaks of "an egg's hen."

But in urging the multiplication of free libraries, over and above all the solid advantages of study, it is pleasant to think of the many happy hours which would be spent within their walls. So delightful, indeed, are books that we must be careful not to neglect our duties for them; in cultivating the mind we must not neglect the body. Studies are a means, and not an end. Those who will not find time for exercise will have to find time for illness. I have generally observed in life that it is the idle people who complain that they cannot find time to do what they fancy they would like to do. The truth is that we can generally make time for what we really wish to do. It is not so much the time, but rather the will that is wanting, and the advantage of leisure is not that it confers the privilege of idling our time away, but that it gives us the power of choosing our own work for ourselves.

What delightful memories rise out of the very thought of books! Shakespeare, with no less truth than beauty, tells us that:—

> "All places that the eye of Heaven visits
> Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

But this is nowhere truer than of a library.

A library is a true fairyland, a very palace of delight, and heaven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage. You can transport yourself without delay and without expense to any part of the globe, or even in a region of the skies. You can call up the greatest men of the past or the present of this or any other country. Surely to the works of Englishmen, at least, Englishmen have some right. The literature of England is the birthright and inheritance of every Englishman. England has produced, and is producing some of the greatest poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No country can boast a brighter, purer, and nobler literature, richer than our commerce, more powerful than our armies, the true pride and glory of our country. To this literature in every town, where a free library is erected, the very poorest citizen will have access.

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